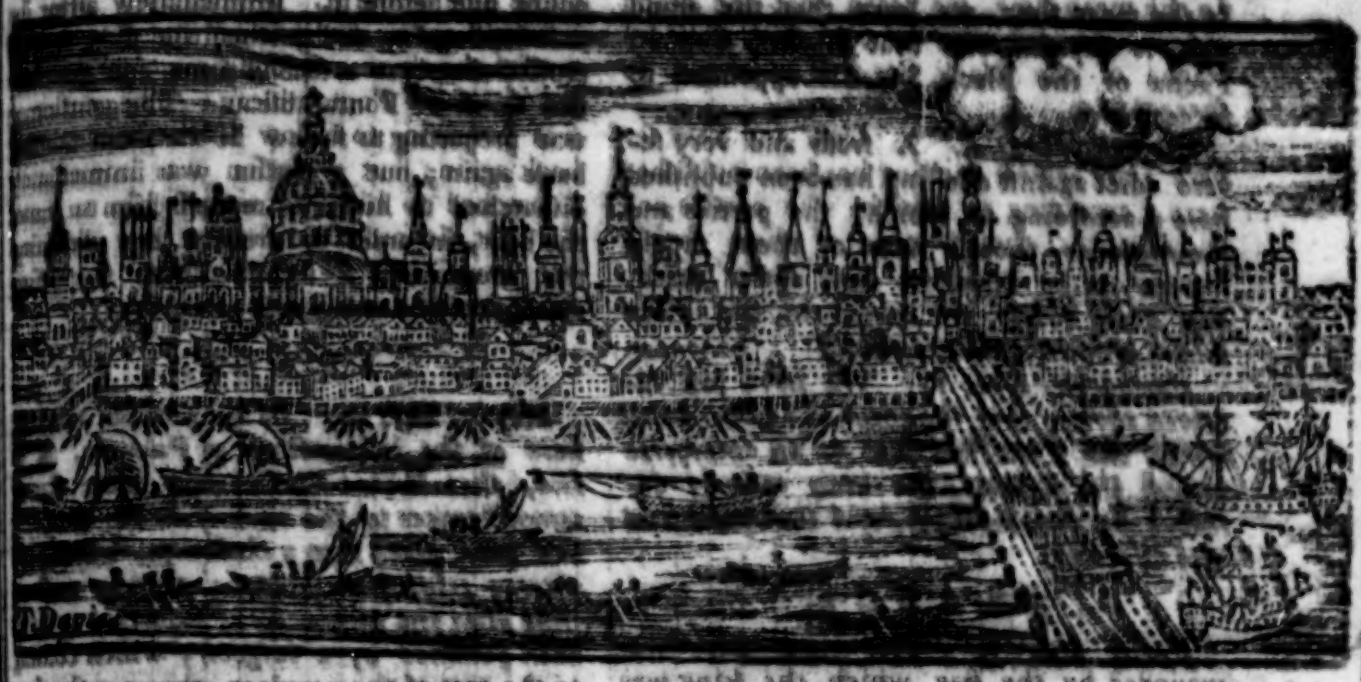
THE LONDON MAGAZINE:



Or, GENTLEMAN's Monthly Intelligencer.

For DECEMBER, 1773.

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And, in Muſic, No. XXVI. of NEW MUSIC.

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29		139 ½	94 ⅛		85		87 ¼				88 ¼		25 ¼	8	1 ⅞		S W	Rain
30	140 ⅛	139					87 ⅛							9	1		S W	Fair
1	140	13					87 ⅛							10	1		S E	Fair
2	140 ⅛	141					87 ¼										N W	Rain
3	140 ⅛	141			85		87 ¼				88 ¼			10	1 ⅛		N E	Rain
4		141					87 ⅛						25 ½		1 ¼		S E	Fair
5	Sunday																S W	Fair
6		140 ½	94 ½		84 ⅛		87 ⅛		84 ⅛				25 ⅛	9	2		S W	Fair
7	140 ½	140					87 ⅛				88 ⅛		25 ⅛	11	2 ¼		S W	Fair
8		140					87		84 ⅛		88 ⅛			12	2 ⅛		S E	Fair
9	140	139 ½															N E	Rain
10	140 ⅛	139 ¼	94 ½		85 ⅞		87 ¼			79 ⅞	88		25	12	2		E	Frost
11		139 ½					87 ⅛				88 ¼		25 ¼	17	2		N W	Frost
12	Sunday																S W	Frost
13	140	140 ½			85		87 ¼		84 ⅛	79 ¼	88 ⅛			14	2		N W	Frost
14	140	140					87				88 ⅛		5 ⅛	15	1		S W	Rain
15		140			85 ⅛		87 ⅛		84 ¼		88			16	2 ⅛		N E	Rain
16		140	94 ¼				87 ¼			79 ⅞				17	2 ⅛		S W	Snow
17	141 ¼	140	94 ¼		85 ⅝						88			18	2 ⅛		S S W	Fair
18	141	141			85 ½		87 ¼				88 ¼	90 ½	25 ⅛	17	1		W S W	Foggy
19	Sunday																S W	Rain
20	141 ¼	140 ½				86 ½	87 ⅛		84 ⅛		88 ⅛			19			N E	Fair
21	140	140	94		85 ½		87 ⅛			80 ⅛	89 ⅛		25 ¼	17	1		W	Fair
22		140					87 ⅛		85		89			16	1		S E	Fair
23	140 ¼	140					87 ⅛			83 ⅛				17			S	Fair
24	140 ⅛	140			85 ¼		87 ½						25 ⅛	18	2 ⅛		S W	Fair
25																		Rain
26																		Rain
27																		Rain
28																		
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	Wheat. s. d.	Rye. s. d.	Barley. s. d.	Oats. s. d.	Beans. s. d.
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South Wales	5 7	4 3	3 8	1 8	3 4
Scotland	5 4	3 3	3 7	1 8	3 6

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THE

LONDON MAGAZINE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1773.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

HARLEQUIN, No. VIII.

——————— *Nemo quam ſibi ſortem*
Seu ratio dederit, ſeu fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat? Laudat diverſa ſequentes, &c.

HOR. Sat. I.

There's ne'er a raſcal of ye all,
Or rich or poor, or great or ſmall,
From Corniſh mines to Orkney's coaſt,
Whoſe unpolluted ſoul can boaſt
Of ſnug Contentment, were your lodgment
Chalk'd out in youth by hoary judgment.
Each for his neighbour's fortune feels,
And tries to trip him by the heels.
Aſk Hob's *opinion.* Hob *will tell ye,*
" His neighbour better fills his belly;
His mutton's ſweeter, and his gooſe
Is fat, and fitter far for uſe;
His puddings too, what ſmoke and ſmell
And then the flavour of his ale!
Ah! curſe thoſe ſtars that threw my lot,
To live much poorer in a cot!"

IN this rigid and ſevere ſeaſon of the year, one muſt have his heart triply roiled in braſs who walks the ſtreets of this metropolis without betraying frequent emotions of pity. The objects of miſery and diſtreſs who lie ſhivering at the doors of their betters, or who beſpeak the humanity of the paſſer-by, call the mind naturally to the contemplation of the different fortunes of mankind. It has been obſerved, that the various lots of human property and poſſeſſion have been parcelled out ſo wantonly, and ſcattered about (as it were) with ſo random a hand, that the equity of the thing ſtands at leaſt doubtful. To this objection many thouſand very ſagacious divines, after ſecuring to themſelves as much of this earthly dirt as they could get, replied with great zeal and learning. They ſaid, that no man had a right to grumble; that every man muſt take his bread and butter as he finds it; that in the great ſcramble for human wealth, the ſtouteſt, no doubt, would have the moſt; and that he that had the moſt would certainly go to hell, if he did not divide his booty with the holy church. This excellent doctrine was unrivalled, till a man aroſe one day and told the world, that precedence, poſſeſſion and happineſs were not intended to be either obtained or kept in this world, but in the next.

Having diſcovered this great truth, which lay hid for fifteen centuries in the bottom of a deep well, we look round us with ſome ſurpriſe, and aſk whence then proceed the lamentations of mankind? That ſome of them are reaſonable, and well founded, is undeniable; but the number of them has given great reaſon to ſuſpect, that not a few of them are inſincere, and have no other origin than the caprice and impatient natures of the lamenters.

Though the obſervation is as old as Horace, yet it will ſtill bear to conſult a lawyer upon it.

Ah! good morning, Mr. Capias! What, trudging to the hall as uſual? —to fight a fat cauſe, I warrant ye? —"Ay, the parties are ſtrong, I confeſs." Ay ay, ſnug comings in there! "Why ay indeed, I can't deny that there are pretty pickings enough there—pretty pickings enough!—but then, Sir, when one comes to conſider—when we look round us among our neighbours and ſee how ſome folks, and ſome folks live, between you and me, Mr. Harlequin, 'tis a d—d ſhame—A lawyer! what is it? Nothing, drudging, drudging, drudging, from term to term, and getting nothing after all; while my neighbour yonder, the prebend, ſnores in his chair from year to year, ſurrounded with all the bleſſings of the earth. Ah, would they had made me a prebend, inſtead of ſtarving in theſe d—d courts of juſtice! Would, would they had made me a fat lazy prebend! ah would they had!"

A country farmer came to London, and met his old friend and acquaintance a Fleet-ſtreet grocer. The table was ſet, the porter was brought, and the pipes and tobacco were ready. "Well, my old friend, (ſaid the farmer) and how go the times with you?" Why, for that matter, (replied the grocer) I have nothing to complain of—nothing—no complaint in the world. "'Tis exactly the ſame with me, (added the farmer). I *drive* a ſtrong trade, (continues the grocer) my ſhop has the run of the neighbourhood, and I have made two of my fellow-tradeſmen and neighbours bankrupts, thank God for it! I have gathered a penny or two, as the ſaying is, and could dab deep in the ſtocks, if as how I choſe it—("Exactly the ſame with me," interrupts the farmer.)—I holds my head as high as any body, (continues the grocer) and I really believes am the happieſt man upon earth.—"There again! (adds the farmer) 'tis exactly the ſame with me."

And yet, (reſumes the grocer) very melancholy, I have one eye-ſore. There's the ribband-man, the next door, a young fellow that has made a fortune bigger, ay, bigger than my own, in half the time. Damn it! farmer, is not this very vexing, that any neighbour of mine ſhould make a fortune faſter than me? Ah! had I been a ribband-man!—But I always ſaid I was born to be a drudge, and I ſhall be a drudge to the end of my life—No happineſs for me! no, no. Happineſs was made for ribband-men.—"Bleſs me! (exclaims the farmer) your caſe is exactly the ſame with my own caſe in the country. A neighbour has got the ſtart of me, and it preys upon my ſoul night and day."

Holloa! you with the lame leg! whither driving? "Right forward." How goes the world with you? "It does not go with me at all." Againſt you then, I ſuppoſe? "At all points." What is become of your leg? "I believe the Jeſuits ate it." How did you loſe it? "In the king's own cauſe." Have you any ambition? "Yes, a great deal." What is it? "To get into Chelſea Hoſpital." Did you ever try it? "Yes, but they told me that as I wanted but a leg, it was time enough yet." Do you envy any body? "Yes, every body that is richer than myſelf." You have ſome reaſon.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

The FOP: *a* PORTRAIT *from real Life.*

THE leading principle of Mr. ..... is vanity. He never acts from choice, but always from oſtentation. He is fond of applauſe, yet expoſe

expoſes himſelf to ridicule. He is familiar with his ſuperiors; impertinent with his equals; and impertinent to thoſe whom fortune has placed beneath him. You ſalute him; but he affects not to ſee you: you ſpeak to him; but he hears not: you addreſs your diſcourſe to another; and he interrupts you. He abounds with indecent levity and mirth, in the ſociety of reſpectable people, and when the converſation is ſerious. A lady happens to look at him, and he immediately conceives that ſhe has a paſſion for him. Another appears thoughtful, and he fancies that he is the ſubject of her contemplation. He has no idea of diſcretion! He gives advice to men of letters and to artiſts. To men of virtue and gravity, he diſplays his trinkets and bawbles. He would have harangued on battles to Marlborough, on books to Mead, and on butterflies to Sloane. If he is at the theatre, he ſpeaks ſo loud, that he diſtracts the attention of the circle around him. When the play is half over, he goes away abruptly, and with noiſe. You would imagine that he was in a hurry to keep an aſſignation. But there was no nymph or goddeſs in the caſe. He delights in myſtery; and, in public, you may ſee him receiving billets, which he had previouſly written. He talks inceſſantly of his amours; and he hints at favours which he never enjoyed. He ſpeaks of his revenue and his equipage; and with four thouſand a-year he exclaims, that he cannot live;—it is much too little for a man of faſhion. When he has actual engagements, he is too buſy to keep them; when he has none, he affects to have many. He never goes where he is expected; and he arrives, at an unſeaſonable hour, in places where his preſence is diſagreeable. He has relations; but they are poor, and he does not know them: he boaſts, however, of the friendſhip of a great man whom he has never ſeen. You would think, that it is his conſtant occupation to impoſe on himſelf; and, in fact, he is, in every thing, the reverſe of what he wiſhes to be.

Glaſgow. C.

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

DRURY LANE.

ON the 11th of this month was acted at this theatre, for the firſt time, a new comedy called *The School for Wives*, the characters of which are as follow:

General Savage,	Mr. King.
Captain Savage, (his ſon)	Mr. Brereton.
Mr. Belville,	Mr. Reddiſh.
Leeſon,	Mr. Palmer.
Torrington, (a lawyer)	Mr. Weſton.
Connolly, (an Iriſhman, clerk to Leeſon)	Mr. Moody.
Spruce, (Belville's Valet)	Mr. Baddeley.
Chaſtly, (the General's provided-for Pimp)	Mr. W. Palmer.
Mrs. Belville,	Miſs Younge.
Lady Rachel,	Mrs. Hopkins.
Mrs. Tempeſt,	Mrs. Greville.
Miſs Leeſon,	Miſs Jarratt.
Miſs Walſingham,	Mrs. Abington.

SERVANTS.

Mr. Griffiths, Maſter Cape, and Mrs. Millidge.

The fable on which this comedy is founded reſembles, in ſome inſtances, that of the Duelliſt; but, as the repreſentation of the one ſo quickly followed that of the other, we muſt not admit their being in any manner related to each other. We will give the fable, and leave our readers to determine.

Belville, a well-bred agreeable man of faſhion, who has every good quality but a love of variety in his amours, is deſcribed at the opening of the play upon a new ſcent. A young lady of the name of Leeſon (ſiſter to a gentleman of that name in the Temple) who by his occaſionally meeting her in one of the green boxes of the playhouſes, and finding in her a violent attachment for the ſtage, took the hint, and aſſumed the name of Frankly, a manager of one of the

Dublin

Dublin theatres; and, before he left her, fixed an appointment with her to rehearse at his lodgings. Whilſt this amour is pending, however, he is ſtill hunting for new game, and pays violent addreſſes to Miſs Walſingham, a young lady on a viſit at his houſe, ſecretly engaged to Captain Savage: though the young lady raillies him very humourouſly in his own way, he is determined not to deſpond, but try ſome other opportunity. The hour now arrives, when Belville, under the name of Frankly, is to wait on his pupil; when, by ſome accident, lady Rachael, being acquainted with the young lady's deſigns (though entirely ignorant of Mr. Belville's being concerned) perſuades Mrs. Belville (who is all ſentiment and goodneſs) out of curioſity to ſee this young lady's trial; the other, from ſome doubts of Frankly's being her huſband, accompanies; when her doubts are confirmed, and Belville is made ſo ſenſible of his conduct, that he promiſes an eternal reformation.

During this time Miſs Leeſon's brother in the Temple hears of the affair, and immediately ſends Connolly, his clerk, an honeſt, good-natured Iriſhman, with a challenge to Belville to meet him that evening at eight o'clock in Hyde-Park. Belville accepts the challenge, and meets him there, but aſſures him he will not fight, as he will not add murder to ſeduction, though his ſiſter was innocent. The other at length provokes him, and in the rencounter Leeſon is diſarmed, which gives occaſion to Belville to *declaim* on the general injuſtice of duelling, and leaves him. Leeſon, in this hour of diſtreſs and diſappointment, ſettles going off to Scotland with a Miſs Moreland, whom he is engaged to, and whoſe fortune, he ſays, will pay off his debts, and leave enough beſide for love and contentment.

Belville is hardly got home to his wife (who was upon the rack of expectation for his arrival, and who, in this interval, gives the audience a *ſermon* on duelling, which would not diſgrace any of our pulpits) when he is informed by one of his ſervants that his ſiſter, Miſs Moreland, was juſt carried off by a young gentleman in a poſt-chaiſe, and that he had traced them to Mr. Crayon's in Piccadilly; he immediately ſet out with this intelligence, forced open the door, and is getting into the inner apartment, when, to his great ſurprize, he is oppoſed by Leeſon and Connolly. After ſome time, he recollects that he was about to do greater injury with *his ſiſter*, which induces him to conſent to their union, and make the young couple happy.

In the courſe of all this buſineſs Belville receives a letter, ſeemingly from Miſs Walſingham, and though written by his wife, appointing an interview at the maſquerade, he ſhews this letter to Captain Savage (not ſuſpecting his attachment to her) and after many ſtruggles between his former diſſipation and his reſolutions of amendment, he at laſt reſolves to meet her at the maſquerade, and confeſs his reformation to her. He accordingly ſets out, and meets a lady maſked, whom he takes for Miſs Walſingham; and has hardly time to aſſure her of his reformation, when they are broke in upon by General Savage, his ſon and Torrington, whom the captain has brought to be witneſſes of Miſs Walſingham's diſſipation and infidelity. Belville, ſurpriſed at this rudeneſs, bids the lady retire, and he will defend her: but the captain being poſitive on ſeeing her, Mrs. Belville comes forward and unmaſks. This diſcovery brings on a general explanation; Mrs. Belville is perfectly ſatisfied with her huſband's reformation; Captain Savage with Miſs Walſingham's fidelity; and though General Savage is mortified at loſing his miſtreſs (for through the courſe of the play he makes love to Miſs Walſingham himſelf, though ſhe miſtakes it for doing it by proxy for his ſon) yet at the threats of Mrs. Tempeſt, his kept miſtreſs, who has him under entire ſubjection, he is obliged to be ſatisfied likewiſe.

Such is the fable of this piece, which in the finiſhing has received very little real merit to ſupport it. The writer of it ſeems to have very nicely ſtudied the taſte of the preſent age, and has *happily* diſcovered, that ſtudying ſtage effect, and collecting ſuch ſentiments as are moſt likely to ſurpriſe us into approbation, are of themſelves ſufficient to enſure the ſucceſs

ceſs of any drama, however ill placed thoſe ſentiments, however abſurdly the ſtage effect is produced, and however devoid of original characters, natural ſituation and comic humour, the piece preſented to us may be. This comedy, however, was received with great applauſe, and, though *none* of the characters are original, yet it muſt be allowed that there is ſomething in it intereſting and entertaining. *The* SCHOOL FOR WIVES will undoubtedly procure honour and emolument for its author in the theatre, and profit to the manager; but we fear it will not prove the moſt ſatisfactory of dramatic productions to the nice, the critical, and the diſpaſſionate cloſet readers.

ON Monday the 27th inſtant was performed at the ſame theatre, for the firſt time, a dramatic entertainment, called *A Chriſtmas Tale*, the characters of which are as follow:

Floridore, - - Mr. Vernon.
Magician, - - Mr. Banniſter.
Tycho, - - - Mr. Weſton.
Nigromant, - - Mr. Champnes.
Faladel, - - Mr. Parſons.
Camilla, - - Mrs. Smith.
Robinetta, - - Mrs. Wrighten.
Spirits, Mr. Diamond, Mr. Hurſt, Mr. Wright, Mr. Ackman, Mr. Fawcet, Miſs Platt, Mrs. Johnſton, Mrs. Hunt, and Mrs. Scott.

This piece might properly be called a dramatic fiction, as it is a repreſentation of what never did, and indubitably never will, have exiſtence. It belongs to that ſpecies of the drama, which is rather calculated to afford the muſical compoſer, the machiniſt, the ſcene painter, and the vocal performers, an opportunity of diſplaying their ſeveral abilities, than to exhibit any regular and probable fable, or to ſhew either dramatic character, humour, incident, or ſituation. In one ſenſe it partakes of the quality of pantomime, being from its nature replete with abſurdity and improbability; for it matters not, in ſuch pieces as the *Chriſtmas Tale*, how much of a ſudden, and how diſtant from a ſemblance of reality, any event is brought about, ſo that it ſerves, as Bayes ſays, "to elevate and ſurpriſe." That the machiniſt may ſhew his ſkill, it is neceſſary that a ſcene ſhould frequently break in pieces, and a grand ſpectacle ſhould immediately preſent itſelf. Palaces and caſtles are in reality ſo ſtubborn, that they will not tumble down merely to exhibit a more ſplendid proſpect. In this ſpecies of the drama, therefore, eſpecial care is taken to be ready prepared with preter-natural agents to produce theſe preter-natural effects. The ſtory is like that of Jack the Giant-killer, and twenty other romances of a ſimilar and equally important nature. A virtuous young man is to ſhew his honour, his valour, and his conſtancy to win a fair lady. His grand atchievement, in the preſent romance, is the conqueſt of Nigromant, who is deſcribed as a wicked and powerful magician; but, before this great event can be atchieved, a variety of ſtumbling blocks are thrown in the knight-errant's way, from which he is relieved without knowing it, by his beauteous miſtreſs, whom after his victory he marries. To enliven the piece, and create ſome laughter, the characters of Tycho and Faladel are introduced. They are mere ſacrifices to the galleries, and are evidently the buffoons of the entertainment, retailing ſmall wit and vulgar jeſts, whenever the piece is likely to appear dull. They are, it muſt be confeſſed, very proper talkers to holiday hearers, and therefore very juſtifiably produced in a *Chriſtmas Tale*. The machinery is admirable, the ſcenery almoſt entirely new, and for the moſt part very beautiful. The alteration of the colour of the trees and flowers in the ſecond act, the riſing of the moon, the palace which tumbles into ruin, the grand garden ſcene at the concluſion, and the ſea proſpect which bounds it, are of a ſort rarely ſeen in this country, and reflect infinite credit on the artiſts who produced them, while they do honour to the managers for encouraging ſuch accompliſhed maſters in their profeſſion. The muſic is, upon the whole, agreeable, but has rather too much ſameneſs. The *Chriſtmas Tale* was well received, and will, doubtleſs, meet with great ſucceſs.

COVENT-

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON the 16th of this month was performed at this theatre an opera, called *Achilles in Petticoats*, the characters of which are as follows:

MEN.

Lycomedes, - -	Mr. Dubellamy.
Diphilus, - -	Mr. Dyer.
Achilles, - -	Mr. Mattocks.
Ulysses, - - -	Mr. Owenson.
Diomedes, - -	Mr. Fox.
Ajax, - - -	Mr. Dunstall.
Periphas, - -	Mr. Reinhold.
Agyrtes, - -	Mr. Baker.

WOMEN.

Theaspe, - - -	Miss Catley.
Deidamia, - -	Mrs. Mattocks.
Lesbia, - - -	Miss Pearce.
Philoe, - - -	Miss Valois.
Artemona, - -	Miss Brown.

Courtiers, Guards, &c.

The fable on which this piece is founded is pleasing, and we believe will not be unacceptable to that part of our readers, whose distance from the metropolis may not afford them an opportunity of attending the representation.

In order to prevent the young Achilles from going to the Trojan war, his mother, the Princess Calista, disguises him as a woman, under the name of Pyrrha, and places him in the Royal family of Lycomedes, king of Scyros, where that monarch becomes struck with his noble appearance, and, with the assistance of his confident Diphilus, endeavours to corrupt the supposed young lady. This circumstance does not long remain a secret to the Queen Theaspe, who becomes extremely jealous of the illustrious hoyden, and rates her husband soundly upon his partiality to Pyrrha.

In the mean time a strict intimacy arises between Deidamia, the princess royal, who is set by her mother to watch the motions of the object of her uneasiness, and Achilles, who at length communicates his secret to Deidamia, and a mutual passion ensues, which they indulge in its extent; in consequence of which the princess feels the natural effects of such a commerce, and communicates her distressful situation to her lover, who is resolutely bent on accompanying the Greeks to the siege of Troy.

During these transactions, the king, determined to gratify his inclination, makes a violent attack upon the virtue of the supposed Pyrrha, who is so provoked at the attempt, that Lycomedes feels *manual* effects of his enamorato's resentment, and is thrown into a very ridiculous situation.

The queen wishing to get rid of her new guest, proposes her as a wife to Periphas, a prince of the blood, who politely refuses the offer, but is afterwards attacked by Ajax, who imagines a marriage between them is to take place. A combat ensues, but the parties are prevented by the guards from doing any injury, and are both put under an arrest.

Ulysses suspecting Achilles was concealed at Scyros, disguises himself as a merchant, and with his friends Diomedes and Agyrtes, arrives at the court with a number of jewels, trinkets, silks, &c. amongst which is seen a parcel of armour, which immediately attracts the attention of Pyrrha, who brandishes the sword, and poises the shield. This sufficiently discovers him to the sagacious Ulysses, who salutes him by name as the future conqueror of Troy. Achilles joyfully engages as a party in the war, and after making amends to Deidamia, to whom he was before betrothed, by receiving her hand in marriage, prepares to set out on the expedition, and the opera concludes.

This was originally the production of Mr. Gay, who did not live to see the success of it. At first it consisted of three acts, but is now much shortened. The chief alterations are confessedly those of abridgment and transposition, with the insertion of some new airs. Dr. Arne has composed new music for it (though this perhaps is by no means equal to his usual excellence) and it was principally on that account that the opera was prepared for representation in its present form. The first act is tedious and langund; but the second is more lively and entertaining, and it is very probable that its novelty will make it admissible. The success of this piece is perhaps wholly indebted to the judicious alterations of Mr. Colman, and the justice done it by the performers.

DEBATE

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

DEBATES OF A POLITICAL SOCIETY.

Continued from page 536 of our laſt.

MR. Hans Stanley, having ſpoken his opinion on the affairs of St. Vincent, (as mentioned in our laſt) was anſwered by Mr. Cornwall, who ſaid, that the right honourable gentleman's general ſentiments and reaſonings did him honour as a man and a politician — that nevertheleſs, though they might be extremely juſt as to the general ſcope of them, they were very erroneous when applied in the manner now contended for — that the ſpirit of colonization and plantation, now carried on by the ſovereigns and ſubjects of the ſeveral powers of Europe, though faulty in many reſpects, and perhaps in the end big with the moſt pernicious conſequences, was now become, in a great meaſure, indiſpenſably neceſſary to each ſeparate ſtate conſidered individually, particularly to ſuch, whoſe rank and importance depended chiefly on commerce — that, however, thoſe conſiderations had but a very remote relation to the preſent queſtion; but that it was the honourable gentleman's deductions from certain principles he had laid down to which he chiefly objected. The honourable gentleman, continued he, ſpeaks of the principles of government, and the inferences to be drawn from them, as if the Caribbs were intimately inſtructed in the depths of modern policy, and of the moſt perfect foundation of civilized government: he talks of ſubjection and occupancy, of ſovereignty and reſiſtance — to whom? to people who are totally unacquainted with any ſuch refined diſtinctions. Has he adduced one proof, or ſtated one eſtabliſhed fact, to ſhew the exact political relation the Britiſh government and thoſe free negroes ſtand in towards each other? If he has not, away then with ſuch falſe refinements and forced conſtructions. Thoſe unfortunate men find themſelves in poſſeſſion of certain rights and poſſeſſions; they perceive thoſe rights attempted to be arreſted from them, contrary to promiſes on which they imagined they might ſafely depend. Was it to be ſuppoſed that they could, on finding themſelves, as they thought, ſo baſely injured, forbear to reſiſt? No, ſuch a conduct from a ſavage would be unnatural, and nothing but an inability to do themſelves immediate juſtice would have prevented them from taking inſtant revenge. It was their weakneſs, not a want of inclination, that ſaved the colony from utter deſtruction. Great ſtreſs has been laid on one ſide, and many doubts ſtarted on the other, whether they actually applied for aſſiſtance to the French governor of the neighbouring iſlands; but, for my part, I cannot heſitate a minute in believing that they did. Such a conduct was a natural conſequence of the injuſtice and oppreſſion which they knew was intended againſt them. They looked upon themſelves as independent, they were taught ſo, they were told ſo: they received the ſtrongeſt aſſurances, that the king of Great Britain was of the ſame opinion; but they found they were deceived. They were unacquainted with the rules of Weſtminſter-hall; they never dreamt of bringing an action againſt a forcible poſſeſſor. No, they applied to a ſovereign power, who, they thought, was both able and willing to aſſiſt them in repelling the invaders, and in taking vengeance on their faithleſs oppreſſors. This was the treaſon, this was the conſpiracy, that thoſe ignorant ſavages were guilty of, howſoever denominated by the meaſured language of mercenary planters or miſinformed miniſters. The honourable gentleman ſays, he has defended the meaſure by its neceſſity, and inſiſts that that likewiſe goes to juſtify the mode

of putting it in execution; to which laſt I readily agree, I chearfully join iſſue with him on this point. I grant, if there was a real neceſſity for ſending our troops to that iſland, the ſeaſon of the year, whether at June or Chriſtmas, and many other conſiderations of the ſame nature, would not in the leaſt weigh with me: the dangerous and critical ſituation of the colony muſt at once remove every material objection of that kind. But has the honourable gentleman ſhewn that this was really the caſe? Have the papers on your table ſpoken ſuch a language? On the contrary, taking the worſt of the facts charged on them to be true, in full contradiction to the whole tenor of the reſt of the evidence, and of the ſentiments of the officers examined at your bar, not the repreſentations of intereſted perſons, can it be pretended that the preſent meaſure was juſtifiable? If then the preſent meaſure was not juſtifiable, (concluded this gentleman) no man in this Houſe will heſitate to condemn, in the ſtrongeſt terms, the mode of putting it in execution.

Here Mr. Stephen Fox, Sir Richard Sutton, Mr. Martin the banker, Gen. Burgoyne, Mr. Rice, and Gen. Conway, having ſeverally ſpoken, Lord George Germaine ſtood up, and dwelt for a conſiderable time on the conduct of adminiſtration towards them on our firſt taking poſſeſſion of the iſland, of their peaceable demeanour and carriage towards the planters, of their humanity towards the captain's guard when in their power, and of their ſupplying them with victuals while in that ſituation. But, ſays he, it is contended that thoſe people are rebellious, that they love liberty and independence; if the two latter are proofs of the former, I believe that they are very rebellious. On the firſt ſettlement of this iſland, thoſe people, it appears, came in, and took the oaths to government: they behaved themſelves quietly as ſubjects, till an attempt was made to reduce them to ſlavery, without even pretending any crime on their part. Will any man in this Houſe at this time of day, pretend to affirm, that ſtanding on their own defence without even a crime imputed to them, was treaſon, and that they deſerved to be extirpated merely to gratify a ſet of inhuman mercenary planters? No; the conſtitution forbids ſuch a violation of the rights of the pooreſt and meaneſt of the ſociety; and, thank God, the Revolution has put it out of the power of any man publickly to controvert this propoſition: that ſubmiſſion is invariably the juſt return for protection, and that a perſon never forfeits the latter, till he offends the whole community, by oppoſing the executive power in the commiſſion of ſome act authorized by the laws and conſtitution of this country. A gentleman at your bar has fortunately hit upon an expedient that will ſolve the preſent difficulty. He ſays that they can have no claim to any land but what they have cultivated, and that conſequently all that is at preſent covered with wood, and uncleared, belongs to government. A very pretty diſtinction truly! Does he conſider, or did he trouble himſelf to reflect on the manner in which thoſe people live, and the means they employ to procure a ſubſiſtence? Is he ignorant that thoſe poor people live chiefly by fowling and fiſhing? If they are removed from the vicinity of the ſea, and into the open country, they muſt be almoſt as miſerable as if they were actually ſent to where he and the reſt of his worthy colleagues would willingly diſpoſe of them. His lordſhip concluded by condemning the whole of the military arrangements, and inſiſting that two regiments would anſwer every wiſe and equitable purpoſe that adminiſtration ought to wiſh for, or humanity permit.

General Harvey then roſe and informed the Houſe, that he hoped they would not think it improper to inform them, that he was not conſulted, and to aſſure them, that he was always ready to attend on every occaſion, on which he imagined he might be of the leaſt ſervice in the way of his profeſſion, from the fifer to the commander in chief — that he underſtood, that it ſtill remained a doubt with ſome high in the profeſſion, (meaning Gen. Conway) which was the beſt time to ſend out a relief to the ceded iſlands — that he had ſpared no pains to be properly informed on this head, having applied to the ſeveral

veral perſons both in the military and phyſical way, who were moſt likely to give the beſt information — that this enquiry extended from the little government of Senegambia to the places and garriſons of the moſt importance; and that the reſult of his enquiries produced, among others, the following anſwers from a gentleman equally eſteemed for his military knowledge and underſtanding, (Gen. Melville) which he begged leave to read as part of his ſpeech, the purport of which was, That a relief ſhould be generally ſent out as early in January as poſſible — that, however, conſidering the danger to be expected from hurricanes, and the very little difference there was between what was called the ſickly and healthy ſeaſons, the difference he believed was hardly worth regarding; but that certainly for ſending out troops, or a relief intended for actual ſervice and military operations, the latter end of December, or early in January, was much the beſt time.

Gen. Conway then ſtood up, and, after paying Gen. Harvey a compliment on his attention in the above inſtance, informed the Houſe, that he was glad to be ſet right in a matter of ſo much importance, and that he no longer retained any doubt of what he was not before ſufficiently ſatisfied of.

Col. Barre inſiſted chiefly on the peaceable behaviour of the Caribbs before the attempt made to rob and enſlave them, and their placability and humanity after they had been injured. He dwelt with equal humour and ſterling ſenſe on the conduct of Mr. Alexander, in his military arrangements, and on the reluctance he expreſſed of being obliged to comply with the improper clemency ſhewn in his majeſty's inſtructions. He compared this gentleman's certainty of ſucceſs to the general officer, who with his finger pointed out the means of paſſing a river to the great Turenne, who replied, that if his finger was a bridge, it might eaſily be effected. Throughout that part of his ſpeech he carried on a ludicrous compariſon between the *worthy* preſident of the council and his name-ſake of Macedon. He ſaid, the propoſitions made by the commiſſioners for the ſale of lands in the ceded iſlands, and adopted by their wiſe principals at home, for removing the Caribbs to the leeward ſide of the iſland, and for preventing private purchaſes, put him in mind of an incident which he heard had happened during the late war in America: a volunteer, being on a party with ſome light infantry, and a few friendly Indians, they happened to be ſurrounded, on which the volunteer ſhewed ſome ſigns of fear; and being aſked by one Daniel, an Indian, and old *friend*, what was the matter, he expreſſed to him a great dread of being ſcalped by the enemy: Oh, replied Daniel, if that be all, I will at once remove that uneaſineſs, for I ſhall take care to ſcalp you myſelf. He next animadverted upon the parole evidence, and the degree of credibility which it deſerves: one witneſs tells you, that Count Denerie did not underſtand Engliſh, nor did himſelf underſtand French, and I believe he might have added, nor Engliſh either; yet he pretends to relate the exact ſenſe of converſations which paſſed between them. Now, for my part, I underſtand French very well (ſays the colonel) and for all that I could not pretend to recollect ſo preciſely, as the witneſs has done, what had paſſed between the Count and me on this ſubject, though I have had ſeveral converſations with him on it; and indeed I muſt ſay he entertained very different ſentiments, in many particulars, from what the witneſs has imputed to him. Another gentleman, a well-known witneſs at your bar, has told pretty much ſuch another ſtory, relative to converſations which paſſed between him and four Frenchmen. He tells you, indeed, he had an interpreter; but he does not ſay upon that particular occaſion. The colonel concluded with remarking on the *unfrequented* coaſts of Africa, the iſland of St. Matthew, the cabinet council, and the ſcraps of blotted paper.

Lord North entered into a long juſtification of himſelf, the reſt of the miniſtry, and the planters, chiefly on the written evidence, and the motives that induced the memorialiſts and the miniſtry to vary their plan, according to various circumſtances, and the different exigencies that might occur.

He ſaid, he was obliged to the honourable gentleman who moved for the enquiry, for diſtinguiſhing the motions, for debating them together, by which the ſenſe of the Houſe might be had with leſs trouble; and particularly for his candour in acquainting them with all he intended to move at once. This, he ſaid, was fair and parliamentary, and prevented unexpected queſtions being agitated at an improper time, or late in the night, when the Houſe was neither prepared properly to examine or diſcuſs them. He ſhould, he ſaid, have been much obliged to him if he had made the firſt leſs complex; however, he hoped that he had already ſufficiently proved, that the meaſure had not been undertaken without ſufficient provocation; that he would have taken it as a greater inſtance of the honourable gentleman's candour, if, inſtead of perſons *intereſted*, he had ſaid perſons *ſolely intereſted*. As to the laſt part of it, relative to the extirpation of the Caribbs, he was ſure the honourable gentleman would readily withdraw it, when he had properly attended to part of the diſpatches from Lord Hillſborough, contained in No. 35. Here his lordſhip read a long extract from thoſe diſpatches, wherein Gov. Leyborne is authoriſed to treat with them on the following terms; either to quit the iſland on the tranſportation ſcheme, to agree with the terms granted to the free negroes in Jamaica in 1738, or conſent to ſettle on it according to the terms formerly propoſed. His lordſhip dwelt with great force on the humane, tender expreſſions diffuſed throughout this diſpatch. He added, that, this being the caſe, he had very little to ſay relative to the propriety of the military arrangements, as that was not his province — that, however, it was allowed from every ſide of the Houſe, that the latter might be well juſtified by the immediate neceſſity there was for its ſpeedy execution; and concluded, that the honourable gentleman on the other ſide of the way (Col. Barre) was very happy in an extenſive acquaintance with foreign officers of rank; yet he could by no means doubt of the veracity of the witneſſes at the bar, as well from the collateral proofs ſubſtantiating their evidence, as that the honourable gentleman's diffidence in laying any great ſtreſs on what he allowed at that time, made no great impreſſion on his mind.

To this Col. Barre replied, that it was true he had the honour of being acquainted with two foreign general-officers of rank, his old friend Don Franciſco, and Count Denerie; the former of whom he got acquainted with at Gibraltar, and the latter on the continent, whither he generally takes a trip every year, as he has *nothing to do at home* — that his regard for the count prevented him from particulariſing any part of a private converſation, neither did he chuſe to meaſure a man of his conſequence and known honour with the evidence at the bar — that in thoſe excurſions he ſtill retains a warm affection for the honour of his country, and from the time of ſetting foot on the continent forgets all diviſions or remembrance of party affairs; therefore he appealed to his lordſhip, in what manner he could extenuate the charge that will be made againſt a great, a powerful, and *once* glorious nation, for this ſhameful outrage, this murder, extirpation and robbery of a few harmleſs ſavages. He concluded by aſſuring his lordſhip, that the count would be in London within a month or ſix weeks, and that he would adviſe him to apply to his excellency to know what he ſhould do with the unfortunate Caribbs, if not already ſacrificed to the avarice and inhumanity of a ſet of mercileſs planters, and improvident, ignorant miniſters; by which means probably his lordſhip would happily get rid of what he ſeemed at preſent to be moſt miſerably embarraſſed with.

Lord Barrington next ſtood up, and went into a long and laborious inveſtigation of both queſtions, and the warmeſt encomiums on the gentlemen of the army. He obſerved, that it had been thrown out in the debate, that the military *murmured*; but he was certain of the contrary: he knew no officer did murmur, nor had a right to be diſpleaſed. The lower ſort of people in this country were, it is true, too apt to find fault; but as for the gentlemen of the army, he was confident they were of another diſpoſition, and of a different claſs. He would, therefore, in ſo full a

House, and so respectable a gallery. be extremely sorry that any person should go away impressed with such a notion, though he was convinced there was very little occasion for this caution in the eyes of the dispassionate or intelligent. As to the objections, that no military man was consulted on the occasion, he begged to be heard a few minutes. Taking the question as to the measure, no officer had a right to be, or properly could be, consulted; for it was purely a matter of state. When, indeed, the measure was agreed on in council, then it was usual to take the advice of some military man; so it happened in the present instance; for Gen. Gage, whose character was well known and established, had been consulted. Another matter that was started, why I did not give my advice, and for what reason were the cabinet-council doors shut against me? To the former I can answer, that I did give my advice; but the necessity of dispatch was pleaded, and I believe very justly too. I can likewise affirm, that the doors of the cabinet were not shut against me on this occasion, more than any other, as a matter of state. I again repeat, I had nothing to do with it in council; but in my official character I did interfere. The honourable gentleman behind me (Gen. Conway) knows that it is usual on such occasions to consult persons in their several departments, if they are members of the council. So far I was advised with, and so far I acquitted myself.

The debate concluded with Mr. T. Townshend's observing, that the noble lord on the treasury bench, how much soever he might be warmed with approbation, and ready to pass encomiums upon the celebrated dispatch which he had entertained the House so long with, he was still strongly of opinion, that the Caribbs were not at liberty to choose which of the three different propositions contained in that dispatch they pleased, but would be compelled to submit to the terms, which the persons intrusted with the final execution of those instructions had all along determined on; and that as to what the noble lord, who spoke last, said was a matter of fact, he contended, that the proper season of the year, and the other interior considerations attending the expedition, were no matter of state, at least they were not so during the most successful administration and glorious period this nation had ever beheld; for the truth of which he appealed to his lordship, who was at that time in office. Mr. Townshend concluded with insisting, that a bare letter to Gen. Gage, desiring him to send two regiments from America to St. Vincent's, could not be properly considered as advising with, or consulting a military man; and what occasion was there to send beyond the Atlantic for advice, when there were so many on the very spot capable of giving the most sufficient and intelligent?

On a division, for Mr. Townshend's first motion, 88; against it, 206. For the second motion, 78; against it, 99.

Feb. 18. After the several bills in course were read, reported and committed, Mr. Rose Fuller informed the House, that in pursuance of the notice he had given some days since, he stood up to move, that the House would go into a committee to consider of the propriety of foreigners being permitted to be part owners of British ships trading to Asia, Africa, and America — that he understood there was a standing order of the House of last year, which directed that no proposition for the altering of any of the laws relative to religion or trade should be examined but in a committee. This motion, he conceived, was strictly within that order. He said there were several witnesses waiting at the door ready to be called in and examined, in order to prove to the House the grounds and necessity there were for the present application; and finished by observing, that the part he had taken in this matter proceeded by no means from a desire of fixing a stigma, or throwing obloquy upon any man, but purely with an intention of procuring redress for an evil that called loudly for relief.

The House accordingly went into a committee, (Mr. Alderman Oliver in the chair) when Mr. Moss, Mr. Alcock, Mr. Simon, &c. were severally called in and examined at the bar. The substance of their evidence was, That the ships Ipswich and Manning

were

were both in the Jamaica trade, and river built — that the former is of 400 tons burthen, and the latter 305 tons — that a Mr. Maſſou, a Frenchman, and not naturalized, purchaſed at a ſale an eighth of the ſhip Ipſwich, and three ſixteenths of the Manning — that notice had been given at the Admiralty to prevent them getting Mediterranean paſſes, and at the Cuſtom-houſe to prevent their ſailing, as a foreigner was part owner — that the ſaid Mr. Maſſou, as ſoon as this impediment was diſcovered, on being applied to, and deſired to diſpoſe of thoſe ſhares for a reaſonable compenſation, abſolutely refuſed, unleſs at an advance much beyond the market price, or their real value — that the latter of thoſe veſſels had been detained by that means in the river ſince the 20th of January, at a very great expence, and had loſt her freight — that the other had been likewiſe detained, under a ſimilar expence, ſince the 12th of the ſame month —and that the broker, who ſold one of the ſhares to Mr. Maſſou, having informed him that ſuch a purchaſe would anſwer no end, as he was precluded from deriving any benefit from it by the laws of this country, Mr. Maſſou anſwered, that he was fully apprized of that, but doubted not he ſhould nevertheleſs profit by the tranſaction.

After theſe witneſſes were examined, a perſon, who was maſter of a veſſel in the ſame trade, in the year 1770, informed the Houſe, that, being outward bound, he was lying at Graveſend, where he was prevented from proceeding on his voyage by an order from the Admiralty; the reaſon of which was a foreigner having been diſcovered to be part owner — that upon an application to him to ſell his ſhare, he refuſed; and that at length the reſt of the owners were obliged to comply with the exorbitant demand of 150l. for his eighth, and a compliment of ten guineas to the attorney, though another eighth, which came to be diſpoſed of at the ſame time by death, brought no more than 56l. 10s.

When the evidence was finiſhed, Mr. Fuller made a motion, that a bill be brought in to prevent abuſes in the purchaſes made by foreigners of ſhares of Britiſh veſſels, and Mr. Alderman Oliver and Mr. Fuller were ordered to prepare and bring in the ſame.

Mr. Popham informed the Houſe, that there was an evil, to which many people in this country were expoſed, and indeed the effects of which great numbers daily ſuffered; that is, perſons on criminal proſecutions, who have been either acquitted or diſcharged upon proclamation, being ſtill detained for their fees. He ſaid, the demands thus incurred were uſually from eight to forty ſhillings — that people, who by the laws, and formal and legal inquiſitions of the land, were deemed innocent, and many of whom were really ſo, that it was a moſt cruel act to continue to confine them — that, however, thoſe fees were often the chief ſupport of many who had purchaſed their places — that therefore ſome adequate compenſation ſhould be made to the keepers of priſons in lieu of thoſe fees — that he knew of none which was ſo proper as aſſeſſing a certain ſum for that purpoſe, which might be raiſed with the county rates, and that this ceſs would be ſo trifling as not to be felt, being well aſſured that it would not, in the largeſt counties, amount to above 30l. per annum.

He was ſeconded by Lord Folkſtone.

Sir Thomas Clavering objected to a propoſal on ſo narrow a ground —that all priſoners, ſo circumſtanced, ſhould be reimburſed the whole of their expences to and from the places of their confinement. He was therefore for rejecting the firſt, if it was only intended to do juſtice in part.

This was readily aſſented to, and Mr. Popham moved, that leave be given to bring in a bill for levying a county rate for the payment of fees incurred by people diſcharged on proclamation, who were before ſubject to criminal juriſdiction, which was agreed to, and Sir Thomas Clavering, Lord Folkſtone, Mr. Popham, and Mr. Field, ordered to prepare and bring in the ſame.

Feb. 22. Mr. Chetwynd preſented a petition from the inhabitants of Litchfield, complaining of the dearneſs of proviſions, which they attributed

buted in a great meaſure to proceed from the vaſt exportation of cheeſe, and the incloſure of commons; and the prayer of that petition was, that the exportation of ſo neceſſary a part of the ſuſtenance of life be prohibited.

Sir William Yonge in anſwer remarked, that our anceſtors very wiſely encouraged exportation, as the moſt effectual means of encouraging induſtry and our manufacturers. If their policy was good, our ſyſtem of prohibition muſt of courſe be bad — that if the exportation was ſtopt, the farmer would be diſcouraged from working his grounds, and we ſhould be forced to live on what foreigners would pleaſe to ſend us. But he concluded with ſaying, he did not object to the petition being brought up.

Mr. Preſcott alſo obſerved, that an order of the Houſe lay upon the table, for an account of all cheeſes exported to be laid before the Houſe; and then the honourable gentleman who preſents the petition would find, when that account is produced, that the cheeſe exported bears no proportion to the cheeſe conſumed, and that ſtopping the exportation will not do any eſſential ſervice to the poor.

The petition was preſented.

Lord North. — Sir, as I underſtand the two reports of the ſecret committee are printed, and as gentlemen would wiſh to peruſe them attentively, before the Houſe proceeds to take into their conſideration the affairs of the Eaſt-India company, I did mean to move for next Monday; but as a general court of proprietors are to meet on Wedneſday next to conſider of an application to parliament, I ſhall move it a day later, and which is, I think, giving them time enough. If they mean to apply, they will certainly do it before that time; and if they do not, I ſee no neceſſity for waiting for them any longer on ſo ſerious and important a queſtion. I ſhall therefore move, Sir, that on Tueſday ſe'nnight this Houſe do reſolve itſelf into a committee of the whole Houſe, to take into conſideration the affairs of the Eaſt-India company; and by that time, I have no doubt, but we ſhall receive another report from the ſecret and ſelect committees. If any of the members of thoſe committees are preſent, I wiſh they would inform the Houſe, whether it is likely any further information, relative to the affairs of that company, will be laid before the Houſe by that time.

Mr. Harley informed the Houſe they were getting every information ready, with as much diſpatch as the nature of the caſe would admit. He then read an erratum in folio 28 of the ſecond report, wherein the ſum of 380,000l. in the credit account, ought to have been 180,000l.

Gen. Burgoyne. — Sir, we proceed with as much expedition as poſſible, and in the courſe of a fortnight I hope two reports will be ready to lay before the Houſe; one of them reſpecting the company's affairs at home, the other regards their affairs abroad, and which I hope will be our final report. I cannot undertake to pledge myſelf that it will be in a fortnight, (though I hope ſo) as a very material officer, Mr. Hoole, is not able to attend through ſickneſs. One of the reports is ready, and the other only waits for the aſſiſtance of Mr. Hoole, who will be able, I believe, to attend us in a few days.

Mr. Dowdeſwell. — I do not riſe, Sir, to oppoſe the motion of the noble lord; but I wiſh he had informed the Houſe of the particular, inſtead of the general ground on which he means to proceed in this buſineſs. Since he has not, I will not preſs him: I ſhall only for the preſent move, that an account of the duties on teas exported to America, and the quantity of teas exported to America, for the laſt ten years, which is five years before the duty was laid, be laid before the Houſe. I ſhall alſo move, Sir, as it muſt come by addreſs, that an humble addreſs be preſented to his majeſty, that he would be graciouſly pleaſed to order the copies of thoſe letters relating to the Eaſt-India company, ſent from the right hon. William Pitt to Hans Stanley, his majeſty's miniſter at Paris, from the 25th of March to the firſt of September, 1761, with copies of thoſe papers which paſſed between the miniſters of the two courts at that time, as far as they reſpect the Eaſt-India company, to be laid before the Houſe.

Mr.

Mr. Dempſter attempted a juſtification of Gen. Smith, who he ſaid felt for the aſperſions caſt on him by an evidence at the bar, when the company petitioned the Houſe not to reſtrain them from ſending out ſupervifors. He was, though ſhort, tedious, and in no ſhape exculpated his friend.

Mr. Rigby. — Sir, the honourable gentleman, very properly concerned for his friend, has endeavoured to remove the aſperſions contained in an evidence given at your bar; but, as he intends to make no motion upon it, I wiſh him and the part of the evidence to tell you, that what the honourable gentleman has ſaid and read, does not, in the ſmalleſt degree, invalidate the teſtimony of the evidence. Not one jot, I maintain, has been ſaid in contradiction; and, Sir, I put in my claim, that when the evidence comes under the conſideration of the Houſe, that it ſhall remain in its preſent full force, and that what has been ſaid by the honourable gentleman ſhall go for nothing.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

On the Nature and Uſe of Compariſon in Writing.

(Concluded from our laſt.)

BY this time, the different purpoſes of compariſon, and the various impreſſions it makes on the mind, are ſufficiently illuſtrated by proper examples. This was an eaſy work. It is more difficult to lay down rules about the propriety or impropriety of compariſons, in what circumſtances they may be introduced, and in what circumſtances they are out of place. It is evident, that a compariſon is not proper on every occaſion: a man in his cool and ſedate moments is not diſpoſed to poetical flights, nor to ſacrifice truth and reality to the deluſive operations of the imagination: far leſs is he ſo diſpoſed when oppreſſed with care, or intereſted in ſome important tranſaction that occupies him totally. On the other hand, it is obſervable, that a man, when elevated or animated by any paſſion, is diſpoſed to elevate or animate all his ſubjects. He avoids familiar names, exalts objects by circumlocution and metaphors, and gives even life and voluntary action to inanimated beings. In this warmth of mind, the higheſt poetical flights are indulged, and the boldeſt ſimiles and metaphors reliſhed; but, without ſoaring ſo high, the mind is frequently in a tone to reliſh chaſte and moderate ornaments; ſuch as compariſons that ſet the principal object in a ſtrong point of view, or that embelliſh or diverſify the narration. In general, when by any animating paſſion, whether pleaſant or painful, an impulſe is given to the imagination, we are in that condition diſpoſed to every ſort of figurative expreſſion, and in particular to compariſons. This in a great meaſure is evident from the compariſons already mentioned, and ſhall be further illuſtrated by other inſtances. Love, for example, in its infancy, rouſing the imagination, prompts the heart to diſplay itſelf in figurative language, and in ſimiles.

Troilus. Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Creſſid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed in India, there ſhe lies a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourſelf, the merchant, and this failing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.
Troilus and Creſſida, act I. ſc. 1.

Again:

Come gentle Night, come loving black-brow'd
Night,
Give me my Romeo; and when he ſhall die
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,
And he will make the face of heav'n ſo fine
That all the world ſhall be in love with
Night,
And pay no worſhip to the garniſh ſun.
Romeo and Juliet, act. III. ſc.

But it would be a better illuſtration of the preſent head to give examples where compariſons are improperly introduced. Similes are not the

guage of man in his ordinary ſtate of mind, diſpatching his daily and uſual work; for that reaſon the following ſpeech of a gardener to his ſervant is extremely improper.

Go bind thou up yon dangling apricots,
Which, like unruly children, make their ſire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs:
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too faſt growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All muſt be even in our government.

Richard II. act III. ſc. 7.

The fertility of Shakeſpeare's vein betrays him frequently into this error. Rooted grief, deep anguiſh, remorſe, deſpair, and all the ſevere diſpiriting paſſions, are declared enemies, perhaps not to figurative language in general, but undoubtedly to the pomp and ſolemnity of compariſon. Upon this account, the ſimile pronounced by young Rutland, under terror of death from an inveterate enemy, and praying mercy, is unnatural.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And ſo he walks inſulting o'er his prey,
And ſo he comes to rend his limbs aſunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy ſword,
And not with ſuch a cruel threat'ning look!

Third part Hen. VI. act I. ſc. 6.

Similes thus unſeaſonably introduced are finely ridiculed in the Rehearſal.

"*Bayes.* Now here ſhe muſt make a ſimile.

"*Smith.* Whence the neceſſity of that, Mr. Bayes?

"*Bayes.* Becauſe ſhe is ſurpriſed: that's a general rule. You muſt ever make a ſimile when you are ſurpriſed: 'tis a new way of writing."

A compariſon is not always faultleſs, even where it is properly introduced. A compariſon, like other human productions, may fall ſhort of its end, of which defect inſtances are not rare even among good writers; and to complete the preſent ſubject, it will be neceſſary to make ſome obſervations upon ſuch faulty compariſons. Nothing can be more erroneous than to inſtitute a compariſon too faint: a faint reſemblance or contraſt fatigues the mind with its obſcurity, inſtead of amuſing it, and tends not to fulfil any one end of compariſon. The following ſimiles ſeem to labour under this defect.

K. Richard. Give me the crown. Here, couſin, ſeize the crown.
Here on this ſide my hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another:
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unſeen, and full of water.
That bucket down, and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.

Rich. II. act IV. ſc. 3.

K. John. Oh, couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt,
And all the ſhrowds wherewith my life ſhould ſail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair!
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utter'd.

King John, act V. ſc. 10.

York. My uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back and fly like ſhips before the wind,
Or lambs purſu'd by hunger-ſtarved wolves.

Third part Hen. VI. act I. ſc. 6.

The latter of the two ſimiles is good; the former, becauſe of the faintneſs of the reſemblance, produces no good effect, and crowds the narration with an uſeleſs image. In an epic poem, or in any elevated ſubject, a writer ought to avoid raiſing a ſimile upon a low image, which never fails to bring down the principal ſubject. In general, it is a rule, that a grand object ought never to be reſembled to one that is diminutive, however delicate the reſemblance may be; for it is the peculiar character of a grand object to fix the attention, and ſwell the mind, in which ſtate it is diſagreeable to contract the mind to a minute object, however elegant. The reſembling an object to one that is greater, has, on the contrary, a good effect, by raiſing or ſwelling the mind; for one paſſes with ſatisfaction from a ſmall to a great object, but cannot be drawn down, without reluctance, from great to ſmall. Hence the following ſimiles are faulty.

Mean, while the troops beneath Patroclus' care
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As waſps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their manſions by the broad highway;
In ſwarms the guiltleſs traveller engage
With all their ſtings, and call forth all their rage.
All riſe in arms, and with a general cry
Aſſert their waxen domes & buzzing prodigy.

Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
So loud their clamours, and so keen their arms.
— Iliad XVI. 312.

So burns the vengeful hornet (foul all o'er)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still for gore,
(Bold foe of all that heat) on angry wings
Untam'd, enrag'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.
Fir'd with like ardour, fierce Atrides flew,—
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.
Iliad XVII. 640.

An error opposite to the former is the introducing a resembling image, so elevated or great as to bear no proportion to the principal subject. This remarkable disparity being the most striking circumstance, seizes the mind, and never fails to depress the principal subject by contrast, instead of raising it by resemblance: and if the disparity be exceeding great, the simile takes on an air of burlesque, nothing being more ridiculous than to force an object out of its proper rank in nature, by equalling it with one greatly superior or greatly inferior: this will be evident from the following comparison.

Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.
Odyssey XXI. 51.

A writer of delicacy will avoid drawing his comparison from any image that is nauseous, ugly, or remarkably disagreeable; for however strong the resemblance may be, more will be lost than gained by such comparison: therefore we cannot help condemning, though with some reluctancy, the following simile, or rather metaphor.

O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be!
And now being trimm'd up in thine own desires,
Thou beastly feeder art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to eat him up;
And so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And how'lt so find it.
Second part Henry IV. act I. sc. 6.

The strongest objection that can be made against a comparison is, that it consists in words only, not in sense. Such false coin, or bastard wit, does extremely well in burlesque, but is far below the dignity of the epic, or of any serious compositions.

The noble sister of Poplicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.
Coriolanus, act V. sc. 3.

There is evidently no resemblance between an icicle and a woman, chaste or unchaste; but chastity is cold in a metaphorical sense, and an icicle is cold in a proper sense; and this verbal resemblance, in the hurry and glow of composing, has been thought a sufficient foundation for the simile. Such phantom similes are mere witticisms, which ought to have no quarter, except where purposely introduced to provoke laughter. Lucian, in his Dissertation upon History, talking of a certain author, makes the following comparison, which is verbal merely:

"This author's descriptions are so cold, that they surpass the Caspian snow, and all the ice of the North."

—— But for their spirits and souls
This word rebellion had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond.
Second part Hen. IV. act I. sc. 3.

Pope has several similes of the same stamp:

And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
Epist. II. l. 131.

And again, talking of the same ruling or master passion:

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirits, faculties, but make it worse:
Reason itself but gives it edge and power,
As heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
Ibid. l. 145.

Where the subject is burlesque or ludicrous, such similes are far from being improper. Horace says pleasantly,

Quamquam tu levior cortice. L. III. od. 9.

And Shakespeare:

In breaking oaths he's stronger than Hercules.

And this leads us to observe, that besides the foregoing comparisons, which are all serious, there is a species, the end and purpose of which is to excite gaiety or mirth. Take the following examples.

Falstaff speaking to his page — "I do here walk before thee, like a so[u]

that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one." — Second part Henry IV. act I. sc. 10.

"I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut."—As you like it, act III. sc. 10.

This ſword a dagger had his page,
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do.
Hudibras, canto I.

"Books like men, their authors, have but one way of coming into the world; but there are ten thouſand to go out of it, and return no more."—Tale of a Tub.

"The moſt accompliſhed way of uſing books at preſent is, to ſerve them as ſome do lords, learn their titles, and then brag of their acquaintance."—Ibid.

"He does not conſider, that ſincerity in love is as much out of faſhion as ſweet ſnuff: nobody takes it now."—Careleſs Huſband.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

NANCY:
OR,
THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.

(Continued from our laſt.)

Oh! power of guilt! you fear to ſtand the teſt
Which virtue brings; like ſores, your vices ſhake
Before this Roman healer; but, by the gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes! LEE.

AT the end of my laſt number, I left Nancy at Mrs. Goff's, and Harry ſinging love-ditties.

I told you before, that Harry then loved her, and I brought a ſonnet to prove it; but his love was only a flaſh produced from warm and briſk paſſions, and like a flaſh it expired. The affair was thus: A very few weeks after Nancy's departure for London, the vacation at the univerſity came, and Harry became of age: the term and his minority ended at the ſame time. Now though till this time he continued to write to her and ſend her ſupplies, as poor Nancy was abſent, his paſſion for her daily cooled; and when he arrived at London in his way to take poſſeſſion of his eſtate, after having taken a final adieu of the univerſity, he viſited Nancy indeed, but ſeemed only to do it to tell her ſhe was no longer dear to him. He found in her arms a pretty little boy, whom he ordered into the country to be nurſed. After laying with her three nights, he got an apartment for her in the Haymarket, took leave of her with all the cold indifference of a modern huſband; and, giving her a little ſum of money, told her he was going to viſit his eſtate, and would return at the end of three weeks.

Theſe three weeks were heavy ones to Nancy. She wept inceſſantly; but though her ſobs were many, nobody ever heard them. She could afford no comfort to herſelf, and ſhe received none from Harry — for he took no notice of her; and though he was punctual in the time of his arrival from the country, he returned with colder looks (if poſſible) and with more ſtinging indifference. One night was all he gave her of his company. In the morning his behaviour was more mortifying than ever. With the moſt unaffected indifference, and with the eaſieſt compoſure in the world, he told her he was to ſet off immediately for three years to make the grand tour of Europe; exhorted her to guard againſt melancholy and gloomy thoughts; and, putting a purſe of twenty guineas into her hand, bade her an eternal adieu.

Let nobody be ſurpriſed at all theſe ſudden revolutions. Is any one of

my readers humble enough to doubt the least circumstance of the foregoing relation? His simplicity be his punishment! Be it known to him then, that every thing in the world is now altered. We moderns have improved upon all the customs of our grey-beard fathers. If they had their manners, we have ours. Because they did every thing that was opposite to vice, we do every thing that is opposite to them. If they courted virtue as a patron, we court her as a harlot. If Religion was their god, Adultery is our goddess; and if they had their wives, we have refined the gothic custom, and keep our mistresses—our *girls*; which is also superior to the former in this, that when we are tired of them, *we can turn them off*; As Harry did Nancy.

Harry is now on his way to Dover, and Nancy is left alone in her apartments in the Haymarket. It was now that grief broke loose. A thousand keen reflections were now added to the pangs of disappointment, for she lost not only her lover, but her friend. The manner of life she should adopt for subsistence was her chief study; and though the wide world was open to receive her, she dreaded to enter it.

The world was all before her, where to chuse
Her place of rest, and Providence her guide.

When one can derive no happiness from the present moment, it is the custom to revert to the past; and the absence of happiness in the time that *is*, is frequently supplied by recollection of the times that *have been*. This was exactly Nancy's case. She wandered with pleasure over all the little round of adventures she had been engaged in; and still as she recollected, she wished them to be repeated. She remembered the booby son of the 'Squire, the half-sinning parson, and the rustic revelry at the wake; she recollected frequently the adventure under the willow, the *old lady*, the capon eater of St. J—ns, and the frolic at the river-side; she thought—in short, she thought till she could think no longer; and then bursting into the most extravagant transports of grief and rage, she betrayed her situation to a grave matron, who was never *deaf* to the cries of *Beauty in distress*.

"Bless me! my dear, (said an old lady, entering the room, with well-feigned pity in her faithless face)—Bless me! my dear—what is the matter with you?"—Nancy was surprized and confused. "Pardon, my dear, this intrusion—but women have tender hearts—and my very soul bleeds at even the appearance of distress. If then, my dear young lady (taking her by the hand), if your situation is unhappy, or your heart is not at rest, tell me freely; and not only my own endeavours, but the interest of all my numerous friends, shall be exerted to your relief."—(Here she pressed her hand very tenderly indeed.)—Nancy made but little bustle about it. She was in her old situation. She wanted a *friend* more than ever; and she thought herself blameable if she did not take the first offer of a friend, whether this friend was sent by God or the devil.—She explained, therefore, the whole affair, and rested on the old woman's *clemency*.

Now, I will tell you who this old woman was. She was a procuress. She was a man of quality's *seeker out*—a kind of human *barrier*, with a long nose and deep scent, who starts *game* for the man of quality, and then gives sign for the *chace*. There is not a man of fashion in the kingdom who has not three of them at least in constant pay.—This *tender-hearted* woman lodged in the same house with Nancy, in the apartment next to her's: it was by this means she heard Nancy's complaints, and no sooner heard them than she entered, as above described.

When Nancy had related her tale of woe, the ancient sighed, dropped three accursed tears, and put a guinea into her hand—then talked of pity, innocence, and virtue, sighed again, and pressing her hand, told her that she would go immediately, and relate the whole affair to a gentleman of her acquaintance—a sweet man—who always relieved *distress*. She went, and at six in the evening returned with Lord H——.

Every man who knows his lordship know his character from report; but every woman who *knows* him, will swear to it from *experience*. From long services in the campaigns of Venus, his lordship is rather the *worse for wear*, and he can shew as many

scars

ſcars as any veteran on the *bon ton*. After fifty years hard labour, it is time for a man that is mortal, and a lord too, to drop his creſt, and grow nerveleſs.—But notwithſtanding all this, his lordſhip's tongue is ſtill pliant, and his purſe is ſometimes open; and he managed both ſo gracefully, that he ſlept that night with Nancy—*ſlept* in the plain meaning of the word.

Lord H——— liked the fair-one's company ſo well, that he entered her upon his liſt of favourites, and immediately gave her the greateſt aſſurance of it in his power, by inviting her to attend his *levee* on the following Friday.

As Lord H———'s *levee* is a new thing under the ſun, it may be proper to explain it. Though his lordſhip's *qualities*, of whatever kind, are only the dregs of what they were, he has ſtill all the appetites of youth, without the leaſt relique of its vigour. His paſſions are frequently boiling, but then they uſually boil themſelves aſleep. In this ſituation, his lordſhip ſtill keeps true to his ruling paſſion—Women; and he is doomed to be pleaſed with their company, while he has not one quality to induce them to be pleaſed with his. He has drawn up a liſt of all the agreeable *girls* of his acquaintance, whom he has appointed to meet once a fortnight at the Iriſh man-milliner's houſe in F—— ſtreet, and this aſſembly he calls his *levee*. To pleaſe his eye, and to humour that laſcivious appetite which can never be gratified, every girl appears before him in a different dreſs from that of the reſt. One comes apparelled in the high and gorgeous majeſty of a full court dreſs; whilſt another, more meekly humble, comes forward as a roſy, bluſhing milk-maid; a third trips into the preſence-room like a young boarding-ſchool miſs, eaſy of heart, and light of heel, her white frock looſely fluttering round her taper limbs, and her hair careleſsly braided under a ſmart pompoon—whilſt a fourth wins upon the eye in the ſober dreſs of a maid-ſervant ſeeking into place; a fifth will ſkip and ramble round the room, with all the wanton geſtures and attitudes of Columbine—whilſt the ſixth, prim and demure, affects the virgin Quaker, and, under abundance of coyneſs, covers abundance of miſchief.—Theſe are his lordſhip's frolics, and the chief delight of his life: though he *hurts* no lady, and though he ruins no nymph, he is pleaſed with their *ſeeming* to be in his power; and in the evening of the levee day, when he circulates his favourite Rheniſh with his companions, he boaſts of having that day ruined peereſſes, nymphs, and milk-maids, by the dozen.

(To be concluded in our next.)

To the EDITOR *of the* LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS I am an old correſpondent of yours, I expect a place for the following in your next Magazine. I am not about to revile the characters of others, and, as is the faſhion of the times, hold up the moſt innocent to public deriſion. My intention is at leaſt legal, and ſuch as every man has an indiſputable right to. Wonder not, Sir, if I now preſent you with a character of myſelf.

During my juvenile years I was remarkable for my dullneſs and ſtupidity; but when I grew up, and began to buſtle in the world, I had juſt ſenſe enough to perceive how ignorant I really was. I now determined on a ſudden to be a man of letters. Within the ſpace of ſix months I learned the Greek alphabet, went through Clarke's Latin grammar, read ſome ſcraps of the claſſics, and, before the expiration of the twelvemonth, actually tranſlated a French novel into Engliſh.

It is a juſt obſervation, that real genius and merit are timid and doubtful of themſelves, while ignorance and conceit are ever forward, bold, and aſſuming. Among the number of this laſt claſs I unhappily make one: I have read many things, but ſtudied few; and have dipped into the whole circle of the ſciences, without being able to ſpeak with propriety on any. I have obliged the world with

ſeveral

ſeveral curious publications; of which this blind and illiterate age has not yet been able to diſcover the beauties.

Ignorance and impudence are inſeparable companions, and I am told they are ſo in me. Indeed, I believe I ſhould hardly ever gain an argument were it not for the invincible braſs, of which Nature has been laviſh in my compoſition. Nature has denied me a genius, and Fortune the aſſiſtance of a genteel education. Tho' publickly I affect to be thought eaſy in point of circumſtances, yet I have reaſon to fear that every one knows the contrary; and the uneaſineſs I have frequently felt from the want of current caſh has ſo much ſoured my temper, that I have drawn on myſelf the title of *Dickie Growler*, by which I am now more known than by my real name.

In converſation, I always take care to introduce ſome particular point of learning, of which I ſuppoſe every one in company knows as little as myſelf. By this good management I have, in ſome few inſtances, acquired the reputation of a profound ſcholar; and ſo well have I carried on this farce among the patriotic Lumber Troop, that I am there conſidered as a Cicero or Demoſthenes.

Though the ſtudies of hiſtory and biography are undoubtedly uſeful to the laſt degree, yet there are ſome inſtances where they are prejudicial; and here again I am an unhappy example. An impartial hiſtorian lays before us the characters of mankind, with all their virtues and defects; but often leaves us to ourſelves to determine, which are worthy of imitation, and which ought to be ſhunned. Very unfortunately, by ſome means or other, I ſtumbled on the Lives of the Roman Philoſophers; and having read them, nothing would now ſerve me, but I muſt be a Roman philoſopher.

From this moment I contracted my brow, aſſumed an air of gravity, and ſeldom gave an anſwer to a queſtion the firſt time of aſking. Often have I ſneaked into an obſcure public-houſe, and feaſted on a morſel of bread and cheeſe, rather than accept the invitation of a friend to an elegant repaſt — this my Roman ſpirit would not let me ſubmit to. In every diſpute, I always take the wrong ſide of the queſtion — it is acting like a Roman to differ from the common herd of mankind. To my inferiors I am overbearing and inſolent, to my ſuperiors ſurly and moroſe; and I have oftentimes expoſed myſelf to the greateſt inconveniences, merely for the ſake of telling my betters their own: that *truth is not to be ſpoken at all times* is to me a moſt diabolical doctrine.

I have many more things to add; but I fear I have already intruded on your patience: I ſhall therefore conclude with begging of you, for heaven's ſake, (for ſurely you muſt be a wonderful man!) to tell me how I ſhall get rid of the hateful name of

DICKIE GROWLER.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

IT is an inconteſtable truth, that little knowledge or advantage is to be derived from hiſtory, when ſtudied in the manner in which it now generally is by young people: without a clew to guide them, they wander incautiouſly through the paths of ſcience, till they find themſelves bewildered in the maze of error and uncertainty. On the other hand, when the literary traveller is taught to proceed with precaution, to examine nicely the various tracks he purſues, and to contemplate properly the objects that ſurround him, it is a chance, if he does not at laſt reach the pleaſing ſummit of juſt credit and applauſe.

Young people generally burthen their memories with a great number of dates, names, and events; and provided they can but repeat what they have heard or read, they are generally eſteemed for their knowledge. A young man, who finds himſelf applauded on ſuch occaſions, is not a little proud of his abilities. As it cannot be expected, that young people ſhould judge of things, like thoſe who

whom age and experience have taught wiſdom, it is not at all ſurpriſing if they ſhould conceive a great opinion of themſelves, when they ſee that nothing more is expected from them, and that thoſe, on whom they depend, praiſe them on every occaſion, for the facility with which they ſpeak, and the readineſs with which they repeat thoſe things they have been obliged to remember.

The true purpoſe of hiſtory, however, conſiſts not in the remembrance of a number of events and actions, without making proper reflections thereon. This kind of knowledge, which has memory only for its ſupport, merits not the leaſt ſpark of applauſe; for knowledge conſiſts in tracing actions to their ſource. To read hiſtory properly, is to enquire into the characters of thoſe we there meet with, and to judge of them wiſely and cautiouſly: to ſtudy hiſtory is to ſtudy the deſigns, the prejudices, and the paſſions of mankind; to diſcover all the ſecret ſprings of their actions, their arts and fallacies, and all the illuſions they put in practice to deceive and enſnare the unguarded heart.

Young people ſhould be early, and as it were inſenſibly, taught to reflect naturally, and without art, upon every thing which they meet with remarkable in the hiſtories they read. Thus they will become men, not parrots, by which laſt name we may juſtly call thoſe, who read only for ſubjects to exerciſe their memories.

It is an idle argument, that young people are incapable of reflection: they cannot too ſoon be treated like men; for they are capable of reaſoning almoſt as ſoon as they are capable of ſpeaking. This opinion of the incapacity of young people for reaſoning is a kind of excuſe formed rather for ignorant tutors than their pupils; becauſe theſe teachers know not how to ſet about the arduous taſk of teaching their ſcholars to reaſon upon things, they are intereſted in ſaying it is impoſſible: they know not how to teach them to ſearch into themſelves, and diſcover the treaſures of light and wiſdom, which Nature has there concealed: they turn this wonderful art into mockery and ridicule, though Plato has convinced us it may be reduced to practice.

It too frequently happens, that, though the tutor may be equal to the truſt repoſed in him, the falſe glory of parents totally perverts all hopes of ſucceſs; for reflection enriches not the memory, though it forms the judgment: it tends rather to make them think wiſely than ſpeak much; but parents are always deſirous of being themſelves judges of the progreſs of their children; and many of them, being incapable of diſtinguiſhing the good qualities of judgment, are perfectly well ſatisfied with the bare repetition of hiſtorical facts.

The principal deſire of ſuch parents is, that their children ſhould, in the early part of their youth, be furniſhed with materials for converſation, and be able to repeat thoſe things, of which the generality of the world may be ignorant, and which are agreeable in themſelves, as moſt hiſtorical paſſages are: whereas the principal end of ſtudying hiſtory is to accuſtom young people to ſpeak little, and reflect much; but never to repeat a fragment of hiſtory, merely to ſhew that they have read it: they ſhould be taught to conſider ſuch paſſages as authorities on which they are to found their reaſon, or as ſubjects to exerciſe it.

This kind of ſtudy, I mean that of reflection, conſiſts in natural and familiar conſiderations, ſuch as every perſon, when he hears them, fancies himſelf to have made long before, though perhaps they had never once entered his thoughts; thus they excite not any admiration; and it is therefore no wonder, that the generality of parents, who do not always think properly, ſhould be ſo anxious to ſee their children become the objects of applauſe to thoſe who are as ignorant as themſelves. Such parents ſhould be reminded, that this kind of applauſe is mean and contemptible, and that nothing is more dangerous than to accuſtom young people to the love of ſuch falſe glory.

It has been obſerved by many judicious and experienced writers, and among them in particular the inimitable Mr. Locke, that the moſt ſenſible men have not always the beſt memories: and this probably ariſes from their accuſtoming themſelves to reflect properly on what they read; by which means they increaſe their wiſ-

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dom and knowledge, rather than improve their memories: they think it of little moment to remember long accounts of sieges and battles, and all those horrible tales, with which weak minds are so much delighted. They meditate on what they read, and thereby discover their own imperfections, become acquainted with the nature of the human soul, and the manner of its acting.

The esteem and veneration, in which succeeding ages have held the fabulous writings of the ancients, have arisen only from the love of virtue, the probity of manners, and the integrity of heart, with which they inspired their readers. The reputation of this species of writing, perhaps, first gave rise to novels and romances, in which, though they neither make stones speak, or statues walk, they frequently represent characters as widely different from nature as light is from darkness.—The study of history requires some thought and attention, whereas the perusal of novels and romances claims not the least of either; the end of the one is to improve the understanding, and correct the various passions of the human soul; that of the other, only to amuse; and happy would it be, if it centered only in amusement.—The more extravagant, absurd, and ridiculous a novel is, the greater is the probability of its success.—As love is the foundation so is it the superstructure of most novels. But what is that species of love, which is there generally taught?—Not that tender sympathy of two mutual hearts, whose love is founded on reason, prudence, and virtue; but a blind, violent, and impetuous passion, which hurries its unhappy victim into endless woes; teaches children disobedience to their parents, inspires them with self-sufficiency, and encourages them to commence kinght-errants at an age in which the rod ought to be applied to bring them to their senses.

It is not, however, at all wonderful, that the youth of either sex, who have not been taught better, should prefer a ridiculous romance to the most important piece of history, since the former tends to encourage them in their extravagant sallies, and the latter to correct them.—Were this class of readers to stumble on the history of the Gracchi, or on the lives of some other remarkable Romans, they would throw them aside, as dull, heavy, and insignificant subjects, and would not give themselves a moment's leisure to reflect on the many useful lessons they might there find: while the more enlightened youth will peruse with advantage the direful effects of unbounded ambition, avarice, and revenge; he will therefore see how vain is the parade of human grandeur, when founded on the basis of tyranny, injustice, and oppression; and if he is not too young to make moral reflections, he will perhaps conclude, that the longest life of real affluence, and peace, and happiness *only* in appearance, is not worth purchasing at the price of infamy.

From reflecting properly on the most singular and instructive parts of history, true morality will be derived, and the heart improved; but when young people read such passages only to retain and to repeat them, nothing more will be learned from them, than a vain conceit of their own exalted abilities. Reason tells the laborious peasant, whom Fortune has never permitted to tread the flowery paths of science, how little literary merit he has to boast of; much more unfortunate is the youth, who, having had the advantages of books and tutors, while he flatters himself with his accomplishments, is so ignorant, as not to know even his own ignorance!

To conclude: the perusal of history not only affords agreeable entertainment, but when accompanied with reflexion it also improves the understanding, beyond any other mode in which instruction can possibly be conveyed. In the labours of the faithful historian the intricate mazes of the human heart are exposed to our observation; and we are taught to trace the various actions of mankind to their original sources in the soul.

ANECDOTE OF THE GREAT PERSIAN POET FERDUSI.*

AT the close of the tenth, and beginning of the eleventh centuries, Mahmud reigned in the city of Gazna; he was supreme ruler of Zableſtan, and part of Khoraſan, and had penetrated very far into India, where by this time the religion and language of the Arabs and Perſians had begun to prevail. Several poets were entertained in the palace of this monarch, among whom was *Ferduſi*, a native of Tus or Meſhed. This moſt learned man, happening to find a copy of famous old Perſian hiſtory, read it with eagerneſs, and found it involved in fables, but bearing the marks of high antiquity: the moſt ancient part of it, and principally the war of Afraſiab and Koſru, or Cyrus, ſeemed to afford an excellent ſubject for an Heroic Poem, which he accordingly began to compoſe. Some of his epiſodes and deſcriptions were ſhown to the Sultan, who commended them exceedingly, and ordered him to compriſe the whole *Hiſtory of Perſia* in a ſeries of epic poems. The poet obeyed; and, after the happieſt exertion of his fancy and art for near thirty years, he finiſhed his work, which contained ſixty thouſand couplets in rhyme, all highly poliſhed, with the ſpirit of our Dryden and the ſweetneſs of Pope. He preſented an elegant tranſcript of his book to Mahmud, who coldly applauded *his diligence*, and diſmiſſed him. Many months elapſed, and Ferduſi heard no more of his work; he then took occaſion to remind the king of it by ſome little epigrams, which he contrived to let fall in the palace; but, where an epic poem had failed, what effect could be expected from an epigram? At length the reward came; which conſiſted only of as many ſmall pieces of money, as there were couplets in the volume. The high-minded poet could not brook this inſult; he retired to his cloſet with bitterneſs in his heart; where he wrote a moſt noble and animated invective againſt the Sultan, which he ſealed up, and delivered to a courtier, who, as he had reaſon to ſuſpect, was his greateſt enemy, aſſuring him, *that it was a diverting tale*, and requeſting him to give it to Mahmud, *when any affair of ſtate or bad ſucceſs in war ſhould make him more uneaſy and ſplenetic than uſual*. Having thus given vent to his juſt indignation, he left Gazna in the night, and took refuge in Bagdad, where the Calif protected him from the Sultan of Zableſtan, who demanded him in a furious and menacing letter.

The work of Ferduſi remains entire, a glorious monument of Eaſtern genius and learning; which, if ever it ſhould be generally underſtood *in its original language*, will conteſt the merit of *invention* with Homer himſelf, whatever be thought of its ſubject or the arrangement of its incidents.

* *From* Jones's *Hiſtory of the Perſian Language.*

MARIA;

Or, The Vanity of too ſtrong an ATTACHMENT *to* DRESS.

MARIA was the daughter of a reputable farmer in the county of Dorſet, and brought up by her parents in the moſt indulgent manner, no expence having been ſpared to give her an uſeful education. When ſhe was about thirteen, her father died; and her mother, who thought herſelf properly qualified, reſolved to carry on the farming buſineſs for the ſupport of herſelf and daughter. It was not long, however, before ſhe found herſelf unable to conduct her late huſband's buſineſs; for, being obliged

to employ strangers, she soon found, that if she continued any longer in the farm, she would run out of what money had been saved. She, therefore, with the consent of her landlord, sold the lease, and retired to live privately in the house of a widow, whose husband had been an eminent merchant in Bristol, but had left her in very low circumstances.

The two widows were much about the same age, and as they resolved to live in the most frugal manner, so their time was spent in teaching Maria French, needle-work, and all sorts of useful education, so as to qualify her for a lady's maid. The young girl had a sharp penetrating genius; nothing seemed too difficult for her to learn; and when she was only a little turned of sixteen, the lady of one of the lords of the bedchamber took her into her service. During the time she had been with her mother in a humble station, she did not discover the least attachment to dress, any further than was consistent with the strictest rules of decorum; but none can be known unless they are brought upon the great theatre of affairs in the world.

When Maria arrived in London with her lady, she was an utter stranger to what is commonly called politeness in the neighbourhood of St. James's; but it was not long before she became as fond of it as any of the rest of her sex. She had never seen a head raised to an enormous height by a hair-dresser; nor artificial locks added where there were plenty of real ones. She attended her lady to the play, the opera, and the court; but, upon her return home, found, that unless she dressed entirely in the fashion, she must become an object of ridicule, and be looked upon as a raw country girl, destitute of every title to laudable ambition.

Her lady left it wholly to her choice, whether to comply with the reigning fashions or not; but it was not long before she discovered that she was a woman as well as herself. She was tall, well shaped, spoke French fluently, danced to great perfection, and could sing a most delightful song. These accomplishments attracted the notice of several young noblemen who visited at her lady's house; and Maria was vain enough to imagine she had won some of their hearts. She did not reflect that few whose stations are unequal can ever be happy in the marriage state, nor did she consider, that among our young nobility, matches are generally concluded upon terms of interest. She fondly imagined that where she had made a conquest, she could easily keep possession; but fatal experience convinced her of the contrary.

Among others of her lady's visitors was Lord Volpone, the son of a noble earl, entitled to an ample fortune on the death of his father, and Maria imagined that he was smitten with her charms.

The young nobleman, who was no stranger to deceit, and well acquainted with female weakness, soon perceived that he had made an impression on her heart. When her lady was present, he asked Maria to favour him with a song; and as soon as he had an opportunity, he declared his passion for her in such moving expressions, that, not doubting of his sincerity, she looked upon him as her own. About a week after this declaration took place, there was to be a celebrated ball in Soho Square, to which the lady went, attended by Maria, who, on account of her station, could not be admitted to dance. Her pride was stung to the quick: she could not bear the thoughts that the intended lady of Lord Volpone should be treated as a servant; and therefore, when she saw him again, she expressed her resentment in the most bitter terms. This was just what his lordship wanted; and he knew how to improve it to her ruin.

The week after the ball, there was to be a grand masquerade, and as lady's maids are not admitted to those scenes of riot and dissipation, Maria was again so much vexed, that she told her pretended lover, assuring him at the same time, that unless he made her his lady, she would give her hand to another. The artful youth saw her vanity; and being convinced she would do any thing rather than gratify it, advised her to leave her lady, and take lodgings in the house of an eminent milliner. "There," said he, "I can visit you; and soon as I can procure my father's con-

ſent, we will be married. In the mean time, you and I will go to the maſquerade; for I have ordered you a full ſuit proper for the occaſion.

Maria, without the leaſt reflection, left her place, and went to the milliner's, who, in conſequence of the inſtructions ſhe had received from Lord Volpone, treated her with every mark of reſpect. She left a letter for her lady, telling her that ſhe had been ſent for by her mother; ſo that little notice was taken of her ſudden departure in the family. Lord Volpone continued to viſit her every day; and when the time came, he took her to the maſquerade, dreſſed in the moſt elegant taſte. There ſhe indulged her favourite paſſion vanity; but it was only of a ſhort duration.

It was near morning before the company retired, when Lord Volpone conducted Maria to her lodgings; but ſhe had been ſo much fatigued, that he ſent for ſome cordials to refreſh her ſpirits. The milliner brought her the cordials, but contrived to mix therewith ſome liquors of an intoxicating nature, which diſordered her head; ſo that Lord Volpone eaſily obtained what he had long fought for; namely, her ruin. When he waited upon her next day, ſhe was drowned in tears; but he did every thing to pacify her, by telling her he would make her his wife as ſoon as poſſible.

From that time the giddy Maria lived in all the gaiety of a kept miſtreſs; till Lord Volpone's viſits became leſs frequent; and at laſt, not having ſeen him for ſome days, the milliner told her his lordſhip was married; and that ſhe muſt now remove, becauſe ſhe wanted the lodgings for another perſon.

Shame, remorſe, indignation, and even deſpair, filled her mind; ſhe raved like one diſtracted; but to no purpoſe; for ſhe was ordered out of the houſe, as ſoon as ſhe had packed up her clothes.

Not knowing where to go, ſhe went to the houſe of a widow, who had been a ſervant to her father; and told her the diſmal ſtory; for ſhe was then far gone with child. The widow pitied her unhappy condition; and, unknown to her, ſent for her aged mother from the country. Any perſon of humanity may conceive what an affecting interview took place, between an indulgent parent, and a ruined daughter; but Maria did not long ſurvive the loſs of her honour: for the anxiety of her mind threw her into convulſions, and ſhe died without being a mother.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

The Defects of Modern Education.

WE owe not to univerſities the few philoſophers, who have enlightened us ſince the revival of letters. Montagne, Bacon, Deſcartes, Newton, Locke, Leibnitz, Shafteſbury, Maupertuis, were formed in the midſt of the world, of buſineſs, of camps. If thoſe great men had ſubjected themſelves to ſcholaſtic inſtructions, their genius would have been ſtinted by the contagious mediocrity of their preceptors.

The ſchools that were formed in France in the beginning of this century, and in the end of the laſt, for teaching the philoſophy of Epicurus, are a ſtriking proof of this truth. The followers of that philoſophy did not come from the obſcurity of a college; they were all that was great, ingenious, polite, virtuous, in the nation; men who united elegance and taſte with heroic virtue, ſublime qualities with the ſocial accompliſhments, and who knew how to join literary talents to thoſe that fitted them for the field or the cabinet. Of this number were the elegant Polignac and the wiſe Catinat.

Let us compare our limited education with the extent and ſublimity of that of the ancients. A young man put himſelf early under the care of a philoſopher, who was often a ſtateſman, a general. Inſtead of depreſſing both his mind and ſoul by idle ſpeculations, and timorous morality, the whole converſation with him turned

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upon the great and uſeful parts of the ſciences. At the ſame time that his mind was cultivated and enlightened, his heart was alſo formed by maxims enforced by examples. Strict care was taken of the purity of his morals, the ſtrength of his body, and the ſtate of his health. Nothing that was lazy or indolent entered into this education; the whole of it tended to an active life, to produce great men and good citizens.

Philoſophers of the higheſt birth, the greateſt reputation, and adorned with honours and employments, did not think it beneath them to aſſiſt in the education of youth. What does our frivolous age think on ſeeing Ageſilaus educated by Xenophon, Dion by Plato, Alcibiades by Socrates, Phocion by Xenocrates, Philopœmen by Megalophanes, ſeveral illuſtrious Romans by Cicero, Nero by Seneca, Trajan by Plutarch, Zenobia by Longinus. What would they ſay if a Bacon, a Catinat, a Temple, a Shafteſbury, had imitated thoſe great men? Place theſe names over-againſt thoſe of our governors, our preceptors, our profeſſors, and then judge of the effects of that difference. Every one does not enjoy the happineſs of a Shafteſbury; we are not all educated by a Locke.

To this depraved taſte in our education and univerſities, there is added a miſtake in regard to the moſt valuable kind of philoſophy. Natural hiſtory takes up too much of our time, and the practical is neglected. All the academies of ſciences ring of nothing but phyſical experiments, obſervations upon natural hiſtory: all our philoſophers are but naturaliſts, and, unfortunately, of the lower kind, taken up with trifles, mere curioſities, and nothing more.

We ought with gratitude to acknowledge all the advantages which we owe to phyſical reſearches and natural hiſtory. They have given us new lights in arts and phyſic; we enjoy infinite conveniences, which are the reſult of application to theſe ſciences; but as men abuſe every thing, phyſical enquiries carried too far do hurt to philoſophy.

There are branches of knowledge which require rather time and labour than genius: ſuch are natural hiſtory, and particular parts of natural philoſophy. One man cannot ſee every thing: aided by the obſervations of others who have gone before him, he may be able to add or improve. We are neceſſarily more learned in natural philoſophy than the ancients.

This facility, real or imaginary, of ſurpaſſing the ancients, this hope of being able to ſtrike out ſomething new, induced our learned to apply to the natural ſciences. A number of academicians, deſtined to cultivate them, kept up that ardour; but they have miſſed the right way.

In examining the works of Ariſtotle and Pliny one is aſtoniſhed at the extent of their knowledge and views; one is ſurpriſed to find a genius prevail in them, which ſeems foreign to natural hiſtory. Theophraſtus's Treatiſe of ſtones ſhews us a ſagacity greatly ſuperior to the limited talents of our makers of experiments. Inſtead of imitating thoſe models, the moderns attend only to a fruitleſs detail. We ſee nothing but methods, which have the fate of metaphyſical ſyſtems: one deſtroys and ſwallows up the other, like the ſerpents of the magicians. Our natural hiſtory is but a vocabulary.

It degenerates even into trifles. An extenſive commerce enables us to pick up curioſities in the four quarters of the world. Cabinets are formed; but with what wretched ſtuff are they not often filled? With what face dare we to laugh at a pedantic antiquarian, who hoards up an inſignificant treaſure of mouldy antiques, whilſt we ourſelves make it the buſineſs of our lives to hunt after and arrange butterflies, ſhells, and figured ſtones? Nicole, by way of reproaching Paſcal with having a trifling mind, called him a collector of ſhells. What would he ſay of our runners about the fields, of our collectors of pebbles? Play-things ſhould be only for children, and our pretended philoſophers make them a ſerious occupation.

Theſe reflections are not made with a view of depreciating the ſtudy of natural philoſophy and natural hiſtory, the pleaſure and uſe of which are acknowledged. All talents deſerve eſteem, but in different degrees; literary fanaticiſm abſolutely excludes all

GREEK, ROMAN, AND BRITISH WORTHIES

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British Statute Miles

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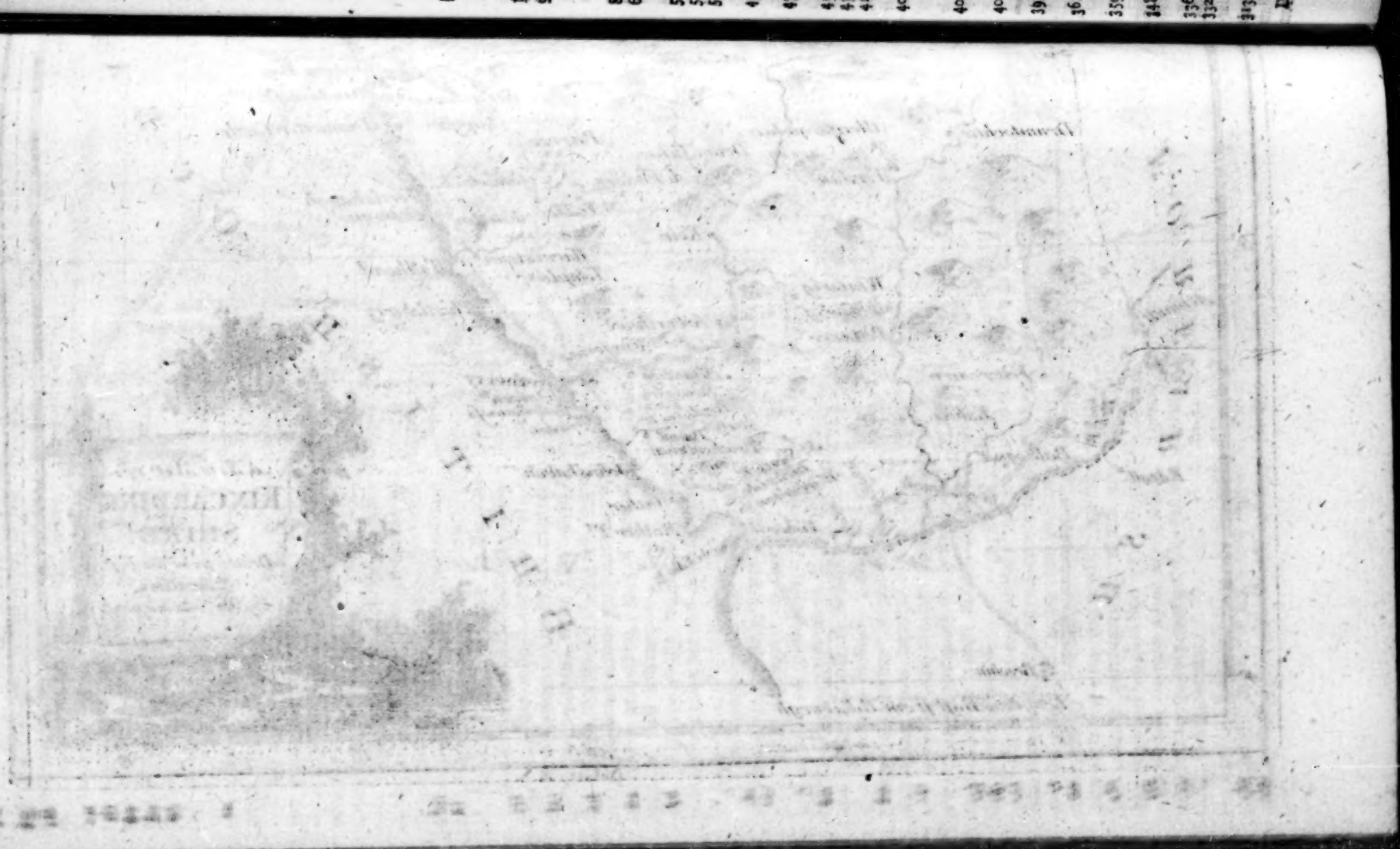
ABERDEENSH.

E. Camfield
Remain
Cluny
Minelet
Lochtoun
Inchmarloch
Bandhorie
Crathes
Gellan
Tillywhillie
K. of Durris
Durris
Strachin
Blairdryn
Lochtoun
Muiralhouse
Feench W.
Spittel
Burr
Balladrum
Tilburies
Mary Coultir
Achtunies
River Dee
Banchrie K.
Bridgass
Banchrie
Ardo
Loristown
Cookstown
Coves
Monwhich
Mount Convie
Achnorthe
Port Lethim
Finnen
Don R.
Kingorth
Dounie
Elsick
Margic
Muccols
Sketraw
Coustoun
Blackhills
Ellenhead
Pitteroudie

27° 17° 2° 7° 1° 57° 47°

10' 57°


A New MAP of
KINCARDINE SHIRE,
Drawn from the best Authorities.
By Thos. Kitchin Geog.
OCEAN
BRITISH
FORFAR SHIRE
Longitude West from Edinburgh
Stonehive Bay
Boudenness
Dunnotter Castle
Stonhaven
Luggar
Fowlshaugh
Cratoun
Todhead
Whistleberry
Barroe
Keterlin
Harvestoun
Temple
M. Fuddes
I. Fuddes
Keir
Drumlithie
Glenfarquher
Fordun
Drumlochtie
Whiterig
Pittaire
Arbuthnot
Kingorn
Allardice
Bervie
Johnshaven
Milton
Mather
Mather pt.
North Esk R.
St. Sirus K.
Kirkside
Laurence Kirk
Marykirk
Brechin
Balbegno
Fettercairn
Edzell
Pitteneoes
Glenbervie
Blackhills
Coltoun



all knowledge different from its own. But the fair name of philoſopher is debaſed by laviſhing it on the frivolous maker of experiments, upon the blood-beſmeared anatomiſt, the buſily-prying botaniſt, the ſooty chemiſt. A maſon is without doubt a neceſſary man in building a palace; but he ought not to uſurp the name of architect: that name, and the regard due to it, belongs only to the genius that draws the plan, and directs the workmen.

One may ſee, by this ſhort compariſon of the ancient philoſophy with the modern, whether this laſt deſerves the contempt it has fallen into, and how miſerably defective is the mode of our education.

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST *of the moſt eminent*

GREEK, ROMAN, AND BRITISH WRITERS.

From HOMER *to the preſent Time.*

(Taken from the laſt Edition of GUTHRIE's GEOGRAPHICAL GRAMMAR.)

☞ *By the Dates is implied the Time when the following Writers died; but when that Period happens not to be known, the Age in which they flouriſhed is ſignified by* fl. *The Names in Italic are thoſe who have given the beſt* Engliſh *Tranſlations, excluſive of School Books.*

Bef. Ch.

907 HOMER, the firſt profane writer and Greek poet, fl. *Pope.*
Heſiod, the Greek poet, ſuppoſed to live near the time of Homer. *Cooke.*
884 Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver.
600 Sappho, the Greek lyric poeteſs, fl. *Fawkes.*
558 Solon, lawgiver of Athens.
556 Æſop, the firſt Greek fabuliſt. *Croxal.*
548 Thales, the firſt Greek aſtronomer and geographer.
497 Pythagoras, founder of the Pythagorean philoſophy in Greece. *Rowe.*
474 Anacreon, the Greek lyric poet. *Fawkes, Addiſon.*
456 Æſchylus, the firſt Greek tragic poet.
435 Pindar, the Greek lyric poet. *Weſt.*
413 Herodotus, of Greece, the firſt writer of profane hiſtory. *Littlebury.*
407 Ariſtophanes, the Greek comic poet, fl. *White.*
Euripides, the Greek tragic poet.
406 Sophocles, ditto. *Franklin.*
Confucius, the Chineſe philoſopher, fl.
400 Socrates, the founder of moral philoſophy in Greece. *Byſhe.*
391 Thucydides, the Greek hiſtorian. *Smith, Hobbes.*
361 Hippocrates, the Gr. phyſician. *Cliſton.*
Democritus, the Greek philoſopher.
359 Xenophon, ditto, and hiſtorian. *Smith, Spelman, Aſhly.*
348 Plato, the Greek philoſopher, and diſciple of Socrates. *Sydenham.*
336 Iſocrates, the Greek orator. *Dimſdale.*
332 Ariſtotle, the Greek philoſopher, and diſciple of Plato. *Hobbes.*
313 Demoſthenes, the Athenian orator, poiſoned himſelf. *Leland.*
288 Theophraſtus, the Greek philoſopher, and ſcholar of Ariſtotle. *Budgel.*
285 Theocritus, the firſt Greek paſtoral poet, fl. *Fawkes.*
277 Euclid, of Alexandria in Egypt, the mathematician, fl. *R. Simpſon.*
270 Epicurus, founder of the Epicurean philoſophy in Greece. *Digby.*
264 Xeno, founder of the ſtoic philoſophy in ditto.
244 Callimachus, the Greek elegiac poet.
208 Archimedes, the Greek geometrician.
184 Plautus, the Rom. comic poet. *Thornton.*
159 Terence, of Carthage, the Latin comic poet. *Colman.*
155 Diogenes, of Babylon, the ſtoic philoſ.
124 Polybius, of Greece, the Greek and Roman hiſtorian. *Hampton.*
54 Lucretius, the Roman poet. *Creech.*
44 Julius Cæſar, the Roman hiſtorian and commentator, killed. *Duncan.*
Diodorus Siculus, of Greece, the univerſal hiſtorian, fl. *Booth.*
Vitruvius, the Roman architect, fl.
43 Cicero, the Roman orator and philoſopher, put to death. *Guthrie, Melmoth.*
Cornelius Nepos, the Roman biographer, fl. *Rowe.*
34 Salluſt, the Roman hiſtorian. *Gordon.*
30 Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, the Roman hiſtorian, fl. *Spelman.*
19 Virgil, the Roman epic poet. *Dryden, Warton.*
11 Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, Roman poets. *Grainger, Dart.*
8 Horace, the Rom. lyric and ſatiric poet.

After Ch. *Francis.*

17 Livy, the Roman hiſtorian. *Hay.*
19 Ovid, the Roman elegiac poet. *Garth.*

20 Celsus, the Roman philosopher and physician, fl. *Grieve.*
25 Strabo, the Greek geographer.
31 Phædrus, the Roman fabulist, *Stirling.*
48 Paterculus, the Roman historian, fl. *Newcome.*
62 Persius, the Roman satiric poet. *Brewster.*
64 Quintus Curtius, a Roman; history of Alexander the Great, fl. *Digby.*
Seneca, of Spain, the philosopher and tragic poet, put to death. *L'Estrange.*
65 Lucan, the Roman epic poet, ditto. *Rowe.*
79 Pliny the elder, the Roman natural historian. *Holland.*
93 Josephus, the Jewish historian. *Whiston.*
94 Epictetus, the Greek stoic philosopher, fl. *Mrs. Carter.*
95 Quintilian, the Roman orator and advocate. *Guthrie.*
96 Statius, the Roman epic poet. *Lewis.*
98 Lucius Florus, of Spain, the Roman historian, fl.
99 Tacitus, the Roman historian. *Gordon.*
104 Martial, of Spain, the epigrammatic poet. *Hay.*
Valerius Flaccus, the Roman epic poet.
116 Pliny the younger; historical letters. *Melmoth.*
117 Suetonius, the Roman hist. *Hughes.*
119 Plutarch, of Greece, the biographer. *Dryden, Langhorne.*
128 Juvenal the Roman satiric poet. *Dryden.*
140 Ptolomy, the Egyptian geographer, mathematician, and astronomer, fl.
150 Justin, the Rom. historian, fl. *Turnbul.*
161 Arrian, the Roman historian and philosopher, fl. *Rooke.*
167 Justin, of Samaria, the oldest Christian author after the apostles.
180 Lucian, the Roman philologer. *Dimsdale, Dryden.*
Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Roman emperor and philosopher. *Elphinstone.*
193 Galen, the Greek philosopher and physician.
200 Diogenes Laertius, the Greek biographer, fl.
229 Dion Cassius, of Greece, the Roman historian, fl.
254 Origen, a Christian father of Alexandria.
Herodian, of Alexandria, the Roman historian, fl. *Hart.*
258 Cyprian, of Carthage, suffered martyrdom. *Marshal.*
273 Longinus, the Greek orator, put to death by Aurelian. *Smith.*
320 Lactantius, a father of the church, fl.
336 Arius, a priest of Alexandria, founder of the sect of Arians.
342 Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian and chronologer. *Hanmer.*
379 Bazil, bishop of Cæsarea.
389 Gregory Nazienzen, bishop of Constantinople.
397 Ambrose, bishop of Milan.
415 Macrobius, the Roman grammarian.
428 Eutropius, the Roman historian.
524 Boetius, the Roman poet and Platonic philosopher. *Bellamy, Preston.*
529 Procopius, of Cæsarea, the Roman historian. *Holcroft.*

Here ends the illustrious list of ancient, or, as they are stiled, classic authors, for whom mankind are indebted to Greece and Rome, those two great theatres of human glory; but it ever will be regretted, that a small part only of their writings have come to our hands. This was owing to the barbarous policy of those fierce illiterate pagans, who, in the fifth century, subverted the Roman empire, and in which practices they were joined soon after by the Saracens or followers of Mahomet. Constantinople alone had escaped the ravages of the barbarians; and to the few literati who sheltered themselves within its walls, is chiefly owing the preservation of those valuable remains of antiquity. To learning, civility, and refinement, succeeded a worse than Gothic ignorance — the superstition and buffoonry of the church of Rome; Europe therefore produces few names worthy of record during the space of a thousand years; a period which historians, with great propriety, denominate the dark or Gothic ages.

(The remainder of this List, containing the British Writers, shall appear in the Appendix.)

SPECIMENS OF ORIENTAL POETRY.

(From Mr. JONES's History of NADER SHAH, &c. lately published.)

An ODE written by a Native of Damascus.

WE have a banquet, into which sorrow cannot enter, and from which mirth can never depart. It comprises every species of beauty, and he, who seeks the joys of life, cannot rise beyond it. A sprightly song gives more pleasure to youth than riches; here the stream of life is unsullied, and all our cares are dispersed. Here the mildness of our gentle darling gives ease to our love, and here the timid dervise becomes an apostate

from his faith. We have a bower, on which the dew-drops ſparkle, and in which the breeze becomes ſcented with the fragrance of muſk. You ſee the various bloſſoms, which reſemble ſtars blazing and glittering in the firmament. Here the wonderful beauties of the flowers, among which are the narciſſus and the violet, bring the fair objects of my love to my remembrance. You would think you ſaw my beloved looking mildly on you with her ſoft, tender, languiſhing eye: a nymph in whom every charm and every perfection is collected; whoſe curled locks hang always dangling, black as the ſcorpion, or the mace of ebony *. The pomegranate brings to my mind the bluſhes of my beloved, when her cheeks are coloured with a modeſt reſentment. Our cups are ſuch as our ſouls deſire; they ſeem to be filled with the ſtreams of friendſhip and chearfulneſs. The goblets and vaſes of China appear to my ſight like the ſtars of heaven ſhining in the zodiack.

A PERSIAN SONG.

THE dawn advances veiled with roſes. Bring the morning draught, my friends, the morning draught! The dew-drops trickle over the cheek of the tulip. Bring the wine, my dear companions, bring the wine! A gale of paradiſe breathes from the garden: drink then inceſſantly the pure wine. The roſe ſpreads her emerald throne in the bower. Reach the liquor, that ſparkles like a flaming ruby. Are they ſtill ſhut up in the banquet-houſe? Open, O thou keeper of the gate. It is ſtrange, at ſuch a ſeaſon, that the door of the tavern ſhould be locked. Oh, haſten! O thou who art in love, drink wine with eagerneſs; and you, who are endowed with wiſdom, offer your vows to heaven. Imitate Hafez, and drink kiſſes, ſweet as wine, from the cheek of a damſel, fair as a nymph of paradiſe.

ANOTHER.

RISE, boy, for the cup of the tulip is full of wine. When will this ſtrictneſs end? How long will theſe ſcruples laſt? No more of this pride and diſdain; for time has ſeen the crown of Cæſar humbled, and the diadem of Cyrus bent to the ground. Oh! be wiſe, for the bird of the morning is intoxicated with love. Oh! awake, for the ſleep of eternity is juſt before you. How gracefully thou moveſt, O ſweet branch of a vernal plant! May the cold wind of December never nip thy buds! There is no reliance on the favours of Fortune or her deceitful ſmiles. Oh! wo to him, who thinks himſelf ſecure from her treachery. To-morrow, perhaps, the ſtream of Cuther, and the girls of paradiſe will be prepared for us; but to-day alſo let us enjoy a damſel bright as the moon, and quaff the wine from the full cup. The zephyr reminds us of our youth; bring us the wine, boy, which may refreſh our ſouls, and diſpel our ſorrow.

Admire not the ſplendour and dignity of the roſe, for the wind will ſoon ſcatter all her leaves, and ſpread them beneath our feet. Bring a larger cup to the memory of Hatem Tai †, that we may fold up the gloomy volume of thoſe who want generoſity. This wine, which gives a lively tint to the argavan ‡, communicates its ſweet nature from my beloved's cheek to her heart. Attend, for the muſicians of the bower have begun their concert, joining the notes of the lute and harp to the melody of the dulcimer and flute. Bring thy ſofa into the garden; for, like active attendants, the cypreſs ſtands before us, and the green reed has tucked up his girdle. O Hafez, the fame of thy ſweet alluring ſorcery has reached from the extremity of Rei and Rum, to the limits of China and Egypt.

Specimen of Deſcriptive Poetry.

IN the morning, when the raven of night had flown away, the bird of dawn began to ſing: the nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the roſe-bud and the roſe: the jaſmine ſtood bathed in dew, and the violet alſo ſprinkled his fragrant locks. At this time Zelikha was ſunk in pleaſing ſlumber; her heart was turned towards the altar of her

* *With which the Aſiatics ſtrike an ivory ball in one of their favourite plays.*

† *An Arabian prince, celebrated for his extreme liberality.*

‡ *A purple flower.*

her sacred vision *. It was not sleep, it was rather a confused idea; it was a kind of phrenzy caused by her nightly melancholy. Her damsels touched her feet with their faces, her maidens approached, and kissed her hand. Then she removed the veil from her cheek, like a tulip besprinkled with dew; she opened her eyes, yet dim with sleep. From the border of her mantle the sun and moon arose; she raised her head from the couch, and looked around on every side.

* *A metaphor taken from the custom, which prevails among Mahometans, of turning their faces, when they pray, towards the temple of Mecca.*

To the EDITOR *of the* LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

WHEN Ahab the king of Israel had reached the summit of wickedness, when he had entirely cast off the fear of the Lord and wholly rejected the counsel of the Most High, it was manifest to every discerning observer, that his delicacy had grown together with his depravity. As his pride would not stoop to receive instruction, so neither would it submit to be charged with an error; much less to be accused of a crime. This is indeed clearly evident from what he said of Micaiah the son of Imlah; "I hate him, for he never prophesieth good concerning me, but evil." It was therefore to no purpose, that he enquired of the prophets, since, it is certain, they must either flatter his vanity or suffer his resentment. On this account he was attended only by such as paid no regard to truth, or indeed to any thing besides the intention to please: the other were scattered upon the mountains like sheep, that wanted a shepherd, or that were cast out of the fold, because they would not comply with the prevailing modes described at large in the request of the messenger to Micaiah. "Behold now the words of the prophets declare good unto the king with one mouth: let thy word, I pray thee, be like the word of one of them, and speak that which is good". In consequence of this false delicacy Ahab was betrayed, or rather he precipitated himself into destruction, and fell a victim to a wanton ungoverned will.

In the times more nearly preceding the Babylonish captivity, this false delicacy appears to have prevailed over the people as well as the princes of the land; these too could not hear with temper the reports of those prophets, who were sent to warn them of their danger, and to inform them of the reason why the sword of justice was lifted up against them. When they were upbraided with their faults, their indignation rose to a high pitch: when they were told of the punishments, that Divine Justice would inflict upon them for their sins, they discovered a keen resentment against those very messengers, and persecuted those faithful servants, who delivered the counsel of the Most High to them. At this time therefore both princes and people fell an easy prey to the king of Babylon.

In both these instances, we may observe, that the same self-sufficiency, which led them to persist in a course of wickedness, led them also wrong in their political measures: the same delicacy, which could not bear reproof, could not hear the counsel of the wise, and was therefore alike the forerunner and the cause of their calamity. We must likewise observe, that as in the former instance neither the crime nor the punishment extended farther than the court and its flatterers; so in the latter, where this false delicacy was almost universal, the punishment was in like manner so. In this then we have a notable instance of the truth of that declaration by the prophet: "the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father; neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son."

If now we turn our eyes from these distant prospects, and take a view of our own times, may we not clearly discern the prevalence of a similar delicacy in them? Is this fact sufficiently evidenced to us by the complaints of those who have fallen into contempt, or suffered insults for dar-

ing to hold forth the naked truth, to paint vice in her proper colours? Or will it be neceſſary to corroborate this teſtimony by a remark upon thoſe canker-worms, that prey upon the vitals of religion and morality in the character of novels? The greedineſs wherewith ſuch pieces are received too plainly points out how many amongſt us are too delicate to bear the reproaches of a guilty conſcience, or to ſuffer a ſerious reproof; and who are therefore ſolicitous to conceal their own faults by holding up the folly of others, whom they are glad to find repreſented as worſe than themſelves.

It hath indeed been frequently allowed, that men are better inſtructed by example than by precept; and upon this principle the ancients, not being furniſhed with a ſufficient collection from real hiſtory, have ſometimes delivered their leſſons in familiar fables. But let it be obſerved, that theſe fables were ſimple, and if you only changed a few fictitious names, the ſtory was attended by the higheſt probability; ſo that the moral could not eſcape the notice of the reader, unleſs through his own fault. But amongſt our noveliſts, the marvellous ſeems to be one chief recommendation; and in the eager purſuit of this, they loſe even the moſt diſtant view of the probable. How then can it be, that any one ſhould profit by reading an account of the good or bad ſucceſs of any action, when he is conſcious that ſuch action never could be performed? It is indeed impoſſible, that a man ſhould apply to his own caſe, what never could be the caſe of any man living.

There is yet one thing more to be obſerved: this claſs of writers frequently hold up to the view, and repreſent as virtues, ſuch actions as ought to be ſtigmatized and condemned as vices; at leaſt they treat them with ſuch tenderneſs as to render them palatable rather than diſguſtful. In this caſe the moral, if we give ourſelves the trouble to ſearch for it, will be found to be no other than a moral evil. The writers of this ſtamp would do well to conſider what Jeremiah ſaith of the falſe prophets of his own times, Jer. xxiii. 13, 14, 15. To take away every pretence of apology, that might be drawn from the remiſſneſs of the hearer, let them recollect that the prophet Ezekiel is commanded to publiſh the word of the Lord to the people, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. And it may be learned how this command is enforced from Ezek. iii. 17—21, compared with chap. xxxiii. to ver. 9.

And as it is a duty incumbent on all thoſe who are immediately called to the public miniſtry, as well as on thoſe who are more immediately called by the divine favour, evidenced to them in ſuperior mental powers, to publiſh the truth without diſſimulation, and without deceit; to repreſent ſin in its true, that is, in the moſt odious light; ſo is it a duty incumbent on all others to receive inſtruction without reluctance, and to bear reproof without murmuring. To them whoſe delicacy cannot bear to be charged with fault; to them who will not liſten to the call of Wiſdom, when ſhe uttereth her voice in the ſtreets, when ſhe crieth in the chief places of concourſe, in the openings of the gates, it is ſaid, Prov. i. 42, to the end.

Let it be granted, that ſome novels are calculated at once to pleaſe and to inſtruct, and that by reading them ſome perſons may be apprized of the unhappy iſſue of a wicked courſe of life, or of the contrary effect of good actions; yet as the thread of the ſtory is interwoven with ſuch extraordinary incidents as may divert the mind and take it off from every ſerious reflection, it muſt alſo be granted on the other hand, that many may be betrayed and ruined by them. The danger is indeed far greater than the moſt ſanguine expectations can poſſibly be, unleſs the moral be enforced with ſtrong and preſſing remarks, even ſuch as muſt frequently defeat the intention to pleaſe, and render it ungrateful to a delicate reader.

It may be further obſerved, that our Lord frequently delivered his leſſons to the Jews in parables, but we can by no means infer from hence, that he condeſcended to the humour of that age, or ever intended to indulge them in that delicacy, which had again prevailed over that ſtiff-necked race. That his intention was the

the reverſe of this may be gathered from Math. xiii. 13, 14, 15. From hence it is clear, that he acted thus in conformity to his own juſt indignation, not out of condeſcenſion to that rebellious people.

From the whole we may learn (if there be any thing to be learned from example) that the falſe delicacy, which leads men to pleaſe their wanton curioſity at the expence, or even at the riſk of their true intereſt, is the frightful omen of a yet more frightful event. It is by no means difficult for the Supreme Being to ſuffer, or even to cauſe us to be deluded by falſe teachers, as the Jews were by falſe prophets, or indeed to ſubject us to that judicial hardneſs, which may render it impoſſible for us to make a right uſe of ſound doctrine, when he chooſes to give his reſentment way. And it cannot be expected that the God, who is the ſame yeſterday, to-day, and forever, the God, who ſpared not a world, no not his choſen people, when they were ſunk in degeneracy, will ſpare us under ſimilar circumſtances.

I am perſuaded there are numbers amongſt us, who are not partakers in this folly, but what have we to promiſe ourſelves upon this account? The ſeven thouſand in Iſrael, who had not bowed the knee to Baal, were inſufficient to ſcreen Ahab and his flatterers from their appointed doom; and though Noah, Daniel and Job had been preſent at another period, yet theſe could only have delivered their own ſouls. It is not more certain, that the wickedneſs of a people will render them obnoxious to the Divine vengeance, either in a more exemplary or in a more obſcure way, than it is, that in the day of viſitation a diſtinction will be made, that in the career of vindictive rage even the ſon ſhall not bear the iniquity of his father; but each man for himſelf, in the ſin that he ſinneth he muſt die.

Let them, that forgot God, conſider theſe things; let them beware leſt he tear them in pieces, when there is none to deliver them out of his avenging hand.

THEOPHILUS.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

Of the POLITICS *of* NATIONS.

Tranſlated from the French.

SO neceſſary is peace to mankind, and ſo ſenſible have they been of its neceſſity, that even in the ſtate of war, in which they have hitherto choſen to live, they have contrived a law of nations, too defective, no doubt, yet whoſe general ſpirit is to do the leaſt poſſible miſchief in war.—How could they ſtop in that road? How was it poſſible for them not to comprehend, that the law of nations cannot abſolutely admit the ſtate of war?

Errors are prolific. By a conſequence of that ſtate of war, we ſeek to hurt even in times of peace. Politics that fill up the intervals of war, and that prepare, accelerate, or retard its operations, according to preſent views, and momentary emergencies, are become ſyſtematically miſchievous. Negotiations are a cabinet war, alliances too often but traps, treaties but perjuries, ambaſſadors but ſpies watching an inſtant for miſchief. A ſtateſman congratulates his own dexterity, when he has founded for two days what he calls the ſecurity of the ſtate he governs, on the confuſions he has ſown in the neighbouring countries; when he has dearly paid traitors, (who perhaps betray himſelf) whilſt it would be the intereſt of all ſtates to give up to one another all traitors as well as all criminals. But chiefly to cheat and to lye, has appeared a ſublime atchievement to many politicians; as if all theſe low cunning tricks could not be, and were not actually, every day returned a hundred-fold.

We have taken it into our heads to revere the profound views and the dextrous perfidies of a Lewis XI. a Ferdinand, a Charles V. juſt as we have

have admired conquerors and martial kings.

Ferdinand the Catholic, that higotted tyrant, who asked America of Pope Alexander VI. that Ferdinand was a great man forsooth: for he said of Lewis XII. "he complains of my having deceived him *thrice*; the drunkard lyes; I have deceived him oftener than *ten* times." A saying equally ingenuous and decent! and let us observe, that he exaggerated in his boastful mood.—Would you, however, see a very different sentiment of a statesman who lived in a more enlightened age? Don Lewis de Haro said of cardinal Mazarin: "He has a great defect in politics, he always wants to cheat."

Prejudice is fond of breeding systems; for it pretends always to be in the right, and, by way of justifying, accumulates its errors. All the madness of war grows habitual, erected even into laws, politics debased into an art of cheating and hurting have made people believe, that the ideas of right and wrong, virtue and vice, related only to individuals, not to societies; that natural and moral duty ceased to be so in politics; that, though men owe to one another regard and assistance, nations owed to one another insults and hostilities; that it was commendable to avail one's-self of a neighbour's misfortune to plunder, and of his weakness to oppress him—that, by dint of intrigues, we must necessarily disturb their peace, in order to secure our own.—Let us always appeal to interest only, and we shall see the futility of these distinctions. Why do men owe mutual help and assistance to each other, but because they all stand in need of one another; because reciprocal assistance is their common interest? The same interest subsists between states. It is the everlasting interest of every state to live in peace; and this is an advantage that cannot be enjoyed, but by the friendship and kindness of our neighbours. Besides, where is the state that absolutely wants nothing, and whose neighbours could not at least extend its enjoyments, and increase its happiness, by a communication of their riches and their knowledge? Whence then does it come, that every man is inclined to oblige his neighbour; and that nations are so easily prompted to offend and to hurt each other? It is because, independent of standing and prevailing prejudices, every single being has a feeling of his own weakness, that enlightens and disposes him to beneficence; whilst bodies of men indulge an erroneous notion of strength, by which they are betrayed into temerity and mischief.

It is that erroneous notion of strength, joined to the illusions of momentary interests, that stimulate nations to a state of war. — Would people but comprehend that in Europe, interwoven interests and political combinations give to all states nearly an equal strength, and would they but attend to the true and great interests of all times, and all places, they would see, that they have no other interest than to live in peace.

It is in this spirit, and in order to shew to two enlightened nations their interests in being friends, that I intend hereafter to retrace to them the history of their animosities, and the errors of their fathers. They will see that their long quarrels have served to render them almost equally unhappy: they will see the work of malignant politics, and the fruits of war.

I say to both nations, to all nations, that they are always equally interested to live in peace. Of peace I speak to men, because they are men, and because war properly becomes lions and tigers.

CONSIDERATIONS *on the* IMPORTANT QUESTION,

What Kind of Life is the most happy?

(From the Theory of Agreeable Sensations.)

THE greatest part of mankind make their happiness to depend upon others, and even when arrived at the summit of grandeur, they often aspire to felicity under the title of suppliants; but it is almost impossible that

that thoſe, who have it in their power to gratify their deſires, ſhould comply with them. The heart of every man, to uſe a Cartelian expreſſion, is a kind of vortex, and the center of its motions is its own perſonal happineſs. To expect that our felicity ſhould become the center of the motions of others, would be to deſire a change in their nature; it would be indeed, to wiſh that our happineſs ſhould depend upon a miracle. Let us therefore accommodate ourſelves, in the beſt manner we are able, to the objects that ſurround us, but let us not fondly hope to attain any ſolid happineſs, by any other means than by the exertion of our own faculties.

Thoſe ſtates or conditions of life I call happy, in which the pleaſing ſenſations predominate over the painful; and they may be divided into three different claſſes, according as the motions of the body, the mind, and the heart, are moſt prevalent.

If we were deſirous to bring together a number of happy mortals, we ſhould in vain look out for them amidſt the high and brilliant ſtations of life; but our ſearch would be more ſucceſsful amongſt thoſe who ſubſiſt by moderate labour, and earn thereby a ſufficient competence for themſelves and their families. Of theſe we ſhould find many whoſe life is free from all the torment of anxiety and chagrin, and who inwardly poſſeſs a ſecret fund of joy, which is always ready to expand itſelf. If their days are not brightened with gaiety and ſplendour, they are calm and unclouded. They paſs away in a ſucceſſion of mild and pleaſing ſenſations, which equally exclude all intemperate pleaſure and every poignant grief.

The exerciſe of the body is not ſo agreeable as that of the mind. A courſe of life, therefore, devoted to the ſciences will be more ſuſceptible of happineſs, than if employed in mechanical operations. What can be more pleaſing than to be able to enjoy all ſeaſons, all places, and univerſal nature? This pleaſure, however, ſo exquiſite, falls to the lot only of a few extraordinary perſons. It is a kind of ſanctuary, from whence a barbarous ignorance has excluded the greateſt part of mankind. The ſame barbarism has ſtifled the riſing buds of ſcience in many individuals, though for the puniſhment of the human race, it has ſpread glory and renown over the injuſtice and rapine of mighty conquerors.

Since the emotions and affections of the heart afford the moſt pleaſing ſenſation, hence we may infer that to be the happieſt life in which benevolence preſides.

Thoſe to whom fortune has been laviſh of her favours, can never taſte the genuine ſweets of her bounty, unleſs they are inclined to impart it to others. We muſt eſtimate their happineſs by the number of thoſe whom they make happy.

There is no happineſs equal to that of a prince, who confines not his benevolence within the narrow circle of his courtiers and flatterers, but extends it alike to all his ſubjects: who ſtrives to baniſh miſery from his dominions, and is the liberal patron of every art and ſcience: under whoſe auſpices induſtry and commerce flouriſh, and by whoſe countenance men of genius and virtue are honoured. Such a prince is morally ſure of increaſing and confirming his power. He has the pleaſing idea of being the vicegerent of the Deity, in diſtributing felicity to mankind, and views the proſpect of a people, at large, made happy by his reign. He enjoys the execution of ſo noble a plan, independent of all the viciſſitudes of fortune. A continual ſucceſſion of the moſt delightful emotions of benevolence, all the objects that ſurround him, every idea of his mind, and all the feelings of his heart, unite to confer upon him all the happineſs of which human nature is capable.

And yet it may be, that in this train of virtuous ſenſations, there are none ſo quick and lively as thoſe which inſpire a conqueror, whoſe ambition is flushed with victory; but his pleaſure is dearly purchaſed at the hazard of becoming the moſt wretched of men, ſince his irate and ruling paſſion contain the ſeeds of hatred, vexation, and diſcontent.

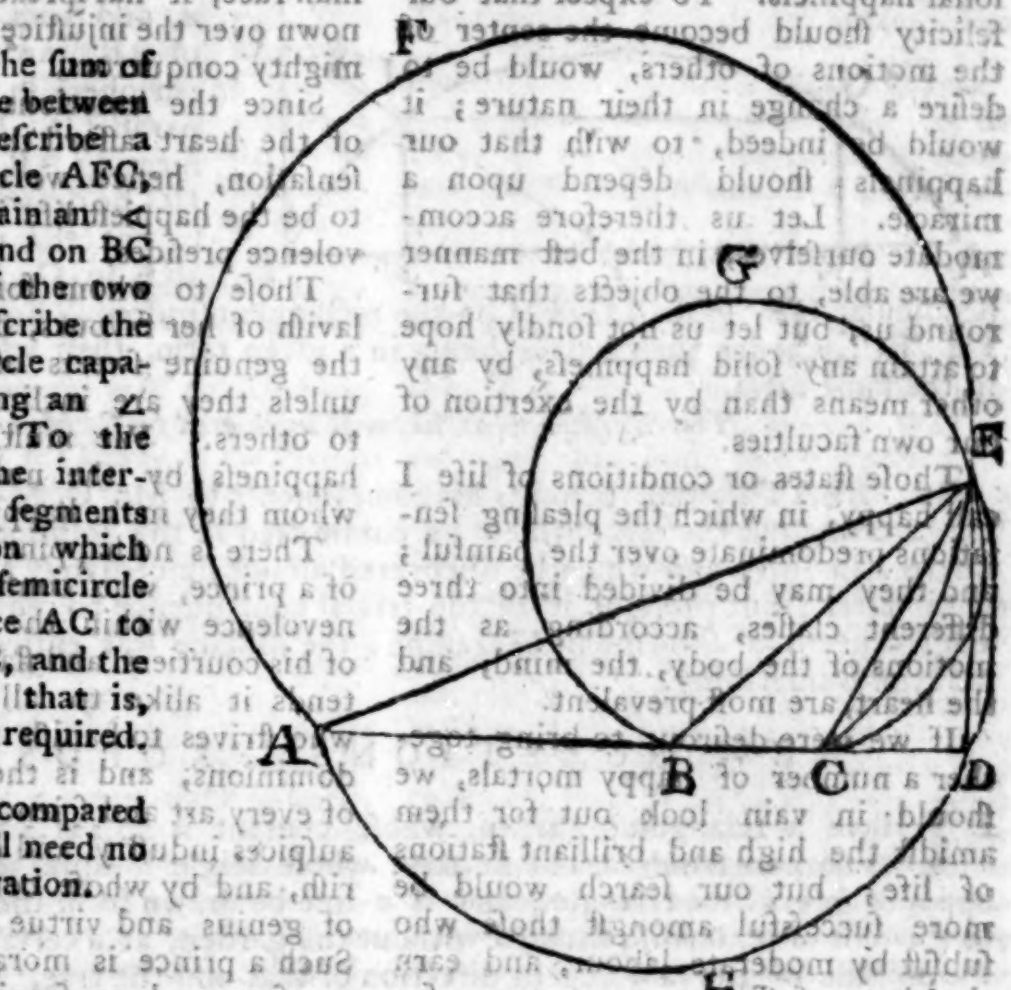
MATHE-

MATHEMATICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Answer to the first Question in our Magazine for August.

ON AC = the sum of the distance between the stations, describe a segment of a circle AFC, which will contain an ∠ of 40 degrees, and on BC the distance of the two last stations describe the segment of a circle capable of containing an ∠ of 20 degrees. To the point E of the intersection of the segments draw AE, on which describe the semicircle AHDE, produce AC to D, and join DE, and the thing is done; that is, DE is the height required.

This being compared with the data will need no further demonstration.



To the EDITOR *of the* LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

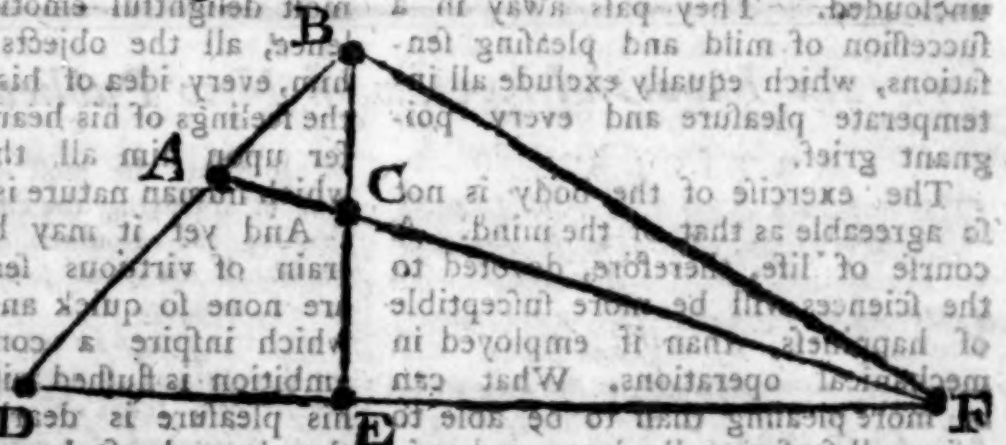
BY giving the subjoined solutions a place in your useful Magazine, you will greatly oblige your very humble servant,

Truro. STEPHEN ROBERTS.

Solutions of the two Questions proposed in our Magazine for October.

QUESTION I.

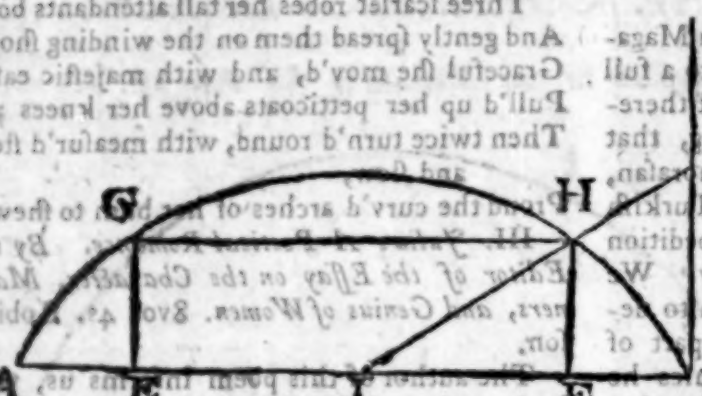
IN the annexed diagram, let ABC denote the situation of the three objects DEF, the places of observation; then from the data, the angles EBF, EFB, ECF, BFE, BAC, D



ABC, and ACB, are given = 55°, 35°, 75°, 15°, 75°, 50°, and 55° respectively; therefore S 55° : 50 :: S 35° : 35 = BE, and S 75° : 50 :: S 15° : 13 = EC: whence EB − EC (= 55 − 13) = 22 = distance BC; and by a like process the distance AC is found = 18, and that of AB = 20 nearly.

Answered also by S. Williams.

QUESTION II.



IN the indefinite perpendicular BD take BC to BA in the given ratio of *m* to *n*, and from C to the middle of AB draw CI, cutting the periphery in H. From H and parallel to BC draw HF, meeting AB in F. Alſo let HG be drawn parallel to AB, to cut the periphery of the arch in G, let fall the perpendicular GE, ſo ſhall GEFH be the rectangle required. For as IF : IB :: FH : BC, whence their halves being in a given ratio, their wholes will alſo be in the ſame ratio.

This Queſtion was likewiſe anſwered by C. M—s.

R. ABBATT, jun. preſents his compliments to Mr. C. M—s, thanks him for pointing out the error which he committed in the ſolution to his queſtion inſerted in July, and which he diſcovered almoſt immediately after the diſpatch of his letter; but thought it of too trivial conſequence to require an acknowledgement in a ſubſequent Magazine: the miſtake was entirely owing to the hurry of tranſcribing.

NEW QUESTIONS PROPOSED.

I. I Have a triangular garden, whoſe content is = 231.2 feet. In one of its corners ſtands a tall fir-tree, whoſe height is equal the length of the oppoſite ſide of the triangle; and if a line be drawn from the ſummit thereof to the foot of an obeliſk ſituated without the garden, at a certain diſtance from the middle of the ſaid ſide in direction of that and the tree, the difference in the length of that line and height of the tree will be equal to the difference of the other two ſides of the garden, which is = 14 feet. Required the tree's height, and diſtance of the obeliſk from the middle of the ſide.

II. GIVEN the difference of the perpendicular and baſe, the difference of the angles at the baſe, and the rectangle of the ſides of any plane triangle: to determine the triangle.

Truro. S. WILLIAMS.

An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE I.

THE Hiſtory of the Life of Nader Shah, King of Perſia, Extracted from an Eaſtern Manuſcript, which was tranſlated into French by Order of his Majeſty the King of Denmark, &c. By William Jones, Eſq. Fellow of Univerſity College, Oxford, and of the Royal Societies of London and Copenhagen. 8vo. 6s. Cadell.

The learned and ingenious writer of this volume aſſures us, in the beginning of his preface, that his ſentiments of the inſignificancy of celebrated heroes "were ſufficient to have deterred him from ever attempting to write the life of a conqueror, unleſs it had been for the ſake of expoſing a character of all others the moſt infamouſly wicked, and of diſplaying the charms of liberty, by ſhewing the odiouſneſs of tyranny and oppreſſion." A great part of this preface, which employs near three ſheets of the work, is engaged in an enquiry into the general nature of hiſtorical compoſitions, in which Mr. Jones offers his idea, rather of what is required of a perfect hiſtorian, than of what hitherto ſeems to have been executed in any age or nation. In the courſe of this enquiry, many of the celebrated writers, as well ancient as modern, paſs as it were in review before him. This part we have peruſed with pleaſure; and what he has ſaid of Voltaire, in particular, is candid and impartial.

This preface is followed by an introduction, containing a deſcription of Aſia, according to the Oriental geographers; and a ſhort hiſtory of Perſia, from the earlieſt times to the preſent century.

The narrow limits preſcribed to a Magazine will not permit us to enter into a full diſcuſſion of this hiſtory. We muſt therefore content ourſelves with obſerving, that it principally treats of the war in Khoraſan, that againſt the Afgans, and the Turkiſh war; the ſiege of Candahar, the expedition into India, and the war in Tartary. We ſhall leave the readers of Nader Shah to determine how far Mr. Jones, in this part of his work, has adhered to thoſe rules he himſelf has preſcribed in the preface as indiſpenſably neceſſary to be obſerved by every hiſtorian.

This work concludes with an Appendix, containing an eſſay on the poetry of the Eaſtern nations, and the hiſtory of the Perſian language. Thoſe who are converſant with Oriental writings will undoubtedly conſider this part of the volume as a valuable acquiſition. We confeſs we have with pleaſure laid before our readers, in the preceding part of this Magazine, ſome ſpecimens of Eaſtern poetry which we here met with.

Should we ſay of this work, that it has its imperfections as well as its beauties, the learned writer of it cannot think us ſevere, ſince as much may be truly ſaid of the beſt literary production that ever yet made its appearance. — Diffidence and modeſty are inſeparable from great abilities; and of this we have a proof in the preface to the work before us, in which the author thus expreſſes himſelf: "After all, I am far from expecting, that this little work will give me any claim to the title of an hiſtorian: when I compare my piece, not only with the idea of Cicero, but even with the productions of others, I am like the drop of water, in the fable of Sadi, which fell from a cloud into the ſea, and was loſt in the conſciouſneſs of its own inſignificance."

II. *An Epiſtle from Oberea, Queen of Otaheite, to Joſeph Banks, Eſq. Tranſlated by T. Q. Z. Eſq. Profeſſor of the Otaheite Language in Dublin, and of all the Languages of the undiſcovered Iſlands in the South Seas.* 4to. 1s. Almon.

This poetical epiſtle is a ſatirical attack on Mr. Banks, who makes ſo diſtinguiſhed a figure in Dr. Hawkeſworth's compilation of voyages to the Southern hemiſphere. We could wiſh that the author, who ſeems to want neither learning nor genius, had, inſtead of this poem, ſubmitted to our inſpection ſome work of public utility: we ſhould then with pleaſure have paid every tribute that might be due to his merit. His preſent performance ſeems calculated merely for the meridian of a coffee-houſe, where it poſſibly may afford ſome merriment for the morning; but muſt die and be forgotten before night. The following ſhort extract will enable our readers to judge of the complexion of this poem.

Three ſcarlet robes her tall attendants bore,
And gently ſpread them on the winding ſhore:
Graceful ſhe mov'd, and with majeſtic eaſe
Pull'd up her petticoats above her knees;
Then twice turn'd round, with meaſur'd ſteps and ſlow,
Proud the curv'd arches of her bum to ſhew.

III. *Julia: A Poetical Romance. By the Editor of the Eſſay on the Character, Manners, and Genius of Women.* 8vo. 4s. Robinſon.

The author of this poem informs us, that he has taken the advantage of the ſentiments, and partly of the fable, of the Nouvelle Heloiſe of Rouſſeau, and thence concludes, that, if it fails to pleaſe, it can be owing only to the dullneſs of the writer. We cannot agree with him, that "a poetical romance, or a poem conducted by letters, is a ſpecies of compoſition hitherto *unattempted*;" but we will not dwell upon trifles.

This volume is divided into ſeven books, and theſe into letters, which breathe ſentiments of honour, love, and virtue. We do not here find that confuſed multiplicity of buſineſs, thoſe ſtrange and unnatural incidents, and thoſe ſudden tranſitions from hope to deſpair, from miſery to happineſs, which are met with in moſt modern romances; but this, we fear, when we conſider the taſte of novel readers, will be no favourable circumſtance to the ſale of his work. The poetry of this piece is in many places bold and nervous; but there are too many inſtances where it is feeble and languid.

IV. *Diſcord: A Satire.* 4to. 1s. Beecroft, &c.

As this ſatire contains only one hundred and fifty-eight lines, our readers will be enabled to form a perfect judgment, from the following extract, of the abilities of the poet.

Him with her choiceſt gifts ſhall Faction grace,
Maſk with impenetrable bronze his face;
Give the ſhrewd ſhrug, the wily wary leer,
The vaunting vein, that wins the vulgar ear;
A tongue, with more than vip'rous rage, that flings
Venom at miniſters, nor ſpares ev'n kings.
Lur'd by his lyes, I ſee crowds frantic fly
Ev'n to the dizzy ſteps of Anarchy.
Fools! can pure Freedom's flame illume that breaſt,
Where Vice, where Blaſphemy, has been a gueſt?
Who mocks his Maker, violates all laws,
Shall he ſtand foremoſt in the ſacred cauſe,
Which aſks, in worth, in wiſdom, who excel,
For which a Devereux fought, a Hampden fell;

That cauſe, which Pym, while Nature
ſtrength could lend,
Toil'd with all Cato's firmneſs to defend!
Sooner the wolf, gaunt tenant of the wood,
Shall guard the fold without a wiſh for blood,
Than the lewd leader of the vile and vain
On generous motives Freedom's cauſe maintain;
Nor, when this brave's ſeditious play is paſt,
Of Faction's delegate is this the laſt:
Others, commiſſion'd by the fiend, ſhall riſe
To cheat the credulous, alarm the wiſe;
At penſioners and placemen rail and rave,
And deem a ſaint, who ſerves his king, a knave.

V. *Charity: A Poetical Eſſay.* 4to. 1s. Beecroft, &c.

This is the laſt poem which gained Mr. Seaton's prize at the univerſity of Cambridge. We obſerved of the preceding article, that it contained only one hundred and fifty-eight lines; but in this are more than double that number for the ſame money. However, ſorry we are to ſay, that *Diſcord* here ſeems to bear away the wreath from *Charity*.

VI. *The Theory of Agreeable Senſations: In which the Laws obſerved by Nature in the Diſtribution of Pleaſure are inveſtigated, and the Principles of Natural Theology and Moral Philoſophy are eſtabliſhed, &c.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. Owen.

Though this publication is not entirely a new one, yet, as it has not been noticed in any former part of our Magazine, it may not be improper to give our readers a ſhort account of it. "The deſign of this piece (ſays the author) is to diſcover the ſource and genuine ſtandard of our ſeveral inclinations, pleaſures, and duties, by which we may obtain, as it were, the key to the whole ſyſtem of humanity and morals." Though we cannot but think, that the author has here promiſed rather more than he has performed, yet we doubt not but it will afford ſome agreeable amuſement to thoſe who are accuſtomed to view objects through the medium of philoſophy, and who can find no entertainment in the inſignificant collections of common-place trifles. We have given a ſpecimen of this work in the preceding pages, in which the author conſiders, What kind of life is the moſt happy. Though there are ſome inaccuracies in this work, in point of language, which the writer ſhould have corrected, yet we ſhall not ſcruple to pronounce it a valuable performance.

VII. *An Eſſay on Blindneſs, in a Letter to a Perſon of Diſtinction, reciting the moſt intereſting Particulars relative to Perſons born blind, and thoſe who have loſt their Sight. Embelliſhed with Copper-plates. Tranſlated from the French of M. Diderot, Phyſician to his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty.* 1s. 6d. Dymott.

This little volume contains an enquiry into the nature of the ideas of blind people, their knowledge of ſounds, their opinions concerning religion and morality, and ſome other ſpeculative matters. It is interſperſed with ſeveral anecdotes of Saunderſon, Milton, Berkeley, &c. and will perhaps afford much entertainment to thoſe who have leiſure and inclination to ſtudy works of this nature. We could wiſh, however, it had been printed in a more elegant manner, as its preſent appearance has very little in it inviting to any one to become a purchaſer.

VIII. *Juliet Grenville; or, The Hiſtory of the Human Heart. By Mr. Brooke.* 3 vols. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Robinſon.

One of the principal ends of a romance is to fill the mind with ſurpriſe; and we acknowledge that ſuch was the effect this work had upon us on the very firſt view of it. Here is not ſo much as a bill of fare to inform us what are the diſhes we are to expect to find in this *plentiful* repaſt, and we are ſuffered to ſit down to table without even a grace.—This work opens in the following *ſublime* manner: "While the Counteſs of Cranfield attended her aſſembly of viſitants to the ſtair-head, ſhe privately beckoned Miſs Grenville to ſtay. She then intimated to her ſervants that *ſhe was not at home*, and withdrew with her young gueſt to a retired apartment."

The language, however, grows warmer as we proceed, and we ſoon meet with the following ſimile: "You, my Juliet, are as the city of Troy: your hoſt of virtues within are ſufficient for a ten years ſiege againſt the world; and you are walled about ſeven fold by the fences of Chriſtianity."

We do not intend to enter into a formal criticiſm on theſe volumes, which we have no inclination to read through. They may perhaps have ſome merit, and we doubt not but they will find their admirers. Whatever may be the character of Juliet, as drawn by Mr. Brooke in the courſe of this work, he has in the firſt volume repreſented her as a very forward pretty little miſs. Let parents judge, from the following ſhort extract, what they would think of a daughter who ſhould thus expreſs herſelf: "Can you tell me, dear madam, are women generally born with quicker and more apprehenſive talents than men? I know it was *my* caſe. *Mine* was an extempore genius preceding ſtudy or reflection; and, before I was *nine* years old, I could have made a *fool* of any man of *nine and fifty*, provided he was in good faith a lover."

IX. *O Tempora! O Mores! or, The beſt New Year's Gift for a Prime Miniſter; being the Subſtance of two Sermons preached at a few ſmall Churches only, and publiſhed at the repeated Requeſt of the Congregations. By the Rev. William Scott, M. A. late Scholar of Eton.* 8vo. 1s. Wilkie.

Mr. Scott, at the bottom of the title of this New Year's Gift, (which by the way is publiſhed a little too early to be properly

ſo called — *A Chriſtmas* BOX would have better ſuited it) has added the following *ſingular* N. B. " The pulpit was refuſed at eight of the moſt capital churches in the city. Above a thouſand copies were ordered before it was ſent to preſs, and two thouſand more by a gentleman for one of our North American colonies."

Every moderate man, who acts in any public capacity, will be cautious how he dives deep into the troubled waters of Party; the ſurface may afford ſome agreeable acids; but the depths will certainly produce nothing but the moſt hurtful and dangerous bitters. Nothing ſhould proceed from the pulpit, but what is conformable to the ſacred writings, which every where furniſh us with leſſons of univerſal charity and benevolence. We conclude this article in the words with which we began it — *O Tempora! O Mores!*

POETICAL ESSAYS.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

IMITATION *des* METAMORPHOSES D'OVIDE.

En vers libres, héroïques, & burleſques.

(Continued from our laſt.)

Confremuere omnes, &c. v. 199.

A Ces mots toute l'aſſemblée
Parut indignée et troublée;
Ils demanderent qu'à l'inſtant,
On livrât le coupable à leur reſſentiment:
Tel, quand un Damien parricide,
Armé de ſon couteau perfide,
Du grand Bourbon oſa verſer le ſang,
En perçant ſon généreux flanc,
Et, par une action ſi noire,
Du nom François ternit la gloire;
L'univers, ſaiſi de terreur,
Pâtit d'effroy, frémit d'horreur.
Alors, grand roi, les vœux, l'amour, et la tendreſſe
D'un peuple, qui pour toy vivement s'intéreſſe,
Ne durent pas moins te flatter,
Que ce courroux des dieux dut plaire à Jupiter;
Mais comme la troupe céleſte
Menoit grand bruit, il fit un geſte,
Et même on dit qu'à haute voix,
Il les ſomma de reſter cois.

LYCAON CHANGE EN LOUP.

LEUR ayant impoſé ſilence,
Jupin, avec même éloquence,
Et, ſans avoir à ſon papier recours,
Reprit ainſi le fil de ſon diſcours:
Je vous rends graces de ce zele,
Troupe complaiſante et fidele;
Mais je vous ai prevenu, ſur ma foy,
Et ne l'ai pas épargné, croyez moi.
Cependant, pour complaire à votre impatience,
Apprenez ſon forfait, apprenez ma vengeance,
Et, ſi j'ai tort ou bien raiſon,
Vous me le direz ſans façon.
Informé des abus qui régnoient ſur la terre,
Et ſouhaitant, comme un bon pere,
Qu'il n'en fut rien, je quittai mon palais,
Pour viſiter ces indignes ſujets;
Et, par une prompte juſtice,
Arrêter les progrés du vice.
Helas! combien de fois je vous ferois bâiller,
Si je voulois vous détailler
Tous les crimes épouvantables,
Dont je les ai trouvés coupables,
Et plus coupables, mille fois,
Que la renommée à cent voix
Ne l'avoit publié: pour trancher mon hiſtoire,
Ce que j'ai vu je dois le croire,
Et vous ne devez pas douter
Des faits qu'ici je vais vous raconter.
J'avois déjà franchi, non ſans beaucoup de peine,
Le mont Ménale et le Cylene.
Qui ne ſeroit frappé d'étonnement!
Qui pourroit, ſans frémiſſement,
Voir, comme j'ai vu, les retraites
Des plus vils animaux, des plus farouches bêtes!
Outre les dangers et l'effroy,
Figurez vous encor quel froid
Je dus ſouffrir, en paſſant le Lycée,
Où l'on voit en tout temps de la neige entaſſée;
Malgré les bons habits que j'avois ſur mon dos,
Le froid, je l'avouerai, me perça juſqu'aux os.
Enfin, ſans ſoupçonner aucune perfidie,
Je me rends au palais du tyran d'Arcadie,
A deſſein de m'y délaſſer,
Le jour commençant à baiſſer:
Je me fais annoncer pour un Dieu, le vulgaire
Se met auſſitôt en priere;
Mais Lycaon inſulte à leur crédulité,
Et doute ſeul de ma divinité,
Et même, d'un ton d'inſolence,
Je vais, dit-il, faire l'expérience
S'il eſt un dieu que l'on doive prier,
Ou s'il n'eſt qu'un avanturier!
Et, pour contenter ſon envie,
Cette nuit même, il attente à ma vie,
Pendant que je ronflois; mais ce beau coup d'eſſay
Fut, heureuſement, ſans ſuccès.
Ecumant de colére, et frémiſſant de rage,
Il égorge un Moloſſe, un malheureux hôtage,

Le

Le fit dépécer, sans pitié.
En fait bouillir une moitié,
Et rotir l'autre; enfin, il m'appelle à sa table,
Pour me faire manger de ce mets détestable.
Ce fut alors que je lui fis bien voir
Si Jupiter a du pouvoir:
Ecoutant les transports de ma juste colére,
Je fais sur son palais éclater mon tonnerre:
Le toit est, à l'instant, embrasé, renversé,
Et le tyran alloit être écrasé,
Ou bien devoré par les flammes,
Avec ses pénates infâmes;
Mais il ne perdit point de temps,
Et prit bientôt la clé des champs:
Il se dérobe, et vite et vite,
Tel qu'un timide cerf que la peur précipite,
Et la silence de la nuit
Redoublant sa frayeur à mesure qu'il fuit,
Il veut parler, mais il hurle, et, de rage,
Il fond sur les troupeaux, en fait un grand carnage,
Et satisfait, en pleine liberté,
Son penchant pour la cruauté;
Alors, je change en poil son habit d'écarlate,
Ses pieds, et ses deux bras en chacun une patte;
Il devient loup; mais chaque nouveau trait
Du cruel Lycaon retrace le portrait:
Son poil est toujours gris, une brutale audace
Est peinte sur sa longue face;
Ses yeux jadis inflammés, menaçantes,
Sont encor vifs, étincelants.

NIVET DESBRIERES,
Bachelier en droit de l'Université d'Orléans.

(To be continued.)

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE JOVIAL ANGLERS.

A SENTIMENTAL BALLAD.

I.

THO' Sol, now sunk into the main,
And wrapt in clouds of night,
No more illumes the wat'ry plain,
Where centers our delight,
Yet an angling we will go, &c.

II.

While Luna darts her silver beams,
And Nature seems to sleep,
O'er rivers, ponds, and purling streams,
Our nodding floats shall creep.

III.

Let whining lovers sigh in vain,
Their cruel nymphs adore,
And talk of every killing pain,
Which Cupid has in store.

IV.

That Love's an angler, it is truth,
With cunning baits beset,
Who, soon or late, each silly youth
Encloses in his net.

V.

The haughty peer, so proud and gay,
In all his pomp and state,
His country freely will betray,
To nibble at the *bait*.

VI.

The doctor, with his full-dress wig,
And golden-headed cane,
Although he seems so grave and big,
He *fishes* but for gain.

VII.

The limbs of law, so keen and wise,
While poring o'er their books,
Seek only how they may devise
To catch you on their *books*.

VIII.

This world is one wide-spreading lake,
Mankind devouring fish,
Where *great* ones do the *little* take,
To make a dainty dish.

IX.

Friendship is but a gilded fly,
Which hides the pointed steel,
And oft deceives th' unguarded eye,
Until the *hook* they feel.

X.

We anglers, like our floats, proceed,
Glide gently with the stream,
In all our wishes we succeed,
Of phantoms never dream.

XI.

The lark, high-pois'd on quivering wing,
Shall swell his little throat,
The nightingale shall sweetly sing
Its fond and plaintive note.

XII.

While gentle zephyrs fan the stream,
Which murm'ring steals along,
A captive chub, carp, trout, or bream,
Shall raise our chearful song.

XIII.

Echo shall waft the pleasing sound
To yon far-distant plains,
Where peace and innocence abound
Amidst the sylvan swains.

XIV.

Our sport's as ancient as renown'd:
From man's first fatal fall,
Down to the present time, 'tis found,
The world were anglers all.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

An Unsuccessful Lover's

EVENING CONTEMPLATION.

Addressed to Miss —— Middlesex.

HÆRET LATERI LETHALIS ARUNDO.
Virg.

THE golden sun, the orb of day,
Had round the world describ'd his way;
And fiery red the day had clos'd,
And long in Neptune's waves repos'd.
The silver moon, whose fainter light
With silent course adorns the night,
Had to her post return'd again,
The shining stars compos'd her train.
The night was cool, the heav'ns were clear,
All silent as when ghosts appear, When

When Corydon, a faithful swain,
Who pin'd with love-consuming flame,
Stept forth to draw the purer air,
And sought the fields to sooth his care;
With contemplation mark'd his way,
And pensive said or seem'd to say:
  Oh! science, wisdom, truth, declare,
For ye were once my only care,
Can all your boasted charms impart,
Ease to the love-distempered heart?
Can all your deep researches prove,
A cure for unsuccessful love?
  Oh no! your depths I try in vain,
For still I feel its anxious pain.
  To science, wisdom, truth we flie,
To guard us from the wanton's eye;
But here, where modest virtues shine,
And all the female charms combine;
Here knowledge, truth, and wisdom more,
Eliza urge me to adore.
Eliza, mildest of the fair,
Eliza, now my only care:
When first her heav'nly charms I saw,
They struck me with respect and awe;
Then deep I felt, in ev'ry vein,
A pleasing tumult mix'd with pain;
And when each sweet report display'd
Her gentle virtues, lovely maid!
Her charms, her mind, her fame inspire
My bosom with a lover's fire.
  But soon as love was planted there,
'Twas overshaded by despair.
  Save, when some visionary scene
Imparts a fleeting transient gleam
Of sweet deluding hope, a while
Sad melancholy to beguile.
  But soon these visions, form'd in air,
Are deeper ting'd with black despair:
So when in winter's cheerless day,
The sun's enliv'ning beams display,
(At intervals by mortals view'd)
His radiance breaking thro' a cloud,
The gath'ring vapours, joining soon,
Involve the heav'ns in darker gloom.
  Ye guardian pow'rs, who dwell above,
My unsuccessful flame remove!
Avert this deep desponding state,
Or reconcile me to my fate,
With passion half-reveal'd to mourn,
Despairing of the least return.
  A state, Eliza, most severe,
Where passion is the most sincere;
But tho' severe — I feel — I see,
That so my hapless stars decree;
Eliza's charms shall still impart
The same emotions to my heart,
And Corydon must still remain
A hopeless, unregarded swain.
  Yet, O Eliza! lend thine ear,
And gracious this petition hear.
  "May friendship's milder, purer beam,
Respect, kind wishes, and esteem,
Your gentle breast inspire, and prove
You pity, tho' you do not love.
Compassion and regard is due
For boundless love bestow'd on you."
This should Eliza still deny,
Still Corydon's acquaintance fly;
And from his mind this hope expel,
Then with hope, peace and joy, farewel.

J. S.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

SAY, thou lovely featur'd maid,
In thy rural charms array'd,
With thy cheek of rosy hue,
Lip so sweet, and eye so blue;
With thy breast so soft and fair,
Iv'ry neck, and auburn hair,
Goddess of the peaceful plain,
Wilt thou rank me with thy train?
If I quit the gorgeous court,
Pride and every gay resort,
And to meads and vallies fly,
Silver streams and azure sky,
Cooling grots and bow'ring groves,
Smiling vallies, green alcoves:
There on violet banks along,
And tune to thee my artless song?
Wilt thou all thy joys impart,
And with rapture raise my heart?
Then with joy I'll quit the court,
Pride and every gay resort.

ANOTHER.

SPARK of pure celestial fire,
Part of all the world's desire,
Paradise of earthly bliss,
Heav'n o'th' other world and this,
Tell me where thy court abides?
Where thy glorious chariot rides?

Eden knew thee for a day,
But thou would'st no longer stay,
Outed for poor Adam's sin,
By the flaming cherubin;
Yet thou lov'st that happy shade,
Where thy beauteous form was made,
And thy kindness still remains,
To the woods and flow'ry plains.

Happy David found thee there,
Sporting in the open air,
As he led his flocks along,
Feeding on his rural song;
But when courts and honours had
Snatch'd away the lovely lad,
Thou that there no room could'st find,
Let him go, and staid'st behind.

His wise son, with care and pain,
Search'd all nature's frame in vain;
For a while, most anxious, he
Search'd it round, but found not thee;
Beauty own'd she knew thee not,
Plenty had thy name forgot:
Music only did aver,
Once you came and danc'd with her.

All the world still hunt about,
Happy he who finds thee out;

Some

Some have dream'd thou ſtill doſt ſit
Circled round with mirth and wit;
In a cloyſter, or a pew,
Others always ſeek for you;
But their ſearch alike is vain,
Theſe moroſe, and thoſe profane.

The mother only, with fond care,
Hugs her child, and finds thee there;
Kiſſes while aſleep it lies,
And upon it feaſts her eyes,
'Till the little bantling came
Juſt to liſp its mammy's name;
Then her airy hopes decay,
Like viſionary ſhades, away.

O! then, Contentment,
Since thy throne thou doſt not place
In a palace, or a face:
Since thou coyly paſſeſt by
Pleaſures, riches, harmony;
Since we cannot find thee out
With the witty or devout;
Since I here of thee deſpair,
I'll aim at heav'n, and find thee there.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

KIND ADVICE TO THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

HAPPY ſwain, would'ſt thou be free
From the cares that follow me?
Shun the Muſes' 'witching train;
Scorn thy pipe, and leave the plain!

For the pipe brings no relief!
And the plain but echoes grief!
And the Muſes' tuneful ſkills
Cannot charm thy life from ills!

Mark ye, where yon waters flow?
There pines a bard, o'ercome with woe,
As to the ſad water's fall
He ſings Timæus' funeral!

'Twas of me he learn'd the art,
But ah—the quill hath pierc'd his heart!
And hapleſs they, who fondly try
To ſing of woe as well as I!

Now of the Stygian gulf he raves,
Now pores in Ætna's ſulph'rous caves,
'Till frantic Fancy reſts her head
In the burning torrent's bed!

Shepherd, ere it be too late,
Would'ſt thou ſhun his wayward fate?
Then leave the melancholy plain,
So ſhalt thou live an happy ſwain!

Oft, beneath the twilight trees,
Lurks a ſadly ſullen breeze!
And Pan to ſhapeſt of luckleſs pow'r
Oft delegates the lonely hour,

Where the oak his gnarled root
Doth acroſs the pathway ſhoot,
Or with Linden's gloſſy rine
Laurer-treſſes interwine;

While himſelf, to jocund dance
Bids the dryad-train advance,
Nor breaks off the frolic ſound,
'Till the tell-tale ſun comes round—

Let the breaſt that cares oppreſs
Dwell with ſolitarineſs!
Nor change the Muſes' deſert ſprings,
For the joys that wait on kings!

Tho' by Aganippe's ſtreams
Ancient bards had golden dreams,
Deem not bliſsful life was theirs —
'Golden grain is choak'd with tares.'

Tremblingly alive all o'er,
Much to feel is to deplore,
And the ſoul of ſenſes ſtrong
Gives but ſorrows to the ſong.

Think'ſt thou, care ſhall ne'er invade,
With venom ſhaft, thy ſecret ſhade?
In form of love, he ſoftly ſteals,
And unſuſpecting hearts aſſails.

Or, if his way a diſtant friend
Should to thy lovely threſhold bend,
Like my Timæus, he may be,
In death, an endleſs woe to thee!

Or, if thy fates do not deſign
That he ſhould die, and thou ſhould'ſt pine,
As I with Lycon, both may prove
Abſence is death to thoſe that love!

But it is not ſo in courts—
There Cupid with light dalliance ſports;
And Venus in a kind diſguiſe
Looks milder thro' Aſpaſia's eyes.

If a lov'd friend ſhould die, 'tis there
Thou may'ſt with eaſe the loſs repair:
And tho' one nymph ſhould faithleſs prove,
Another will requite thy love.

Then, haſte thee to the haunts of men!
Nor let the little careleſs wren,
As thro' the nut-tree ſhade he hops,
Seduce thee to the ſilent copſe.

And, in ſome much-frequented room
May'ſt thou find a tranquil tomb!
While thy unpriſon'd ſenſes fly
To the ſphere of harmony!

And let the gentle ſlumber ſteal,
The ſhepherd's cloſing eye to ſeal,
And bring that future life of bliſs
For which the virtuous pant in this!

Sweet luxury of ſouls refin'd,
How would it ſuit the vulgar mind?
Let vulgar minds at diſtance keep!
Nor fright away the ſhepherd's ſleep!
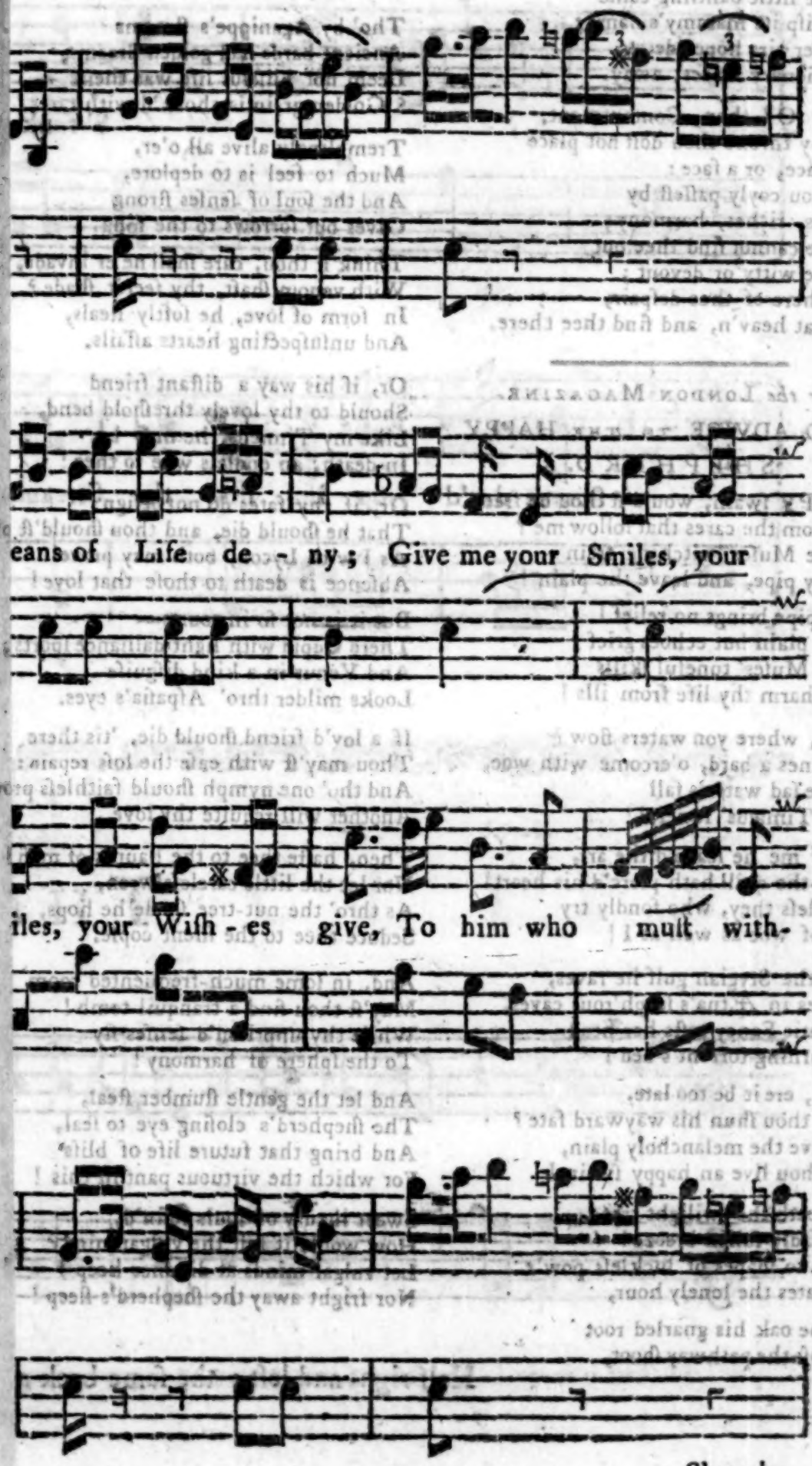


For

Shrunk

No. XXVI.

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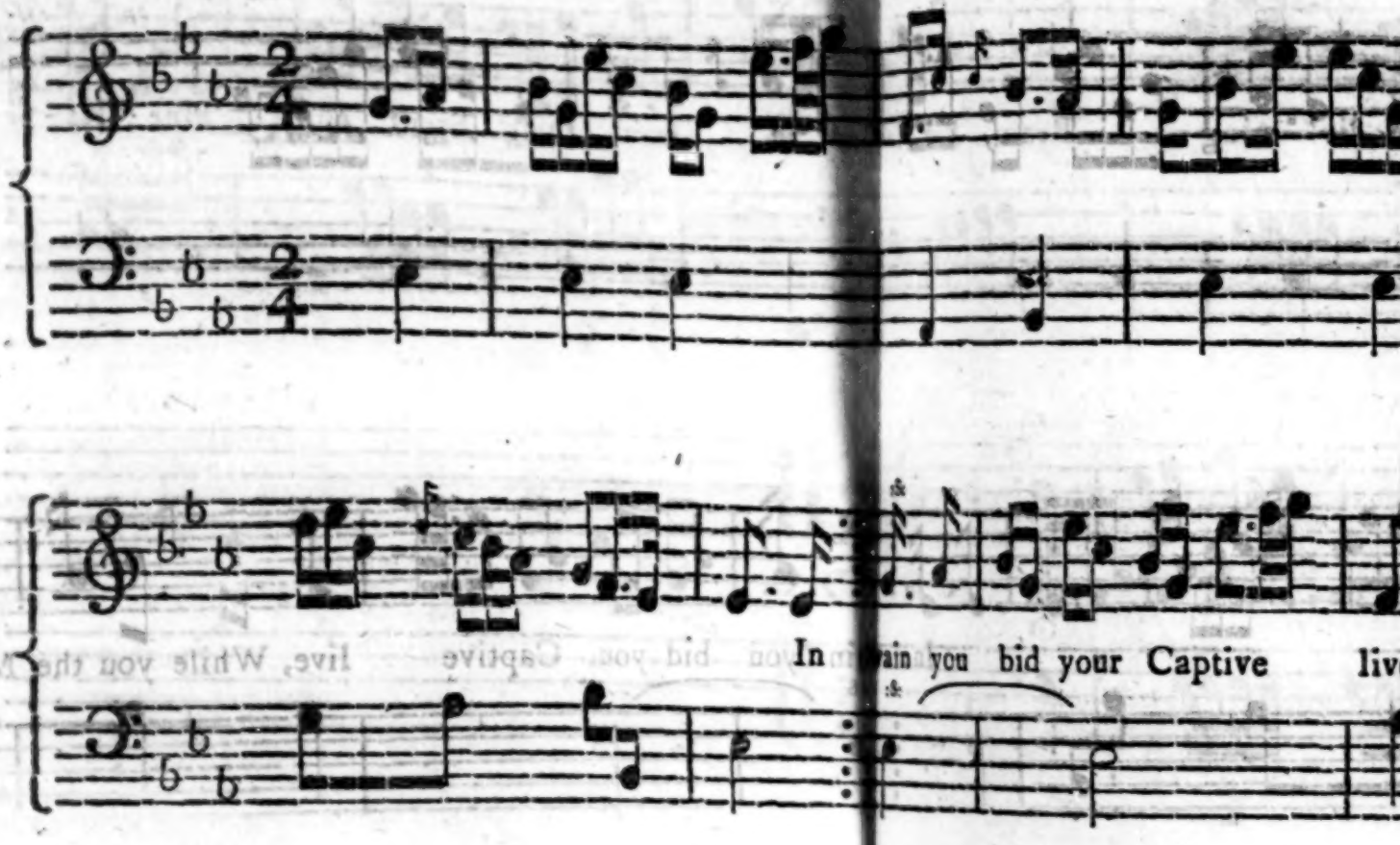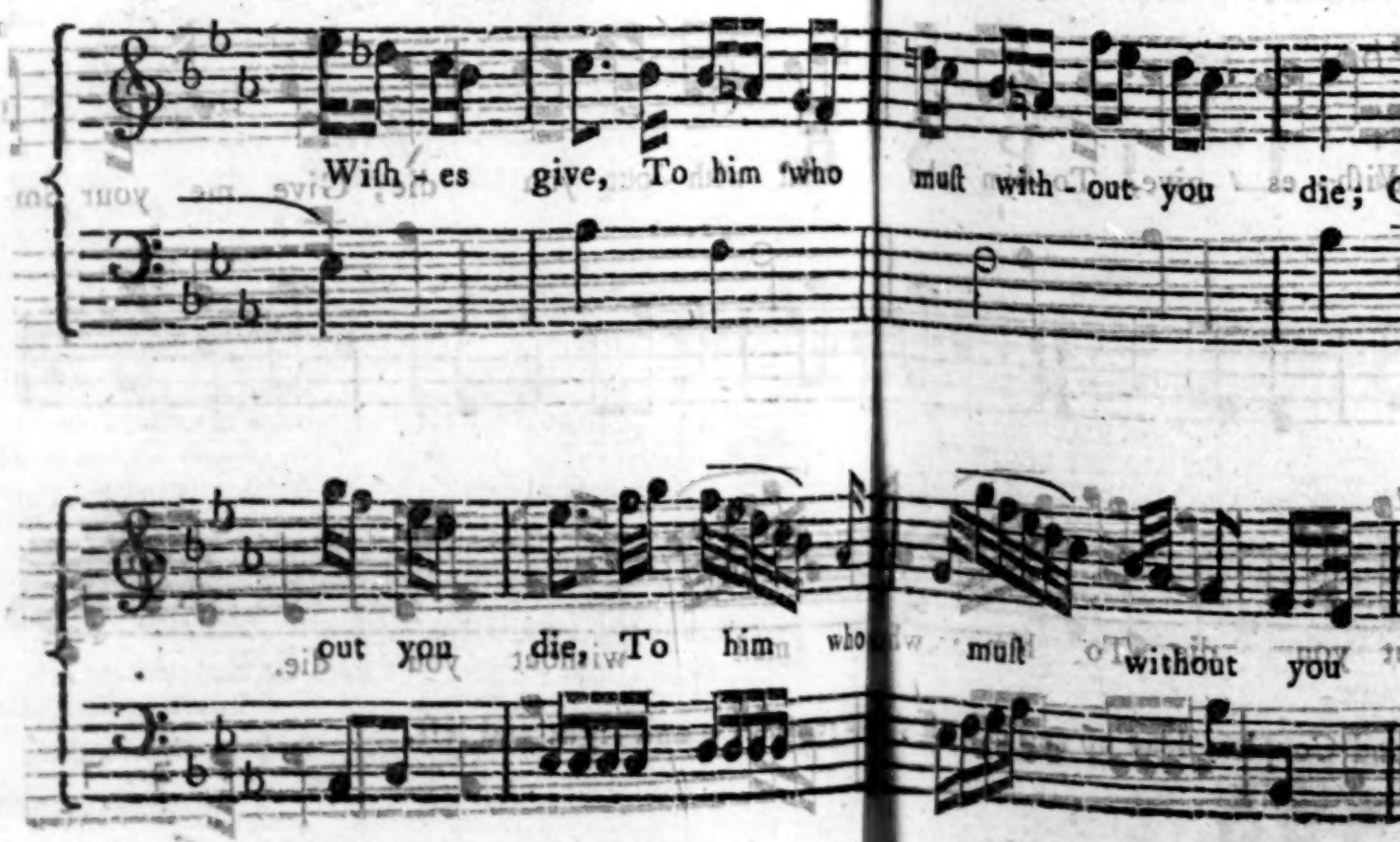


Shrunk

In vain you bid yo

Sung by Mr. Vernon,

Andante.
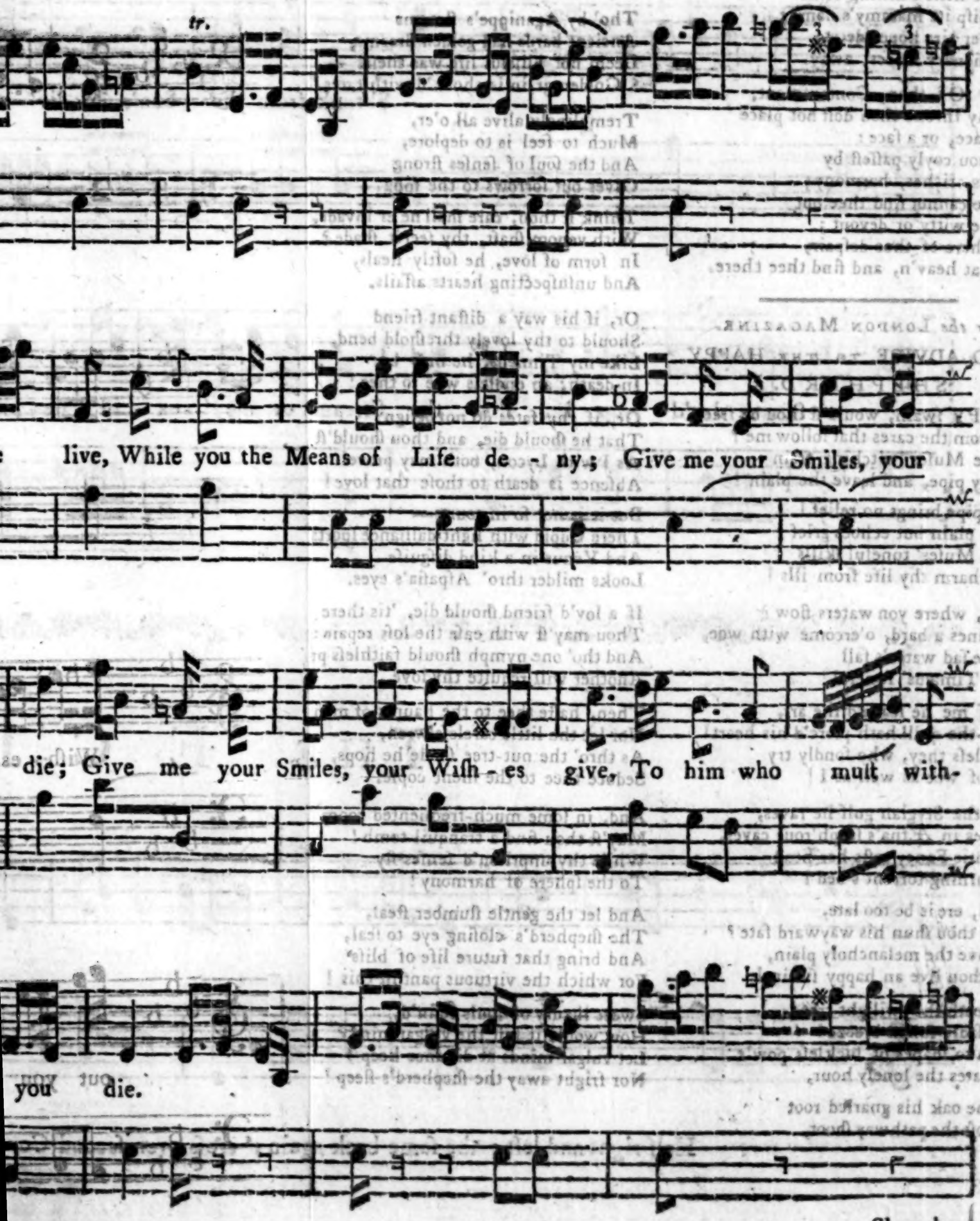




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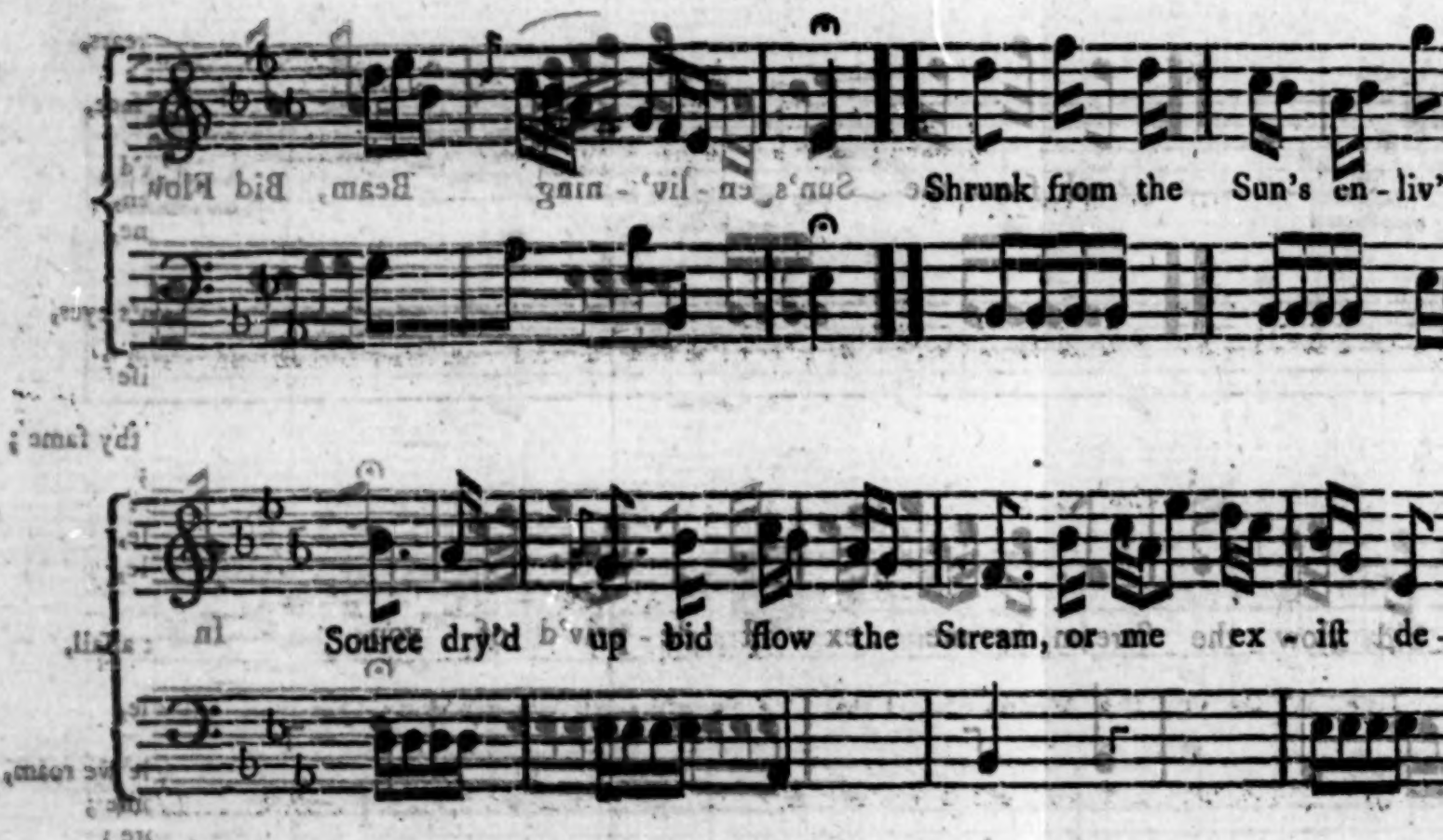
YOUR CAPTIVE LIVE,

ON, in the PADLOCK.
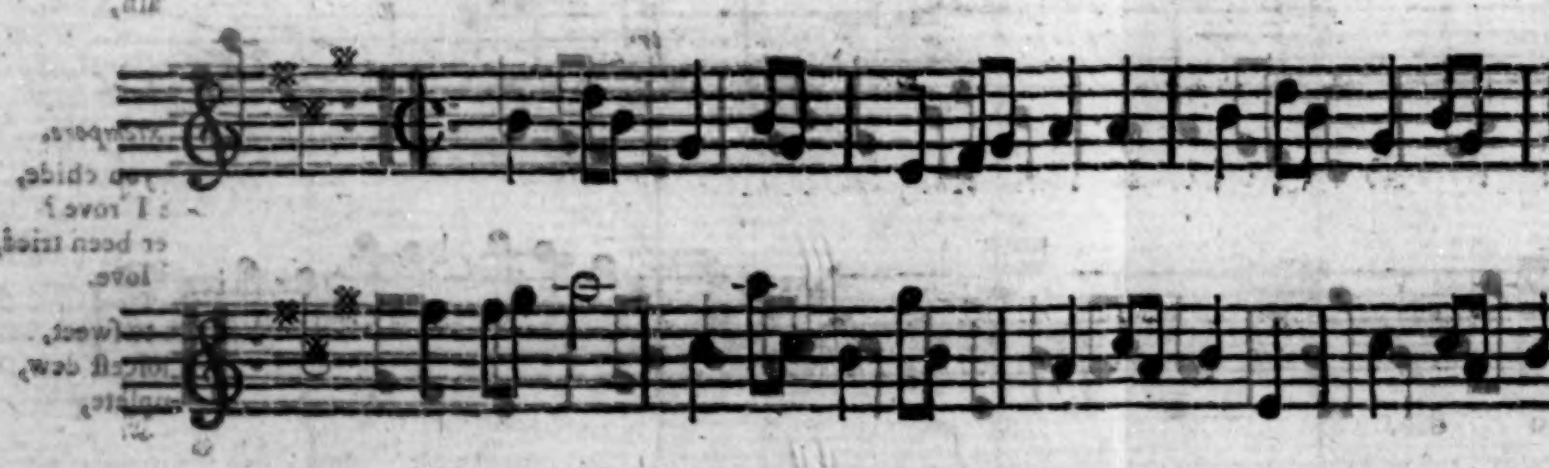


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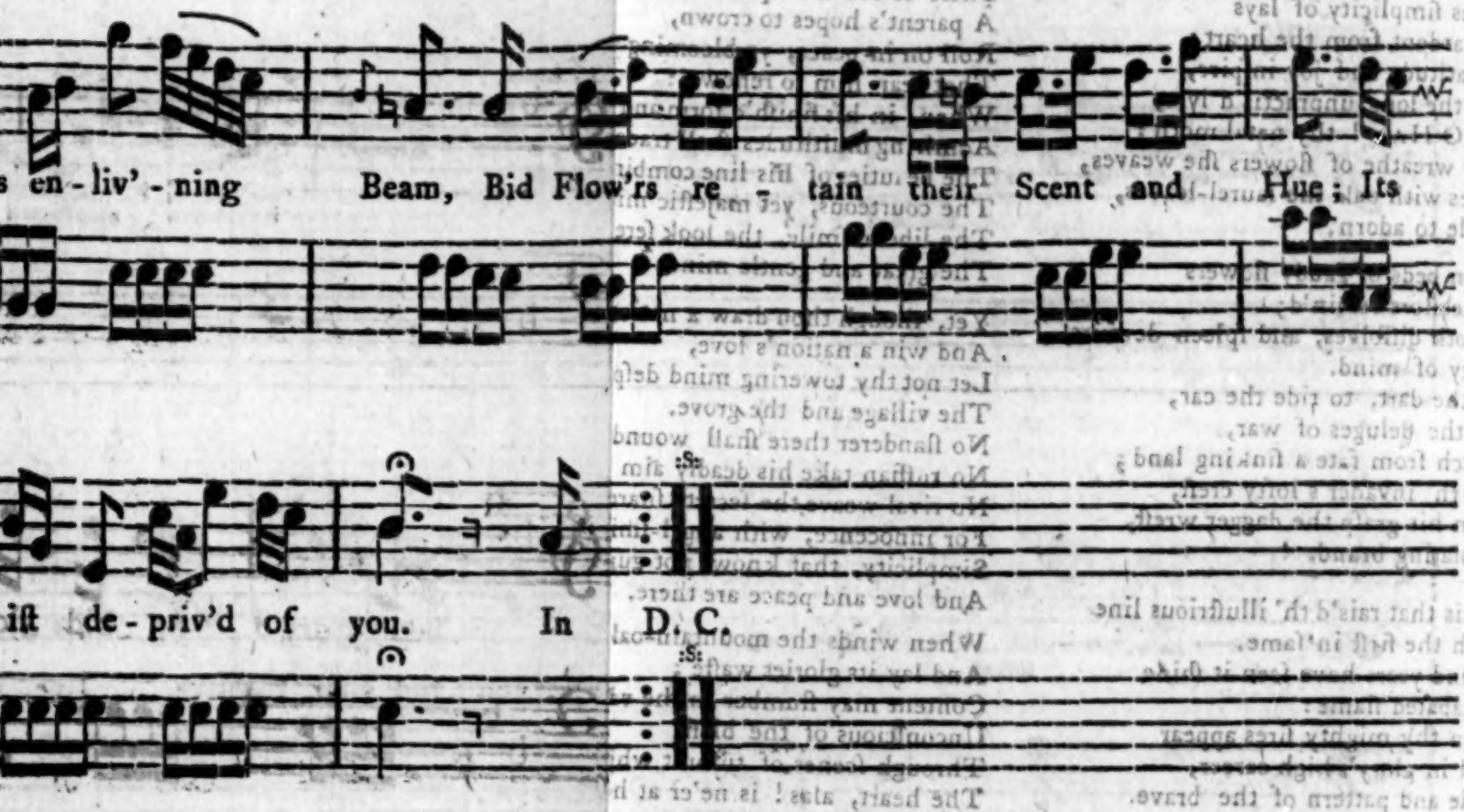
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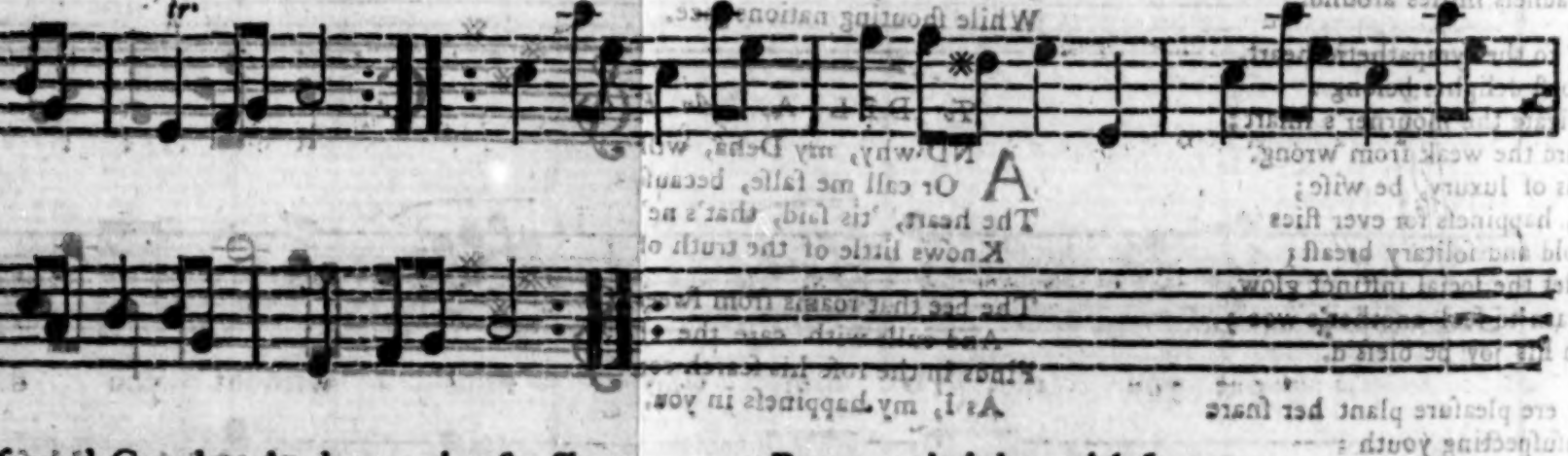
THE CLIPS



G continued.



C L I P S E.



Second Couple; lead up and caft off; turn your Part; and right and left.

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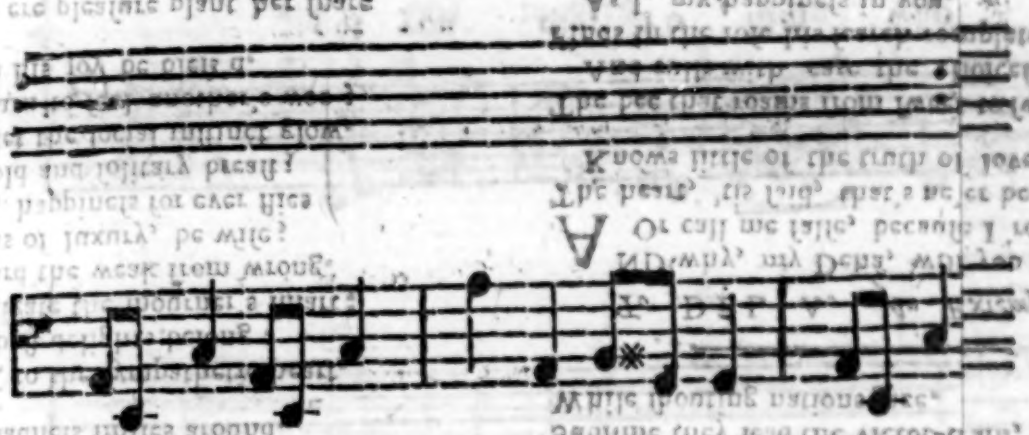
POETICAL ESSAYS IN DECEMBER, 1773.

ODE

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

ON LORD HAY'S BIRTH-DAY.

BY DR. BEATTIE.



Can'st thou, with smiling look serene,
Attune to tender woe the lyre?
Or, bent on more exalted theme,
Disdain the meek-eyed queen of sighs?
Ah! why should she, whose plaintive tone
Can soothe a pensive lover's pain,
Whose tears for others' sorrows flow,
Be call'd to join the warbling train?
Or why should I, by fancy led,
Invoke the pow'r unseen to hear,
Who, while the vulgar throng are fed
With empty sounds and idle air,
Delights to dwell with those alone
Who love humility of love
And listen to the still small tone
Of gratitude and joy?

Yet, since my theme is such, I'll not
Attempt the high heroic lay,
Or tell in verse how knights have fought
And barons won the well-fought day.
Nor shall my harp, by me unstrung,
Be taught to breathe the warlike note,
To rouse the fell to rapine and wrong,
Or kindle into rage the vote.
Nor will I touch the martial string
To paint the tented field,
How mighty hosts contend for fame,
By standard and by shield.
For why should I, with trembling hand,
Attempt to touch the quivering lyre,
While terror, pity, joy, despair,
Alternate rule the throbbing breast,
And sometimes all the tender train
Resign to rapture their soft reign?
Or why should I, with weaker art,
Assay to sing the power unknown
Who rules the spirit of the heart,
Till I have learn'd my theme from one
Whose simple song can touch the soul,
Whose truth can warm and please,
Whose fancy, like the vernal pow'r,
Can breathe and scatter flowers,
Whose lines with Nature's charms agree,
And, like her common blessings, free?

Then, Hay, attend the rustic lay
Which takes no pride to shine or sing,
Which does not ask the aid of art
To raise the trembling note or string,
But in the sweet sincerity
Of unaffected nature dress'd,
Thy candid bosom will approve
The tribute of a grateful breast.

Thou know'st, my friend, how few there are
Who judge with candour and with care,
Who love the mean of life to view,
Who can the golden mean pursue,
Who can in fortune's vernal bower
Suspect the tempest's hidden power,
Who, when the storm around them blows,
Can still amid the tempest smile.
Thou know'st how few, with equal mind,
Can rise superior to mankind,
Can learn with pity to compare
Their own with others' fate,
Can judge with calm impartial eye
Their bliss or woe, their hope or fear,
Can view unmov'd both scenes of life,
Can hear unelated both of praise,
Can see unsubdued both shapes of death,
Can scorn unconquer'd both forms of pain.
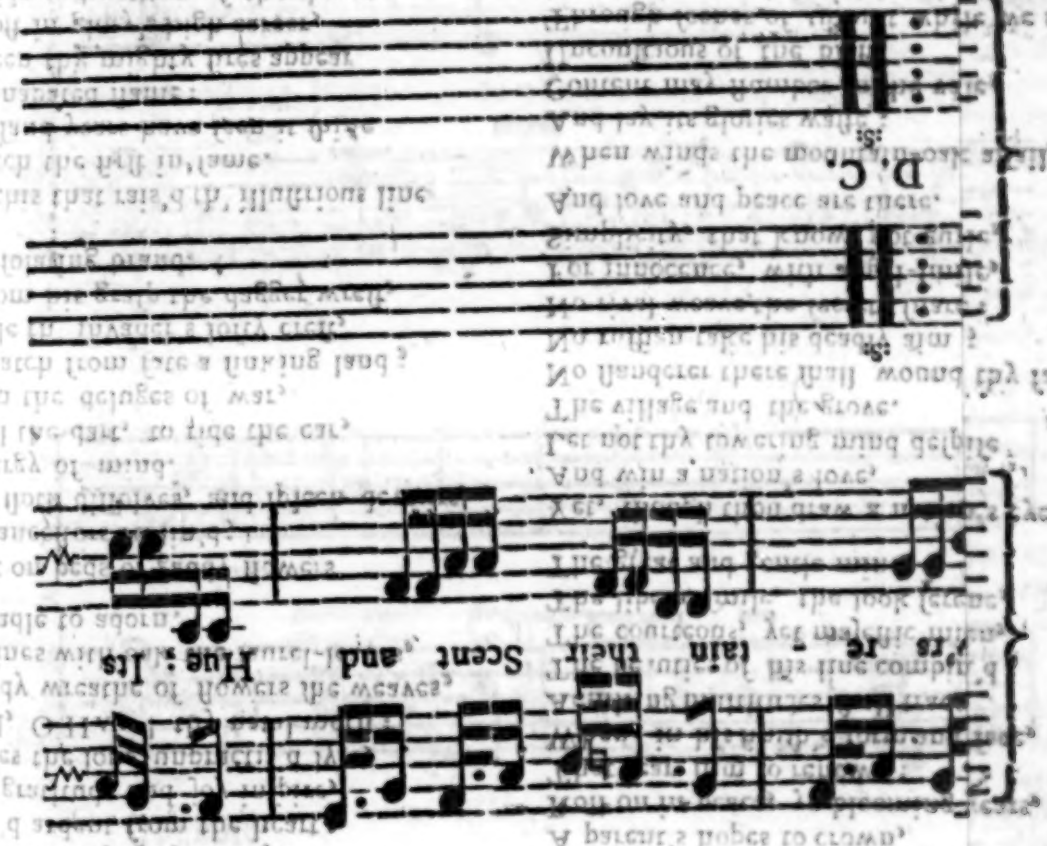
Thou know'st how few, with judgment clear,
Can estimate the worth of gold,
Can use the gifts of fortune well,
Can break the galling chain with ease,
Can laugh at splendid misery,
Can pity pride in rags,
Can give with generous modesty,
Can bless the hand that begs.

Thou know'st how few, with knowledge pure,
Can through the mist of error see,
Can guide the helpless wanderer right,
Can set the erring conscience free,
Can turn the current of the soul
To real bliss from passion's dream,
Can trace the path that leads to peace,
Can point the source of purer joy,
Can place the fix'd, the future state
In all its bright sublimity,
Can compose the storm, and hide the wave
Beneath the sacred calm of love,
Can soothe the troubled breast to hope,
Can bid the tear of anguish flow
In pity's dear relieving woe,
Can warm the heart, inspire the thought,
And turn the sage to virtue's theme.

Thou know'st how few, with taste refin'd,
Can wake the sympathetic mind,
Can strike the answering passions' tone,
Can please by pleasing one.

Thou know'st how few, with heart like thine,
Can judge of merit like to mine.

Then, Hay, attend the rustic lay
Which takes no pride to shine or sing,
Which does not ask the aid of art
To raise the trembling note or string,
But in the sweet sincerity
Of unaffected nature dress'd,
Thy candid bosom will approve
The tribute of a grateful breast.



Ah! why should I, with trembling lay,
Address the ear of one
Who can command the sweetest song
That ever charm'd the throne?
Who can, with taste and judgment true,
Decide on every tuneful claim,
Whose critic voice, whose critic ear,
Are those of Fancy, Love, and Fame?
Who, when the theme is Nature's cause,
Can soothe the weak with manly laws,
Can calm the fierce with gentle awe,
Can make the rude with pleasure glow,
Can warm the cold and coldest freeze,
Can fetch the tender sentiment from low,
And bid the lofty sentiment ebb?
Who, while the vulgar throng are fed
With empty sounds and idle air,
Delights to dwell with those alone
Who love humility of love
And listen to the still small tone
Of gratitude and joy?

Yet, since my theme is such, I'll not
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Whose truth can warm and please,
Whose fancy, like the vernal pow'r,
Can breathe and scatter flowers,
Whose lines with Nature's charms agree,
And, like her common blessings, free?

Then, Hay, attend the rustic lay
Which takes no pride to shine or sing,
Which does not ask the aid of art
To raise the trembling note or string,
But in the sweet sincerity
Of unaffected nature dress'd,
Thy candid bosom will approve
The tribute of a grateful breast.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

ODE
ON LORD HAY's BIRTH-DAY.

By Dr. BEATTIE.

AMUSE, unskill'd in venal praise,
Unstain'd with flattery's art;
Who loves simplicity of lays
Breath'd ardent from the heart;
While gratitude and joy inspire,
Resumes the long-unpractis'd lyre,
To hail, O HAY! thy natal morn:
No gaudy wreathe of flowers she weaves,
But twines with oak the laurel-leaves,
Thy cradle to adorn.

For not on beds of gaudy flowers
Thine ancestors reclin'd;
Where sloth dissolves, and spleen devours,
All energy of mind.
To hurl the dart, to ride the car,
To stem the deluges of war,
And snatch from fate a sinking land;
Trample th' invader's lofty crest,
And from his grasp the dagger wrest,
And desolating brand.

'Twas this that rais'd th' illustrious line
To match the first in fame.
A thousand years have seen it shine
With unabated flame:
Have seen thy mighty sires appear
Foremost in glory's high career,
The pride and pattern of the brave.
Yet, pure from lust of blood their fire,
And from ambition's wild desire;
They triumph'd but to save.

The Muse with joy attends their way
The vales of peace along:
There to its lord the village gay
Exalts the grateful song.
Yon castle's glittering tow'rs contain
No pit of woe, no clanking chain;
Nor to the suppliant's wail resound:
The opening doors the needy bless;
Th' unfriended hail their calm recess;
And gladness smiles around.

There, to the sympathetic heart,
Life's best delights belong:
To mitigate the mourner's smart;
To guard the weak from wrong.
Ye sons of luxury, be wise;
Know, happiness for ever flies
The cold and solitary breast;
Then let the social instinct glow,
And learn to feel another's woe;
And in his joy be blest'd.

O yet, ere pleasure plant her snare
For unsuspecting youth:
Ere flattery her song prepare
To check the voice of truth;
O may his country's guardian-power
Attend the slumbering infant's bower,
And bright Elysian dreams impart
To rouse th' hereditary fire:
To kindle each sublime desire;
Exalt, and warm the heart.

Swift to reward a parent's fears,
A parent's hopes to crown,
Roll on in peace, ye blooming years,
That bear him to renown:
When, in his finish'd form and face,
Admiring multitudes shall trace
The beauties of his line combin'd;
The courteous, yet majestic mien,
The liberal smile, the look serene,
The great and gentle mind.

Yet, though thou draw a nation's eyes,
And win a nation's love,
Let not thy towering mind despise
The village and the grove.
No slanderer there shall wound thy fame;
No ruffian take his deadly aim;
No rival weave the secret snare:
For innocence, with angel-smile,
Simplicity, that knows not guile,
And love and peace are there.

When winds the mountain-oak assail,
And lay its glories waste;
Content may slumber in the vale,
Unconscious of the blast.
Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas! is ne'er at home;
It hopes in time to roam no more:
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state!
The good alone have joy sincere;
The good alone are great!
Not less when, in the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
And hear the voice of artless praise;
Than when, along the trophy'd plain,
Sublime they lead the victor-train,
While shouting nations gaze.

To DELIA. *An Extempore.*

AND why, my Delia, will you chide,
Or call me false, because I rove?
The heart, 'tis said, that's ne'er been tried,
Knows little of the truth of love.

The bee that roams from sweet to sweet,
And culls with care the choicest dew,
Finds in the rose his search complete,
As I, my happiness in you.

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

LONDON.

TUESDAY, Nov. 30.

ON Saturday night the ſervant of a gentleman at Hammerſmith was committed to Newgate by Thomas Miller, Eſq. for aſſaulting, ſtriking, and collaring a ſheriff's officer in the execution of his office, in executing a diſtringas iſſuing out of the Court of Exchequer on the lands and chattels of his maſter. And early on Sunday morning the gentleman himſelf was committed to the ſame priſon, charged on oath with feloniouſly ſhooting at the ſaid Thomas Miller, Eſq. with a piſtol loaded, and wounding him in the ſide, for committing his ſervant to priſon.

THURSDAY, DEC. 2.

This day the long-conteſted point, whether the owner of a lodging-houſe, or landlord, can ſtop goods for rent before it becomes due, was determined in the court of Common-Pleas in favour of the tenant.

A grant is ordered to be prepared of ſeveral thouſand acres of land on the Ohio, in conſequence of a determination of a committee of the privy-council, that it would be advantageous to the nation to form ſettlements there. Mr. Walpole, and ſeveral other perſons, are to pay 1460l. for this grant, and a quit-rent of two ſhillings for every hundred acres, after the expiration of twenty years, of the lands that ſhall be cultivated.

SATURDAY 4.

This day the poll for a member of parliament for this city finally cloſed at Guildhall, when the numbers for each candidate appeared to be as follow: for the lord mayor 2695, for John Roberts, Eſq. 2481.

The lord mayor, aldermen Crosby, Wilkes, and Lewes, got into the lord mayor's coach to go to the Manſion-houſe, when the populace took out the horſes, and drew them thither in the carriage.

As ſoon as the lord-mayor returned to the Manſion-houſe, he was waited on by a great number of gentlemen to congratulate him on his ſucceſs, whom his lordſhip entertained in the moſt elegant manner. The long parlour and another room were full of company, and every table was covered with all kinds of the choiceſt proviſions, and a grand deſert. The company expreſſed the greateſt ſatisfaction at the elegance of the entertainment, and the regularity with which it was conducted.

Mr. Powell, who ſet off for York laſt Monday morning, to walk thither and back again, for a wager, in ſix days, returned to Hicks's hall about a quarter after ſix this evening, having performed it in five hours and three quarters leſs than the time allotted.

SUNDAY 5.

This evening Miſs Charlotte Buckworth, daughter of Sir Edward Buckworth, Bart. immediately on entering the drawing-room at Dr. Baker's, in Jermyn ſtreet, on a viſit, apparently in perfect health, fell down, and died inſtantly in the midſt of a large company.

TUESDAY 7.

This day a common hall was held at Guildhall, when the ſheriffs declared the numbers on the poll for each of the candidates to repreſent this city in parliament, and that the majority was in favour of the lord-mayor; but a ſcrutiny was demanded on behalf of Mr. Roberts, and the friends of the lord mayor alſo demanded a ſcrutiny on his part.

The ſame day a court of aldermen was held at Guildhall, when Robert Peckham, Eſq. was ſworn in alderman of Coleman-ſtreet ward.

FRIDAY 10.

At the court of common council held this day at Guildhall, the lord-mayor, the aldermen Kirkman, Alſop, Wilkes, and Hopkins, aſſiſted, when Mr. Stone gave in his ſecurities to the city as collector of the duties of ſcavage and package. The election of common-crier was then fixed for the next Friday. Alderman Wilkes then ſaid, he hoped the lord-mayor would call the next court at a very early hour, to give an opportunity of going fully into any buſineſs which any gentleman had to propoſe; that he would attend in his place, from the meeting of the court till its breaking up, and that he called upon the friends of Mr. Alderman Townſend, to acquaint him that it was expected he ſhould be there, on account of an affair then to be diſcuſſed relative to that gentleman. Mr. Stephen Tyers obſerved, that ſuch altercations at the next court might be prejudicial to the two candidates, as well as many of their friends, if previous to the election; and therefore wiſhed ſuch buſineſs might be deferred, which ſeemed likewiſe to be the opinion of many other gentlemen. Mr. Wilkes then deſired to ſubmit the whole to the opinion of the court, in which he acquieſced, but hoped it would be underſtood to come on the next court following that on Friday.

WED-

WEDNESDAY 15.

Extract of a Letter from Macao, a Portuguese Settlement on the Coaſt of China, dated Feb. 10.

"An Engliſh ſeaman, by name Scott, reſiding ſome ſhort time in this city, took into his ſervice a Chineſe, who ſerved him during his ſtay there in the capacity of a footman. In the night of the 15th of Dec. 1772, the Engliſh pilot embarked on board a ſhip ready to ſail from hence, and the ſame night his ſervant, the Chineſe, was found murdered here. No ſooner was the murder known, than the ſuſpicion naturally fell upon the Engliſh ſeaman from his ſudden departure; hence he therefore was apprehended on board the ſhip, and brought back to Macao, where he underwent a ſtrict judicial examination, by which, contrary to expectation, it clearly appeared that he was innocent of the fact laid to his charge. The Chineſe laws, however, are exceedingly ſevere with regard to murder committed here.

"Whenever a Chineſe ſuffers a violent death, the Portugueſe government is obliged to give up a Chriſtian, who is immediately put to death to atone for the offence. Now, as in the preſent caſe, there ſeemed to be no probability of diſcovering the real murderer, as the crime had been committed in the night, and no evidence appeared, the ſenate of Macao, contrary to all rules both of juſtice and humanity, reſolved to deliver up the poor Engliſhman, to appeaſe the Chineſe mandarines, who ſtrenuouſly inſiſted upon the obſervance of the law, and threatened deſtruction to the whole ſettlement in caſe of a refuſal. The governor of the city, however, violently oppoſed ſo unjuſt and barbarous a meaſure, and was ſo active in defence of the poor innocent man, that the mandarines began to hearken to reaſon, and would probably have been prevailed on to abate the rigour of the laws, if not entirely to pardon him; but the ſenate, under pretence of fearing the reſentment of the Chineſe, though in reality from a pique to the governor, delivered up the poor unfortunate man, who is to ſuffer the puniſhment the Chineſe law enacts."

This day, at the Public Office in Bow-ſtreet, a moſt horrid murder was diſcovered to the bench in the following extraordinary manner. About three o'clock yeſterday morning, one William Higgs came to the houſe of John Kean, a farmer at Lambourn-hall in Eſſex, and told him that his (Higgs's) brother, a neighbouring huſbandman, was dangerouſly ill, and requeſted to ſee Kean immediately. The farmer on this got up, and it being very dark, apprehending there might be danger, took a young lad about thirteen years of age with him, and armed Higgs with an axe. After they had walked a ſhort way from home, the farmer ſuddenly received a violent blow on the arm, which he thought was given him by Higgs, who, being aſked the reaſon of ſuch behaviour, replied he did not ſtrike him, but that the blow was given by two fellows under the hedge. Kean being alarmed at this, ſuddenly turned back to his wife. Some time after, Higgs alſo returned to the farm, with the axe in his hand, which Kean perceived to be bloody, and that ſome hair ſtuck to it. Higgs ſaid his brother was better, and that the boy would be back preſently, and retired ſeemingly in confuſion. Early in the morning the poor child was found dead, near the ſpot where his maſter left him, with his ſkull fractured in a moſt deſperate manner in two places. The murderer with great reaſon being ſuſpected to be Higgs, Mr. Kean's ſon ſet out alone to give Sir John Fielding an account of this barbarous affair; and on coming by St. Andrew's church, in Holborn, providentially ſaw Higgs ſtanding on the ſteps, whom he immediately ſeized, and with other aſſiſtance brought him to Bow-ſtreet, where he at firſt aſſerted his innocence, but at length, by the addreſs of Sir John, confeſſed the horrid act; and on being aſked his reaſon for ſuch an atrocious proceeding, ſimply anſwered, "God was not with him." He was committed for further examination, after which he will be ſent to Eſſex, in order to take his trial at the next aſſizes. The above abandoned wretch is a ſhort black man, between forty and fifty years of age, and brother to a reputable farmer in the neighbourhood where the murder was committed. It is ſuppoſed his intention was to have killed Mr. Kean and his wife, who were both ancient people, and afterwards rob their houſe; but that the agitation he felt, after diſpatching the lad, prevented him from putting his diabolical plan into execution.

FRIDAY 17.

This day was held a court of lord-mayor, aldermen, and common-council, at Guild-hall, in order to elect a common cryer for this city, in the room of the late Peter Roberts, Eſq. The candidates were Mr. Biſhop, one of the common-councilmen of Coleman-ſtreet ward, and Mr. Chancellor, late deputy common cryer; when the numbers were, for Mr. Biſhop, ſix aldermen and 112 commoners; in all 118. For Mr. Chancellor, 16 aldermen and 77 commoners; in all 93. Majority for Mr. Biſhop 25. Whereupon he was declared duly elected.

MONDAY 20.

Letters from Paris inform us, that a Swiſs ſoldier, who had been preſent at an aſſaſſination committed by one of his comrades, which he fruitleſsly endeavoured to prevent, had been condemned to the gallies for not diſcovering the murderer, who was, however, executed for it. Purſuant to his ſentence, the Swiſs was kept in priſon till he could be

sent off with other felons to the gallies. While in prison he gained so much on his keeper, that he allowed him more liberty than the rest of his prisoners, and was otherwise very kind to him. The Swiss, profiting from this liberty, had made a perforation in a certain part of the prison wall; but reflecting, if he should escape through it, his friend, the jailor, might be a sufferer, he took him to the place, and shewed him how practicable it was for him to escape, and afterwards continued in the jail till he was joined by other prisoners and sent to the gallies. The jailor having told the adventure to some friends, it at length reached the king's ear, who immediately pardoned the soldier for so generous an action towards his keeper.

THURSDAY 23.

This morning the scrutineers for the lord mayor and Mr. Roberts met at Guildhall. Mr. Roberts's scrutineers had retained Mr. Serjeant Davy and Mr. Beecroft; but the sheriffs refusing to admit the interference of counsel, Mr. Roberts's friends would not proceed on the scrutiny, but left the hall, declaring that they should seek redress in another quarter. After this the sheriffs opened the court of hustings, and immediately adjourned to the court of King's Bench, where Mr. Roberts and his scrutineers were with the usual form called to attend to the scrutiny; but none of them appeared. Then the lord mayor and his scrutineers were called upon, who instantly attended; but Mr. Alderman Wilkes, in the name of the whole, said, that as Mr. Roberts's scrutineers did not attend, they should not offer any objections to any of his votes; upon which the sheriffs adjourned to the next day, and gave notice that they would then, at eleven o'clock precisely, declare the numbers upon the poll.

FRIDAY 24.

This morning the lord mayor, with the sheriffs and Mr. Alderman Wilkes, attended by the city officers, came upon the hustings at Guildhall, and after ten or twelve gentlemen, besides the sheriffs, had signed the proper indentures, Mr. Bishop (the new common crier) came forward, and repeated the state of the poll, whereupon the lord mayor was declared duly elected.

The lord mayor then came forward, and in a concise speech thanked the livery for their very kind support during the election, and assured them, that, as they had thought proper to chuse him their representative, he would diligently attend to his duty in parliament, and support the interest of this kingdom in general, and of the great and opulent city of London in particular. His lordship concluded by declaring, that, during the whole course of the late election, he had not used any improper method to bias one individual to vote in his favour.

THURSDAY 30.

The late duel between Meff. Whately and Temple having been the subject of much conversation, and as many of our readers might be at a loss to know what gave rise to it, were we only to inform them in general, that the dispute between those two gentlemen was occasioned by the publication of some letters at Boston, written by Meff. Hutchinson and Oliver, and which were intimated in some letters signed Antenor, published here, to have been communicated by Mr. Whately to Mr. Temple, and through him to the assembly at Boston; for the better understanding of the whole affair, we shall here lay before our readers the authentic letter of Mr. Temple, with an extract from that of Mr. Whately, by which they will not only be enabled to judge of the above transaction, but also of the particular passages, which probably brought on the duel.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

HAVING read in your paper of this day an imputation upon my character, under the signature of Antenor, I called on Mr. Whately the banker, whose name is mentioned, to know whether he had authorised that charge, or avowed the truth of the pretended facts on which it is founded. Mr. Whately totally disclaimed them, and denied that he had authorised any person to use his name, or knew the writer. I then read to him the state of facts relative to me in the said paper; all of which he acknowledged were false, except that, about a year ago, he gave me some letters of my own, written to his late brother when secretary to the Treasury; and that we had together read some other letters from gentlemen in America, but none of those lately published of Meff. Hutchinson, Oliver, Paxton, &c. which Mr. Whately assured me he had never seen till they appeared in print.

Anonymous attacks are not to be regarded; but if no notice were taken of them, when names are mentioned, *concealed villains* might in some measure answer their infamous purposes.

Dec. 8. J. TEMPLE.

Extract from Mr. Whately's Letter.

SOME time about the month of October in the last year, Mr. Temple applied to me, &c. &c. * * *

dents in America, in the exact state in which they had come into my possession; some regularly sorted, and some promiscuously tied together; and among them were several from Mr. Temple himself and his brother, and from Gov. Hutchinson, Mr. Oliver, and others, &c. &c. * * *

las, eldeſt daughter of the late William Nicholas, Eſq. of Froyle in Hampſhire. — 22. At Leeds, Parker Steele, Eſq. eldeſt ſon of Sir Rich. Steele, of the kingdom of Ireland, Bart. to Miſs Verity, formerly of Leeds, but who lately reſided at Briſtol.—By a ſpecial licence, the hon. John Tollmache, to the right hon. Lady Bridget Lane, daughter of the late Earl of Northington. — 28. In Dublin, the right hon. Lord Sydney, to the hon. Miſs St. Lawrence, daughter to the Earl of Lowth.

DEATHS.

Dec. AT Cuxham in Oxfordſhire, the rev. Sir John D'Oyly, Bart. the laſt male heir of the Oxford branch of that family, whoſe anceſtor came over with the Conqueror, and built the caſtle of Oxford. And a few days afterwards, at Glouceſter, his ſiſter, Mrs. Jones, wife of William Jones, Eſq. of Naſs. — 7. At Edinburgh, Lady Catherine Hay, ſiſter to the marquis of Tweeddale. — 13. In Queen-Anne-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare, Capt. Lambert, of the royal navy, who was lieutenant of the Centurion man of war when ſhe ſailed round the world with the late Lord Anſon. — 17. At her houſe in Bentinck-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare, Mrs. Stanhope, widow of Charles Stanhope, Eſq. and mother of Edwin Francis Stanhope, Eſq. — 18. In the ſeventh year of his age, after a ſhort illneſs, the ſecond ſon of the right hon. Thomas Townſhend, at his father's houſe in Cleveland-court, St. James's. — 20. At his houſe in Privy-Gardens, Whitehall, Andrew Stone, Eſq. treaſurer to the queen, and tutor to his majeſty when Prince of Wales. — 29. Of an apoplectic fit, at her father's houſe in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, Miſs Mary Darlington, aged 19. She was to have been married in a day or two. — 21. Another ſon of the hon. Thomas Townſhend, jun. being the ſecond within about a week. — 23. At his houſe in Soho-ſquare, Sir William Elliot, Bart. — 28. Of the gout, at his ſeat in Hertfordſhire, the right hon. James Viſcount Grimſtone. — 30. Of a ſtroke of the palſy, at his ſeat at Blackford in Devonſhire, Sir John Rogers, Bart. recorder and ſenior alderman of the corporation of Plymouth. Dying without iſſue, he is ſucceeded in title and eſtate by his brother, now Sir Frederick Rogers, Bart. commiſſioner of the navy at Plymouth.

B—NK—TS.

JOHN CARTWRIGHT, of Great St. Thomas Apoſtle, wine merchant.

William Craven, of St. James, Clerkenwell, victualler.

John Rolon, of St. Martin-le-Grand, London, bookſeller and ſtationer.

William Denman, of Mansell-ſtreet, Goodman's-Fields, gunſtock-maker.

George Henſhaw, of Gravel-lane, Southwark, ſoapboiler.

Chriſtopher Eaton, of Great Yarmouth in Norfolk, victualler.

Benjamin Oldfield, of Bramley in the parish of Leeds in Yorkſhire, maltſter.

Robert Campbell, late of Jamaica, but now of London, merchant.

Thomas Dade, of Great Yarmouth in Norfolk, merchant.

John Money, of Swaffham in Norfolk, moneyſcrivener.

Samuel Death, of Lavenham in Suffolk, yarnmaker.

Samuel Warrinton, of Wilmſlow in Cheſhire, mercer.

Richard Hebb, of Kington in Herefordſhire, tanner.

Iſaac Coats, of Alſtonefield in Staffordſhire, dealer.

George Godden, of Biddenden in Kent, dealer in corn.

William Carter, of Chriſt-Church in Middleſex, money ſcrivener.

Jonathan Brunt, of Over-Haddon, in Derbyſhire, potter.

Lewis Cuthbert, late of Kingſton in Jamaica, but now of Wells-ſtreet, St. Mary-le-bonne, Middleſex, merchant.

William Johnſton, otherwiſe Johnſon, of St. James, Clerkenwell, dealer in wine.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Wincheſter, Dec. 4.

ON Thurſday ſe'nnight Mr. P. and Capt. M. ſpending the evening together in this city, the former happened to throw out ſome injurious expreſſions relative to the captain's character; in conſequence of which they met by mutual conſent the next morning early, in a field behind the king's palace, to decide the matter in an honourable manner: Mr. P. diſcharged his piſtol firſt, and, by the account received from the ſeconds, the piſtol ball paſſed very near the captain's right arm; the captain then preſented his piece, and the contents paſſed through the flap of Mr. P.'s coat; upon which he immediately aſked the captain's pardon; and they afterwards ſpent the day amicably together.

York, Dec. 4. One evening laſt week a farmer in Port-Shrigley, near Macclesfield, happening to be at an alehouſe making merry with ſome acquaintance, and his wife going to fetch him home, he refuſed to go, which put her in ſo violent a paſſion that ſhe ſwore ſhe would be revenged; accordingly ſhe went home, and put a quantity of gunpowder into the tinder-box, put out the fire, and went to bed. Her huſband coming home ſoon after, and a neighbour with him, he took the tinder-box, intending to light a candle, and on ſtriking fire the powder catched and blew out both his eyes, and ſcorched his neighbour in a terrible manner.

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, Dec. 15.

FROM Banff-ſhire, we are informed of the following accident: one Mitchell, who lives at Mortlich in that county, had paid his addreſſes to a young woman

woman in the neighbourhood, and the day was fixed for the marriage. Mitchell was assisted by a relation of his, of the name of Hay, in inviting his friends to the wedding. In their progress, they called at a country alehouse, where, after drinking some whisky they unhappily quarrelled, when Mitchel stabbed his friend in the belly with a knife, of which wound he died soon after. Mitchell immediately made his escape. What makes this story very melancholy, is the truly piteous situation of the poor woman to whom Mitchell was to have been married, and of his old father, who passing so unexpectedly from a scene of joy, to this scene of misery, fell into a phrenzy, and it is thought will not long survive it.

AMERICA.

We doubt not but our American Readers will consider the following as a valuable Article, since it points out the certain Means of destroying the Ant, *which has done so much Mischief in the American Islands, and at Martinico in particular.*

A Destructive plague, which for several years past has afflicted Martinico, is become an essential object of the government's attention; and as the progress of the evil increases, the more diligent have they been in their enquiries concerning it, the result whereof they now communicate to the colony.

The present general and intendant, before they themselves observed, during the course of their tours, the different methods tried by the planters for destroying the ants, endeavoured to procure from the neighbouring island, all the information that could possibly be collected.

On their arrival in this colony, a report prevailed, that an infallible remedy against the attacks of that insect, had fortunately been discovered in Demerara. The general dispatched the Count de Kersaint thither, and the result of that officer's information was, that, after having in vain consulted the physicians at Leyden, they had made a successful experiment of a mixture of arsenic and Cassada flour newly rasped, against a species of ant, which appears to be the same that infects Martinico.

The species of ants have unfortunately too much multiplied. That which, for some years past, has infested Martinico, and seems to be the most formidable, first appeared in the quarter of Francois, in the year 1764: having been brought, it is said, from the English island, especially Barbadoes, where it has been for above sixty years.

The first and surest method employed against that insect is by laying the lands under water; but as the situation of ground in general will not admit of it, that method, though effectual, unluckily cannot often be carried into execution.

Another method more practicable, and of which the effect appears certain, after the necessary time for its operation, is, by poisoning them with a mixture of sugar and arsenic, which has been successfully tried.

The lucky effect of this experiment recommends its practice, which, however, is not without danger, and whereof the use (for reasons which every body knows) ought to be attended to with the most careful precaution.

Mr. de Massias has tried a mixture of crabs and tourlouroux with arsenic, and that new bait seems to accelerate the extirpation of the ants on his lands.

Mr. Fauchier, planter at Robert, whose lands have been laid waste by the ants, has tried different methods to destroy them; but, as they almost all were fruitless, he has just finished his experiments by a new composition, consisting in an amalgamation of two substances; the one from Europe, the other of this country; but, as he has not mentioned what these substances are, it will be useless to enlarge on the success of his experiments.

In the quarter of St. Ann, they made use of gun-powder and boiling water against the ants, and now they have entirely disappeared.

If, however, the efficacy of example should not operate with the generality of the planters in this colony, and that the one increased his labour while another neglected it, the undertaking will be in vain; as the fruits of the industry of the assiduous planters would be annihilated by the inactivity of the others.

Processes and Receipts analogous to the preceding Representation.

THE two following processes are the result of two different chymical combinations; the one of sugar with arsenic, the other of arsenic with the body of crabs, or tourlouroux pounded.

The first of those combinations is easy, because the arsenic, although a mineral substance, has, like sugar, the property of dissolving in water.

The second combination, composed of arsenic mixed with the bodies of crabs or tourlouroux pounded, is equally easy; the shells of those animals, filled with it, being distributed in the places infected with ants.

Messrs de Lafaye, planters at the Fond l'Aitlet, in the quarter of Case Pilote, successfully practiced the first of those processes.

Such a prodigious swarm of ants had spread themselves over thirty quarres of land, being part of the plantation of Messrs de Lafaye, that the ground, the canes, and the very roads were covered with them.

They

They then made the firſt eſſays to deſtroy them; they burned the canes in the land after the crop; they afterward laid upon every ſpot that ſwarmed with them, bundles of ſtraw ſprinkled with melaſſes and ſet them on fire, after being ſure that the ants, attracted by that liquor, were got into them; but the firſt experiment having produced no effect, they then had recourſe to Mr. de Thomaſeau's proceſs.

After having compoſed their ſugar and arſenic they diſtributed it, in ſmall portions, on the lands infected.

They even ſtrewed it, in the night time, upon the roads adjoining their plantations, and took care themſelves to watch the dangerous conſequence of that operation.

The diminution of the ants was very little perceived the firſt two years; but this being the third, they have diſappeared. 'Tis true, they had the precaution to plant caſſada and corn, inſtead of canes; and although the latter production attracts the ants, there is reaſon to ſuppoſe, that they are not ſo fond of it as of ſugar, ſince they have not again appeared.

Recipe relative to the Mixture of Sugar and Arſenic.

Take ſix forms of ſugar either of melaſſes or canes, and boil it over again in two boilers; when the teach is ready to be ſtruck, throw into it nine pounds of pulverized arſenic; let that mixture remain on the fire until it be cryſtalized; pound it when cold and then ſtrew it.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

PRUSSIA.

Berlin, Dec. 11.

PRINCE Frederick Henry Charles, eldeſt ſon of his royal highneſs prince Ferdinand of Pruſſia, died on Wedneſday laſt, in the fifth year of his age, after an illneſs of a few days.

POLAND.

Warſaw, Nov. 24. It is beyond a doubt that the treaties of ceſſion, concluded by the republick with the three allied courts, have at laſt been ratified by the king. This news gives great joy, becauſe it is ſuppoſed that the three allied courts will make no diſpute about executing the other articles of the treaties, and likewiſe the ſeparate articles.

GERMANY.

Antwerp, Nov. 19. A violent hurricane which happened in the night of the 15th of this month, cauſed that part of this city, called the lower, to be overflowed by the waters of the Schelde. The cathedral had ſeveral feet of water in it preſently, and part of the floor of the choir was thrown up by the water underneath. The damage done to different buildings, and to the merchandize and proviſion in different magazines, is eſtimated at ſeveral thouſand florins.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR Edinburgh correſpondent (if he is acquainted with the nature of a Magazine) will conclude we have done our beſt to oblige him. It is always with regret we omit any valuable favours; but a Magazine, like a Stage Coach, muſt ſet out at its appointed time, and delays are equally dangerous to both.

We are ſorry we did not ſooner receive the Scheme for the Advantage of Families; *as that circumſtance alone has prevented its appearance in this number, it ſhall certainly have a place in our Magazine for January.*

The School of Love *will be inſerted in the* Appendix.

None of the new Love Queſtions, *ſent us by our correſpondents, can, at preſent, be admitted, as an alteration in that part of our plan is under conſideration.*

A Spectator, *in anſwer to* Philo Eccleſiæ et Veritatis, *and the letter ſigned* G. *on the ſame ſubject, ſhall both appear in the* Appendix.

The aſtronomical Letter from Lancaſter *ſhall likewiſe have a place in our next publication, which we apprehend will be as ſoon as neceſſary.*

Veritas, *beſides being too long, is unintereſting.*

A. Z. *is totally unintelligible.*

Several other pieces, which came late to hand, we muſt beg time to examine.

Our Mathematical Correſpondents *will in future be ſo obliging as to draw their diagrams on a ſmaller ſcale. We have not always leiſure to reduce them ourſelves, and ſhould be ſorry to omit them on that account.*

APPENDIX
TO THE
LONDON MAGAZINE,
MDCCLXXIII.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

DEBATES OF A POLITICAL SOCIETY.

(Continued from our laſt.)

FEBRUARY 23.

THE order of the day was read for the Houſe to go into a Committee, in order to conſider of the ſubſcription to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, or any other teſt now required of perſons in either of the Univerſities.

As ſoon as the order was read, ſeveral of the members were for putting an immediate negative thereon, and called loudly for the queſtion, whether the ſpeaker ſhould quit the chair or not.

Sir William Meredith then roſe, and acquainted the Houſe with his general reaſons, as well as what appeared to be the ſenſe of the Houſe laſt year, on the impropriety of impoſing teſts upon youth at the time of matriculation; and concluded by aſſuring thoſe gentlemen, that if they were determined to put a negative upon the propoſed enquiry, in the firſt inſtance, he intended to transfer the debate from the preſent motion to another queſtion, that is, whether this Houſe be competent to judge of the propriety or impropriety of any ſubſcription or teſt eſtabliſhed at our univerſities.

Here he was ſeverally anſwered by Mr. Page, Sir Roger Newdigate, and Mr. Beckwith, that nothing was now properly before the Houſe, but whether ſuch an enquiry or diſcuſſion was neceſſary — that there was nothing offered which could induce the Houſe to conſent to the ſpeaker's quitting the chair, nor any ground laid down, or propoſitions ſtated on which it could regularly debate — that as to the honourable mover's intentions of propoſing another queſtion to the conſideration of the Houſe till the other was diſpoſed, it was entirely irregular and unparliamentary — and that, as to the omnipotence of parliament, though it was not denied, the ſecond queſtion would nevertheleſs revert and remain on the ſame foundations as the firſt, thoſe of expediency and neceſſity, and therefore the ſame reaſons that would induce the Houſe to reſiſt one propoſition, muſt oblige them to refuſe to enter on the conſideration of the other.

Sir William then took a pamphlet out of his pocket, which he announced to be the work of Dr. Tucker, dean of Glouceſter, purporting "that ſubſcription, or teſts, might be very well diſpenſed with from young gentlemen on their matriculation, and from maſters of arts, and thoſe who took degrees in law, phyſic, and muſic." That if the ſpeaker quitted the chair, and the matter came to be debated, this was the ground he chiefly intended to take — that the ſame propoſition, or at leaſt thoſe of an exact ſimilar tendency, were rejected laſt

year: he ſubmitted to the Houſe, that every thing which paſſed in the debate on that occaſion, rather encouraged him in the propriety of the preſent application; and concluded by appealing to his oppoſers, if they contended, that every thing laid down in the thirty-nine articles, and every ſubſcription and teſt eſtabliſhed in their ſupport, were to be defended without reſerve.

Sir Roger Newdigate anſwered, that the opinion of a ſingle divine, however able, was not a ſufficient reaſon for entering into the propoſed diſquiſition—that the univerſities were the two firſt corporations of the kingdom—that the acknowledged rights which they had now exerciſed, without any complaint againſt them, for more than two centuries, were not to be weakly or wantonly ſported with to gratify the caprice of particular perſons—that the interpoſition of the legiſlature could never be juſtified on any occaſion relative to corporate bodies, but on ſome proof, or, at leaſt, ſtrong ſuggeſtions, that they had abuſed the power entruſted to them—that nothing of that nature was ſo much as pretended in the preſent inſtance. He ſaid, for his part, he was already ſufficiently apprized of the matter that was to be the intended ſubject of debate, and it was for that very reaſon that he thought it highly improper to enter into any conſideration of what he was well convinced, upon the moſt rational grounds, might be defended by the moſt cogent reaſons; but, if otherwiſe, could not, in its preſent form, be a proper ſubject for parliamentary diſcuſſion.

The queſtion was again vehemently called for, on which Mr. Graves ſtood up, and ſpoke for a conſiderable time in behalf of the motion, and the Houſe imperceptibly fell into a debate, in which the whole merits of the intended propoſitions came to be amply diſcuſſed, when the Houſe divided 64 for the ſpeaker's quitting the chair, and 159 againſt it.

The principal arguments advanced by the latter were, that the growing diſſipations, and the total diſregard for all revealed religion, which daily gained ground, and formed the leading characteriſtic of the preſent age, made it a very improper ſeaſon for giving any encouragement to an application of this nature—that a ſpirit of innovation had gone forth, which if not timely cruſhed, or at leaſt diſcouraged, might produce the moſt dangerous and fatal conſequences—that this Houſe, as one of the branches of the legiſlature, was obliged, from every motive of good ſenſe, religion, and policy, to abſtain from every act which might be conſtrued into the moſt diſtant mark of approbation of any attempt to pull up the foundations of the pureſt religion and beſt conſtructed government upon earth—that the writings of the *modern Evangeliſts*, and their fellow labourers and followers, a Rouſſeau, a Voltaire, a Bolingbroke, and a Hume, urged them to a double ſolicitude and attention—that any encouragement given by the legiſlature to the vain, ſelf-ſufficient contentions of fallible men, by which they might expect to triumph not only over eſtabliſhments modified with the greateſt wiſdom, and formed ſtrictly conſonant to the ſoundeſt rules of human policy, but ſupported by the great baſis of the word of God expreſsly revealed for that purpoſe, would be as weak as impious—that the ſubſcription and teſt propoſed to be aboliſhed was not ſuppoſed to be the digeſted confirmed opinions and received doctrines of the perſon ſubſcribing, but only as a declaration of the ſtudent at his matriculation, that he was a member of the church of England, as contra-diſtinguiſhed from any other church whatever, and every denomination of diſſenters—that as a proof that this is the light the univerſities intended it ſhould be received, nothing more than barely ſubſcribing on admiſſion is required; but, on the perſon after coming to take a degree, the thirty-nine articles are read to him, and his aſſent formally required to the doctrines therein contained—that the ſtatutes, on which the ſubſcription was founded, had been framed for the wiſeſt purpoſes, and had, except in times of civil confuſion or tyranny, been invariably adhered to—that both the religious and political motives, which gave birth to them, had likewiſe prevailed in every other ſtate in Europe, where a different religion from the eſtabliſhed

eſtabliſhed one had been tolerated, particularly in the German univerſities, and in France ſo long as the edict of Nantes remained in force; for, though a perſon profeſſing the reformed religion might enjoy the firſt offices in the ſtate, or the firſt poſt in the army, yet none could be admitted into any univerſity in the kingdom without ſubſcribing to an uniformity in opinion in religious matters, with that of the eſtabliſhed church — that it did not become the dignity or wiſdom of this Houſe to enter into a formal and ſolemn diſcuſſion of a matter, on which the moſt diſtant complaint had not been offered by the perſons who were ſuppoſed to be aggrieved — that the wiſdom of our anceſtors, in impoſing the teſts now complained of, had been ſufficiently confirmed by the happy conſequences they had produced; for if an eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment means any thing in a political light, it is ſtrengthened in proportion as the numbers who conform to its doctrines are encreaſed, the happineſs and bleſſings it diffuſes being ſecured by its permanency, and the latter by the encreaſed number of its members.

There was a great deal more ſaid in reply, in ſupport of the above points; and the almoſt univerſal ſpirit of infidelity, diſſipation, and public ſcandal given to religion and ſound morality, as proved from our reigning manners, diverſions, diſcourſes, and writings, were very fully and ably dwelt on, and ſome particular inſtances adduced in proof of thoſe general aſſertions.

On the other hand it was contended, that it was to the laſt degree abſurd to impoſe a ſubſcription on a youth on his matriculation, to matters, and on points, of which it is impoſſible he can be ſufficiently informed — that not only at the tender years in which youth are uſually matriculated, but even through their whole lives, there are many things which in thoſe infant years they are made to ſubſcribe, though they can never comprehend them — that many of the articles, which they are obliged to give a formal aſſent to, are, in themſelves, totally contradictory, unintelligible, or abſurd — that in particular, who is he that at any age can pretend to underſtand or reconcile the Nicene or Athanaſian creeds, which form a part of thoſe articles? — that ſuch as do are, in all probability, pretenders; for without a proof of inſpiration, which none of our modern divines will ſay they are *gifted* with, every attempt of that nature muſt only ſerve to excite ridicule — that a boy, after twelve years, is obliged to enter into a ſolemn declaration of matters, which require every aſſiſtance of human learning and ripe judgment to form an opinion on, and yet he is not compelled to take the oaths of allegiance and ſupremacy till he attains the age of ſixteen, though one might ſuppoſe he might be a better judge of the ſimple propoſition why his majeſty was his lawful ſovereign, than be able to decide on the controverted points of religion, involved in the deep and intricate mazes of metaphyſics, theology, and moral philoſophy — that if the preſent ſubſcriptions and teſts were aboliſhed, it would be the means of encouraging diſſenters and others to ſend their children to the univerſities, which would be by much the moſt ſucceſsful method of bringing them over to the eſtabliſhed church — that the ſtatutes at Oxford, which enjoined the ſubſcription, was the work of that hot-headed, bigotted churchman Laud, that proteſtant monk, and enemy to the civil liberties of this country, who, in order to eſtabliſh tyranny to the fulleſt extent, could deviſe no method to enſure its completion more proper, than to fetter the human mind with an implicit aſſent to propoſitions no leſs impious than abſurd — that the firſt reformers, in every ſtep they took in reſiſting and throwing off the ſuperſtitions of the church of Rome, did every thing in their power to open the door to proteſtants of all denominations, and of tender conſciences, this being the grand principle of the reformation — that any particular rules or injunctions they might have laid down in the firſt outſet were only with a view to ſhut out concealed papiſts, not to exclude their brethren, who were embarked in the ſame cauſe — that it was not till the latter end of Elizabeth's reign, and the ſucceeding ones of James and Charles, that thoſe rules, in order to ſupport principles

totally ſubverſive of the conſtitution, were firſt employed to oppreſs and exclude the deſcendents of thoſe whoſe then only imputed crime was, that they were no leſs attached to liberty in the ſtate than in the church — that even in the year 1581, the letters of Burleigh and Leiceſter plainly proved the true and genuine intention of requiring ſubſcriptions to ſyſtems of faith — and, on the whole, that the thirty-nine articles were as repugnant to civil liberty, as to the word of God; for as, in the latter inſtance, they contained doctrines as contradictory to revelation as to each other, ſo in the former they reſiſted the fundamental principles of the conſtitution, of which Sacheverel's defence on his trial was the moſt irrefragable proof; for he there, in the fulleſt and moſt able manner, proved, that if he had erred in the doctrines he had preached, the fault muſt be imputed not to him, but to thoſe he had learned from the church of England, which he had profeſſed and ſworn to defend, as laid down in the homilies that are contained in the thirty-nine articles.

The principal ſpeakers in behalf of the motion were, Mr. Graves, Mr. Grenville, Sir William Meredith, Sir George Saville, Sir Charles Bunbury, Mr. C. Fox, Mr. Roſe Fuller, Mr. Dowdeſwell, and Sir Richard Sutton; againſt it, Mr. Page, Sir Roger Newdigate, Mr. Beckwith, Mr. Welbore Ellis, Mr. Jenkinſon, Lord North, Sir William Dolben, Mr. Skinner, Mr. T. Townſhend, Mr. Cornwall, and Mr. Fitzmaurice.

Feb. 24. — Mr. Mackworth offered to preſent a petition to the Houſe from the hatters of New-York. The purport of it, as explained by Mr. Mackworth, was to amend and explain an act of the ſixth of his preſent majeſty, which, by its preſent conſtruction, prevented the importers of hats from England from ſending them into any other colony than where they were landed. This, he ſaid, he was ſure could never be the intent of the act: he therefore moved, that the petition might be received and this miſtake rectified, which was never intended by the legiſlature.

He was ſtrongly oppoſed by two or three country gentlemen, who ſaid that they underſtood there was a very flouriſhing manufacture of that kind already eſtabliſhed at New-York—that by taking off the preſent prohibition, the parties concerned and intereſted in this application would have an opportunity of ſelling their hats to the other colonies—that this would conſequently affect our home manufactures, and leſſen the conſumption exported —that an attempt of this kind had been made before, they believed, by the ſame perſon, and was oppoſed on the ſame principles, though contrary to the ſenſe of ſome of their conſtituents, who did not perceive clearly the drift of the application, and that on every occaſion of the ſame nature, it ſhould be a rule with the Houſe never to conſent to any propoſition which might tend to introduce, or encourage, any manufacture in America that was already eſtabliſhed in this country, as it ſhould be the invariable policy of Great-Britain to take the raw materials from the Americans, and to oblige them to take our manufactures in return.

Mr. Mackworth perſiſted in his former intentions: he ſaid, that the oppoſition now adverted to was to give leave for the exportation of hats from the American colonies to Jamaica, and the reſt of the Weſt-Indies, and dwelt greatly on the hardſhips ſuch of the North Americans muſt ſuffer as had not a direct communication with Great-Britain, particularly the two Jerſeys, who were reſpectively ſupplied with all their goods of the manufacture of Great-Britain, by the way of New-York and Philadelphia.

Mr. Dyſon remarked, that applications of this kind ſhould be attended to with great caution—that they frequently were the effects of intereſted motives—that it was much eaſier to reſiſt them in the firſt inſtance, than prevent them from getting through the Houſe when they once got an entrance there—that the proofs of the intentions of thoſe who promoted them were often with great difficulty diſcriminated, when the parties, immediately to be affected, were not properly prepared; and on the whole, that

that he perfectly coincided with the gentlemen over the way: that good policy forbad complying with any requeſt which might lead to encourage the Americans to work up their raw materials, either as tending to raiſe the price of thoſe materials at home, or leſſen the demand for our manufactures in the colonies.

Full confirmation in every particular of the ſame ſentiments came from the chair, with this addition, that the preſent matter was exactly ſimilar to the petition relative to the ſteel manufacture, would be equally hurtful, and cauſe to the full as great an uproar when known.

Mr. Mackworth did not give up his claim to be heard, and the matter remained undetermined.

March 2.—The order of the day, relative to the bill for the relief of proteſtants diſſenting from the church of England was called for, and a bill for that purpoſe accordingly produced, and read the firſt time.

Sir Roger Newdigate roſe and informed the Houſe, that although he intended to oppoſe the bill in every future ſtage, as well as every other attempt of the ſame tendency, he would not for the preſent interrupt or prevent the firſt reading of it, tho' he would be well warranted in ſo doing, firſt on the general ground of its impropriety, ſecondly on the reſolutions he had already formed concerning it; however, as there were freſh reaſons from thoſe on which that of laſt year was framed, pretended in ſupport of the preſent application, he was far from not indulging the promoters of the meaſure with every degree of candour they could poſſibly wiſh for. He added, that as he was up, and on ſuch an occaſion, he could not avoid mentioning a matter which fell from an honourable gentleman over the way (Sir William Meredith) relative to a quotation from a pamphlet written by an eminent and worthy divine, Doctor Tottie, in which, according to his conceptions, the words of his learned and reverend friend were wreſted to a meaning directly contrary to the intention of the author, or indeed to their natural and obvious conſtruction: the honourable gentleman having ſaid in his ſpeech on the debate of Tueſday, that Doctor Tottie charged ſome of the doctrines contained in the thirty-nine articles with horror and blaſphemy. Here Sir Roger opened the pamphlet, and read the paſſage referred to, which charged the doctrine of predeſtination, contended for on rigid Calviniſtical principles, with horror and blaſphemy, as contradiſtinguiſhed from the more ſober and liberal acceptation, both in practice and ſpeculation, of that doctrine, as received by the church of England.

Sir William Meredith replied, that it was indeed very true, that he had quoted the Doctor, to prove what his ſentiments were, relative to the doctrine contained in one of the articles of that church, of which he is ſo zealous a member and powerful an advocate; and that he appealed to the candour of ſuch as heard him, whether he was not juſtified in ſo doing. He was not, he added, enquiring into the practical doctrines of the church, nor of the private opinions of particular perſons; neither was he giving any opinion on the different feaſible and current explanations of thoſe exceptionable tenets; all he meant, by the quotation, being only to prove, that predeſtination, as literally ſet forth in the articles, was a doctrine by no means proper to be ſubſcribed to by young perſons, as ſtrictly importing what was intended to be hereafter explained away, either to make it conſonant to the word of God, or common ſenſe.

Sir Roger anſwered, that he was perfectly ſatisfied with what the honourable gentleman had ſaid, having troubled the Houſe purely with an intention of removing any notion that might prevail abroad, that thoſe were really the Doctor's ſentiments.

Here the bill being read a firſt time, and being ordered to be read a ſecond time on Tueſday, occaſioned a warm debate.

Sir Walter Bagot having, after ſtating his general reaſons againſt the bill, contended that the time fixed on for reading it a ſecond time was by much too ſhort, firſt, on account of its importance, and ſecondly, as he underſtood that many perſons, who were comprized within the deſcription of thoſe who were intended to be relieved by the bill, were reſolved to petition and be heard by counſel againſt

againſt it—that the gentlemen whom the petitioners intended to employ upon the buſineſs would on Tueſday next, and much longer probably, be abſent on the circuit — and that, in his opinion, therefore, three weeks would be the leaſt time that could be reaſonably allowed for that purpoſe.

Mr. Dyſon ſtrongly oppoſed Sir Walter; he ſaid that agreeing to any propoſition of this nature would totally defeat the future progreſs of the bill — that granting counſel to be heard on ſuch a matter as the preſent, was unprecedented — that though it had been proper, there was no one fact ſtated to the Houſe which could induce them to defer the ſecond reading of the bill; and that, therefore, they could not break through the regular forms eſtabliſhed in ſuch caſes, to wait for a repetition of grievances, neither as yet complained of, nor perhaps as much as in embryo, or thought of.

To this Sir Roger Newdigate replied, that if the intentions of the promoters of the bill were as candid as they pretended, he could perceive no poſſible diſadvantage that would accrue from permitting counſel to be heard, and granting a reaſonable time for the return of ſuch from the circuit as were probable to anſwer the deſire of the petitioners; and, after adverting to ſome of the tranſactions of laſt year, relative to the bill, concluded by propheſying, that the Houſe, who were compoſed of the repreſentatives of the people of Great Britain, would never refuſe to hear counſel in behalf of a cauſe, in which the intereſts of the eſtabliſhed church were ſo highly and eminently concerned.

Mr. F. Townſhend then roſe, and ſpoke in ſupport of Mr. Dyſon, and took up pretty much the ſame ground; but having dropped ſome expreſſions relative to an enthuſiaſtic ſpirit, and want of common ſenſe,

Sir Roger Newdigate replied, with great warmth, that he flattered himſelf he was as far from being prompted by a ſpirit of enthuſiaſm, as the honourable gentleman who ſpoke laſt; and that he doubted not, but that, on the ſeveral queſtions which came to be diſcuſſed in that Houſe, he was as often found on the ſide of common ſenſe.

The ſpeaker then having named ſeveral days, in order to put a queſtion to Sir Walter and Sir Roger, Thurſday ſe'nnight was at length fixed on, and a motion made thereon, which paſſed in the negative; and the original one, of the ſecond reading of the bill, accordingly carried for Tueſday next.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

The HISTORY *of the* ENGLISH DRAMA,

TILL THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE.

IT is by no means neceſſary here to enter into a diſpute, which has already engaged the pen of many able writers, concerning the origin of the modern drama in Europe; for, whether it aroſe in France or in Italy, among the Troubadors of Provence or the ſhepherds of Calabria, or ſtarted up nearly at the ſame time in different kingdoms, it will be ſufficient for our purpoſe to contend, that it was a diſtinct ſpecies of itſelf, and not a revival of the ancient drama, with which it cannot be compared and muſt never be confounded. If this point be clearly proved, we ſhall place our admirable Shakeſpeare beyond the reach of criticiſm; by conſidering him as the poet, who brought the drama of the moderns to its higheſt perfection; and by diſpenſing with his obedience to the rules of the ancients, which probably he did not know, but certainly did not mean to follow.

There is nothing, indeed, more ſuperfluous than our inquiries into the origin of great and uſeful inventions, nor more vain than the conteſts between rival nations, concerning the honour of having given birth to the firſt inventor of an art or ſcience; ſince

ſince it is certain, that two perſons, living at the extremities of the habitable globe, muſt often make the ſame diſcoveries in a ſcience or an art, without the ſmalleſt communication with each other: thus the works of Confucius were printed in China, many ages before the art of printing was introduced into Europe; and a combuſtible powder was uſed in the ſame part of Aſia, before the vaſt exploſion of nitre and ſulphur was mentioned by our Friar Bacon, who flouriſhed long before another Benedictine invented a compoſition ſo deſtructive of true valour. Even the finer arts are more natural to man than we are apt to imagine: the ſound of the wind breathing among the reeds ſuggeſted the invention of a flute to the firſt inhabitants of very diſtant regions; and as to vocal muſic, the ſiſter or rather handmaid of poetry, we find that the inhabitants of Iceland, the very dwarfs of Lapland, and even the wild natives of America, have their ſongs and elegies which they could not have learned from any other nation.

Imitation is not leſs natural to mankind than the paſſions; and if theſe were the ſources of poetry in general, the former gave riſe to dramatic repreſentations in all ages. It is natural for indolent perſons, who have no reſources in their arts or learning againſt the tediouſneſs of life, to delight in aſſuming fictitious characters; as we ſee children at ſchool fond of playing at kings or heroes,

Pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt;

and of acting extempore the ſtories, which ſtrike them moſt in their books of ſtudy or amuſement. The Chineſe, we find, had a regular ſtage, on which they repreſented the moſt intereſting events of their hiſtory, before they had any intercourſe with Europeans. The Ruſſians had a kind of rude drama at the cloſe of the laſt century, when they were leſs civilized than the Tartars; but now they have learned of the French to write tragedies in rhyme, and to preſerve the unities. We are told by Sir John Chardin, that even in Perſia and India, where theatrical diverſions are inconſiſtent with the religion of Mahomet, there are minſtrels and dancers, who ramble from city to city, and repreſent the ſtories of the Eaſt by their ſinging or geſtures.

In ancient Greece, the firſt plays began with hymns to the praiſe of Bacchus, to which was afterwards added a kind of dialogue repreſenting ſome exploit or adventure of that deity; and, indeed, in all nations, the firſt players would naturally chuſe a ſubject taken from the popular religion, as being moſt obvious and familiar to the minds of their auditors, moſt generally intereſting, and therefore moſt likely to engage their attention.

It is believed by many learned writers that the ancient Eleuſinian myſteries were a kind of ſacred drama, exhibited at ſtated ſeaſons with great variety of ſhows, and ſolemn machinery. The Hierophantes, or high prieſt of Ceres, addreſſed the initiated in a ſort of awful prologue, and invited them "to begin a new life," as the word Initiation ſeems to imply. The firſt ſcene repreſented this life in a dark valley, in which a number of perſons were wandering at random, and conducted by ſome glimmering of reaſon; after which Elyſium and Tartarus, with a view of future rewards and puniſhments, were diſplayed with all imaginable ſolemnity: and the whole was contrived, as we may collect from ancient authors, to inculcate, by a ſenſible repreſentation, that great truth of the unity of God; which Plato, and the heathen philoſophers, not daring to declare it openly to the vulgar, were obliged to expreſs in myſterious diſcourſes, and dark allegories. Even ſome of the inſpired writings have been conſidered by very pious authors as of the dramatic kind: thus the illuſtrious Boſſuet divides the ſong of Solomon into various ſcenes. The book of Job, equally valuable for its great antiquity, and for the noble ſtrain of moral poetry, in which it is compoſed, has been eſteemed a regular drama; and Milton tells us, that a learned critic diſtributed the Apocalypſe into ſeveral acts, diſtinguiſhed by a chorus of angels.

In the decline of the Greek empire, Gregory of Nazianzum, a poet and father of the church, perſuaded the people of Byzantium to repreſent on their theatre ſome choſen ſtories of

the Old and New Teſtament, and to baniſh from their ſtage the profane compoſitions of Sophocles and Euripides. For this purpoſe he ſupplied them with ſacred Dramas, which had not the ſucceſs of Oedipus and Electra, ſince moſt of them were loſt at the revival of learning, while the ineſtimable remains of the ancient tragedies were preſerved with the greateſt care. But the poems of Gregory, as well as the language of the Greeks, were wholly unknown to the Italians of that age, who can hardly be thought to have borrowed their myſteries from Conſtantinople.

A cuſtom of repreſenting ſome event recorded in ſcripture at every ſolemn feſtival became almoſt general, nearly at the ſame period, in the ſouth, the weſt, and even in the north of Europe. The Jews themſelves had the ſtories of the Old Teſtament exhibited in the dramatic form: part of a Jewiſh piece, on the ſubject of Exodus, is preſerved in Greek Iambics, written by one Ezekiel, who ſtiles himſelf the poet of the Hebrews. Theſe ſcriptural pieces were called myſteries; and no other ſpecies of the drama was known at Rome and Florence in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The paſſion of our Saviour was performed in the Coliſeum, and if the language of the Italians had been as poliſhed as it was ſtrong and copious, if their muſic had been as perfect as it is at preſent, if the poetry of ſo awful a piece had been compoſed by a Metaſtaſio, and the choral part by a Pergoleſi, ſuch a performance muſt have had a wonderful effect, in a country, where, to this day, it is not thought impious to repreſent the ſeveral perſons of the Trinity, and the moſt awful myſteries of our redemption. In a more poliſhed age we have ſeen the ſubjects of ſcripture delivered in a dramatic form, by Milton, Racine, and by Metaſtaſio in his Giuſeppe: our great poet had even begun a tragedy on the fall of man; and Paradiſe Loſt owed, perhaps, its exiſtence to an idea, which Milton conceived from a myſtery of Andreino: every one knows that his intended drama was to have begun with the addreſs to the ſun in the fourth book of his divine poem.

The myſteries continued in Italy, long after the revival of literature; for the art of Sophocles was known to the learned only, and it was neceſſary to gratify the people with ſubjects adapted to their capacity. One would ſcarce have believed, that, when Taſſo had written his Aminta, and furniſhed the nobleſt hints for tragedy in his Gieruſalemme, the moſt ridiculous farces ſhould ſtill be exhibited at Milan; and that, when Guarini had introduced a chorus of ſhepherds in his Paſtor Fido, the people of Italy ſhould ſtill be fond of ſeeing the ſeven deadly ſins dance a ſaraband with the evil ſpirit: but Maffei was not then living, and few of his countrymen in that age were capable of writing Merope.

There exiſted then in Europe, at the opening of the ſixteenth century, two diſtinct ſpecies of drama; the one formed upon the ancient claſſic model, and confined, like the ſacred dialect of the Ægyptian prieſts, to men of learning; the other merely popular and of a Gothic original, but capable of great improvement. In the ſame manner there prevailed ſometime afterwards two kinds of epic poetry; the firſt, like the Luſiad, on the plan of Virgil and the ancients; the ſecond, like Orlando Furioſo and the Fairy Queen, of a very different nature, but more diffuſe, more various, and, perhaps, more agreeable.

This diſtinction will place the works of Spenſer and Shakeſpeare in their true claſs, and prevent a great deal of idle criticiſm. "Confound not predicaments," ſays Lord Bacon, "for they are the mere ſtones of reaſon."

One of the firſt improvements on the old myſtery was the allegorical play, or morality, in which the virtues and vices were introduced as perſons of the drama, for the purpoſe of inſtilling moral truth, or inculcating ſome uſeful leſſon for the conduct of life.

Theſe moral plays, having for their end to divert as well as to inſtruct the populace, were for the moſt part of a comic turn, and therefore naturally led the way for comedy; which it would ſeem was introduced into our language before tragedy. The firſt dramatic piece that appeared with that

claſſic

claſſic name, was produced, as might be expected, in one of our univerſities; this was Gammer Gurton's Needle, written in 1551, and ſaid in the old title pages to be "made by Mr. S. maſter of arts, and played on the ſtage in Chriſt's college in Cambridge." There is a vein of familiar humour in this play, and a kind of groteſque imagery, not unlike ſome parts of Ariſtophanes, but without thoſe graces of language and metre, for which the Greek comedian was eminently diſtinguiſhed.

The prevailing turn for drollery and comic humour was at firſt ſo ſtrong, that in order to gratify it, even in more ſerious and ſolemn ſcenes, it was neceſſary ſtill to retain the vice or artful buffoon, who (like his contemporary the privileged fool in the courts of princes and caſtles of the great men) was to enter into the moſt ſtately aſſemblies and vent his humour without reſtraint. We have a ſpecimen of this character in the play of Cambyſes (page 261) where Ambidexter, who is expreſsly called the vice, enters with an old cap-caſe for a helmet, and a ſkimmer for his ſword, in order, as the author expreſſes it, "to make paſtime."

Soon after comedy, the ancient tragedy began likewiſe to be revived, but it was only among the more refined ſcholars that at firſt it retained much reſemblance of the claſſical form: for the more popular audiences it was debaſed with an intermixture of low groſs humour, which has long continued under the name of tragi-comedy. Even where a ſeries of grave ſolemn ſcenes was exhibited without much interruption of buffoonery or farce, ſtill our poets were content to imitate the old myſteries, in giving only a tiſſue of intereſting events ſimply as they happened, without any artful conduct of the fable, and without the leaſt regard to the three great unities: theſe they called hiſtories, and theſe would probably have long continued the only ſpecimens of our heroic drama, if a few perſons of ſuperior education and more refined taſte had not formed their ſcenes upon the claſſic models, and introduced legitimate tragedy in the ancient form. But theſe at firſt were only compoſed for private and learned audiences at the inns of court, or the univerſities.

Comedy, after the revival of letters, ſeems to have been firſt encouraged and improved by the Italians, whoſe fondneſs for dramatic poetry increaſed ſo much, that under Leo X. the principal cities of Italy began to vie with each other in the magnificence of their theatres: men of the firſt eminence in the Roman church were ambitious of reviving the drama in their native idioms. Even to write a comedy, was not thought below the dignity of the purple; and a comic piece of Cardinal Bibiena was repreſented with wonderful ſucceſs.

At laſt Arioſto roſe, whoſe Orlando Furioſo ſtill paſſes among his countrymen for a rich mine of elegant and agreeable poetry. He is, perhaps, the only epic poet, who ever condeſcended to write familiar comedies; but we may ſee by his Orlando, that his genius had a ſingular bent to wit and ridicule: his heroes are full of merriment in the midſt of danger, and he ſeldom deſcribes a battle without a jeſt. His comedies are highly eſteemed in Italy to this day, though the popular dialect and ſprightlineſs of Goldoni may perhaps be more adapted to the taſte of the vulgar. His Suppoſiti was tranſlated by Gaſcoigne, (who was himſelf no inelegant poet) and it is now reprinted in a collection lately offered to the public. The reader will immediately obſerve, that part of the ſtory is the ſame with that of Lucentio and Bianca in The Taming of the Shrew; but it is not demonſtrably certain, that Shakeſpeare borrowed his plot from Gaſcoigne, as Mr. Farmer conjectures, ſince he alters moſt of the names, and changes Sienna and Ferrara into Piſa and Padua, Philogano into Vicentio, and Dulippo into Tranio: it is more probable that he found the whole ſtory, together with that of Catherine and Petruchio, in ſome novels tranſlated from the Italian. This was the ſtate of the Engliſh theatre when Shakeſpeare roſe; who by the force of his genius, without any aſſiſtance from learning, brought the modern ſpecies of drama to ſo high a degree of perfection, that it rivals or ſurpaſſes the ſeverer and more elegant models of old Greece

and Rome. The chorus of his tragedies from which our dramatic blank verse has been gradually degenerating, the beauty of his speeches and descriptions, but, above all, the great art of expressing the vehement passions, in which no writer of any age ever equalled him, have supported his reputation, notwithstanding some human blemishes, for near two centuries; and whatever praise be due to the tragedies of the ancients in the light of pure and finished compositions, we cannot consider them as the only models of the drama; but Shakespear still remains the dramatic poet of the English.

H. A.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE SCHOOL OF LOVE.

ANSWERS *to the two* QUESTIONS *proposed in our Magazine for November.*

Answer to Question I.

THE case of lady S. is of a very nice nature, and hard to solve: situated as she is, I really pity her; but can contribute little to her consolation. The married state is what I am an utter stranger to, and such an unsavory proof of it I can never hope to find. But, as a day not far remote from this may usher me into matrimonial bonds, I will direct (though not urgently intreat) the lady to proceed as I would act, was the case my own. Duty should oblige me to submit to my husband's indifference, and love, so strong as she has painted her's, would draw me to use every tenderness to endear me to him, and by patience and assiduity to conquer his roving disposition, studying new and agreeable entertainment every evening, till my company and home should be productive of his greatest pleasure, comfort, and delight. If still unsuccessful in the attempt, and wearied with unavailing experiments, as this lady may be, for I make no doubt but her good sense has led her to the above experiments, failing in which she has addressed herself to you, Sir, (if happily you can) to find a remedy for the grievance, the next and most essential step to be taken is the removal of the old lady. To effect which she must act with a cautious and becoming spirit, and, if absolute necessity obliges her as the last remedy (which she must avoid if possible, as having a very fatal tendency) to take refuge with her friends, the blame of the world can never be so hurtful to her peace (whilst conscious innocence is the sweet caressed companion of her bosom) as her present treatment must naturally be productive of. Let me advise this unfeeling husband to cherish the first impulse of her flowing love, left by such ungenerous treatment, the heart of his dear espoused change from the most pure sensations to rancorous hate. It is no doubt in his power to make happy (and by the laws of Hymen he is compelled through justice to his engagement to worship and cherish, though he should not love) his espoused bride, to render her the sought for happiness, which otherwise she may find a hard struggle to obtain.

H. A.

Another Answer.

THE case of the lady under the signature of S— is very hard, and requires a nicety of conduct few persons can put in practice: the behaviour dictated by revenge and chagrin must be avoided with the most curious caution; that dictated by meekness, compliance, and the true spirit of connubial affection, must take place. Ill nature and churlishness would only serve to widen the breach, and make home and the company of a wife still more disagreeable to the husband than it now is, which, according to this lady's account, is much too great, and almost insupportable to her: the same effect would be produced by such conduct upon the morose and peevish disposition of the mother of the husband;

hand; it would ſtill add fuel to the fire, and keep it in a continual blaze. On the contrary, the behaviour dictated by meekneſs and compliance will, by degrees, render home more agreeable to the roving mate; he will find that the falſe pleaſures he taſtes in his excurſions leave a diſguſt, which embitters the enjoyment; and will find that home, and the company of a ſenſible, virtuous, and prudent wife, yield more true happineſs than all the noiſy and tumultuous ſcenes of midnight revels.

P. O. N. AMATOR.

Anſwer to the ſecond Queſtion.

The laſt deſire the heart of an old maid can have for a huſband muſt certainly be at the very moment ſhe comes to the enjoyment of one. Till which, it is my opinion, as ſhe grows in years, her anxiety for one unavoidably increaſes. This is verified by the piping peeviſh diſpoſition of thoſe remaining in that ſtate, whoſe hearts to the laſt moment of their lives beat with a languid longing wiſh, and with reluctance quit a being never cheriſhed by a happy embrace.

H. A.

Another Anſwer.

AT no age. For ſince Cupid and Death have mixed their arrows, we often find *fourſcore* burn, at leaſt think they burn, with the ardour of *fifteen*.

P. O. N. AMATOR.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

NANCY;

OR,

THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.

(Concluded from our laſt.)

Such hapleſs fate attends the young and fair,
Expos'd to open force and ſecret ſnare,
Purſu'd by men warm with deſtructive fire,
Againſt their peace while female frauds conſpire.
Mankind in herds thro' force of cuſtom ſtray,
Miſlead each other into error's way;
Purſue the road, forgetful of the end,
Sin by miſtake, and without thought offend.

AT the concluſion of my laſt, I introduced my readers to Lord H's *levee*—Let me now introduce Nancy into that ſtrange aſſembly.

Let no ſurly critic play off his ill-nature againſt my heroine, and call her impudent and abandoned, for accepting his lordſhip's invitation: without being at all abandoned, and not very impudent, to the *levee* ſhe went, and choſe to appear there in her own original dreſs—that of a country girl; and when ſhe arrived there, ſhe found fifteen *young ladies* in various habiliments to countenance her folly, who were more abandoned, and much more impudent, than herſelf.

The caſe was this: though ſhe was ſeveral ſteps removed from virtue, ſhe was not abſolutely a proſelyte to vice. Though the ſeeds of libertiniſm were ſown in her heart at Cambridge, they had not yet ſprung forth: this pious work was left for the more fertile ſoil of London; it was left for Lord H. and he effected it.

After the girls had friſked and danced near three hours round his lordſhip, who ſat on a great chair in the center, like a Georgian Pacha in the midſt of his ſeraglio, the aſſembly broke up. As the good folks were going thro' the paſſage to the door, little Miſs S——, the Haymarket beauty, pulled Nancy by the ſleeve, and whiſpered in her ear to follow her. Nancy, who never in her life refuſed any advice that was given her, followed her, and they ſoon arrived at home. After the uſual prelimi-

nary

nary chit-chat was over, Miſs S—— drew her chair cloſe to Nancy's, and addreſſed her as follows: "My dear Miſs B——, I never ſaw you till to-night, and I find you are a novice. You are now entered upon the *levee-liſt*, and you will enter upon preſent pay from his lordſhip: but will you be ſatisfied with that! —Look at me. View this necklace, and examine this ring. True brilliant, ar'n't they? —Ah! does your heart beat?—Be wiſe then, and learn to know the world." —"What would you have me to do?"—"Do as I do:—Always, when you meet with a rich lover, take him, and let the old peer be jilted."—"But how (ſays Nancy) can I put this ſcheme in execution —I have no acquaintance."—"Oh! you ſimpleton! (replied her *friend*) nothing ſo eaſy. To night—this very night—two of the ſweeteſt fellows to ſup with me—light heads, but heavy purſes—a creole and a—Hiſt! here they come—Knock—knock—knock—it muſt be they—I knew it." Here entered the creole, and with him Mr. C. who filled his coffers from the plunder of the laſt German war.

This was truly an evening of revelry—Great was their noiſe, and loud was their mirth. Champagne, in its native brilliance, circulated as freely as embraces; and Bacchus frolicked in the lap of Venus. Before one in the morning, Nancy was effectually introduced to the acquaintance of theſe *youths of ſpirit*, and before two a *bargain* was ſtruck. Miſs S—— gave Mr. C. to Nancy, and kept the creole to herſelf. The next day articles of agreement were drawn up, and Nancy went home with Mr. C. to B—Square.

Our heroine had now attained that point which ſeduced females uſually aim at; ſhe was arrived at the top of her moſt wanton wiſhes. She was ſplendid without fame, and ſhe was content without reputation. She very ſoon made a conſpicuous figure on the *bon ton*, and became a lady of faſhion. In the morning ſhe would lounge over her chocolate from twelve to two, or roll in the chariot to her mercer upon Ludgate hill; and in the evening ſhe would hobble the Ranelagh-round with as much *grace* and affectation as the ſtateſieſt dame in the circle—No longer, therefore, the ſimple innocent Nancy B——, ſhe is now the vain, the gay, the thoughtleſs Ardelia.

But, by *having* every thing, as the moraliſts tell us, we ſoon *want* every thing: ſatiety is the bane of pleaſure. It blaſted Ardelia's joys. She grew tired of being always happy; and ſhe ſoon found out that maxim, beyond the power of all the quietiſts and *lullaby* philoſophers in the world to overturn it, That before you take Happineſs in one hand, you muſt take Miſery in the other. Ardelia made it her ſtudy, therefore, to vary her ſyſtem of life, and truſt to the event. —In this humour was our fair libertine, when the following accident happened.

It was in the time of Barnet races. Ardelia and Miſs S——her old friend, who were now inſeparable, being eager after novelty, thought they had the moſt probable proſpect of finding it at this place. They reſolved, therefore, in the true ſpirit of adventurers, to change their dreſs entirely, and drive to this mart of gambling. They procured two ſmart dreſſes *à la mode*, of the macaroni cut; their hats were little and ſmirking, and hardly overſhaded their eyebrows; and behind they wore the tails of lions. Ardelia was well accuſtomed to this dreſs, from her long acquaintance with it in Cambridge, and therefore ſhe wore it with eaſe, and even with grace; but Miſs S——'s gait was awkward and ungenteel.—Thus equipped, they mounted an elegant phaeton and pair, and rolled boldly over the king's highway towards Barnet.

They did not ſo long.—This was one of the days on which Lord —— drove the Barnet ſtage.—Are any of my readers accuſtomed to ride in the Barnet ſtage? If they are, I call them to witneſs what an expert coachman Lord —— is. Many of our peers are celebrated for being *horſe-men*; but, as a *coach-man*, his lordſhip ſeems the moſt noted of the whole tribe, and has preſerved this favourite amuſement of the laſt age in its true ſpirit. His lordſhip entertains a particular paſſion for driving the Barnet ſtage, and never uſed to miſs a good opportunity. Were I not in a great hurry, I would repeat to you his lordſhip's

ſhip's ſpeech when he mounts the box, which is a ceremony he always moſt religiouſly obſerves. He has alſo another ſpeech which he makes to the horſes in going up Highgate hill: it is full of divers myſtical and quaint phraſes, all in the jockey ſtyle, which *nobody* but his lordſhip and the horſes underſtand; and which alſo I would repeat to you, but that (as I ſaid before) I am in a great hurry.

This morning, however, his lordſhip was uncommonly briſk and ſpirited. The truth is, on his way from Barnet, he ſtopped with the coachman at the Red-Bull, and drank a glaſs of gin extraordinary (for when his lordſhip is on the road, he conforms to all the cuſtoms of his brother whips) which gave his wit rather too much *elaſticity* — and it is well known that any thing ſtrong will hurt ſo *weak* a head as his lordſhip's: he drove, therefore, full forward, without regard to man or beaſt. At length our two female *bucks* came in ſight; and as they were driving north, and the ſtage to the ſouth, the two carriages ſoon met; but while his lordſhip was ſquaring his elbows, adjuſting his fingers to the management of the reins, bidding Black Jack pull to the left, and ordering White Face to draw to the right; I ſay, while his lordſhip was thus engaged, and the two bucks being very unſkilful on the road, the ſtage and phaeton boarded each other. The force and weight of the former drove the *whiſky* back with very little damage; but, in the rencounter, through ſome unlucky hit (whether from the ſhaft of the chaiſe, or from an evil genius, I know not) the left eye of the fore horſe of the ſtage was knocked fairly out.

The coachman knew his cue too well, not to turn this joſtling to the beſt advantage. Seeing our *bucks* of a very *promiſing* appearance, he applied to them for forty pounds damages, and, in caſe of refuſal, he threatened to carry them before a juſtice. They did refuſe, and the coachman kept his word.

This juſtice lived but a ſhort way off. He was a man of profound importance, and of profound ignorance, and was impreſſed with a due ſenſe of his own dignity. When the culprits were brought before him, he aſſumed all his native conſequence, and placed himſelf in the great chair. The coachman opened the cauſe, and told the whole ſtory *his own* way; whilſt his lordſhip backed every article for his brother whip, and would back a hundred more articles, if the coachman had choſe to advance them. The caſe was therefore plain, and could not be controverted.

"Here you two young *gemmen* (ſaid the worſhipful juſtice) that muſt drive in your phaetons, with a pox t'ye—come forward to *this here* table."

"We obey your worſhip's will."

"Pray, you Mr. What d'ye call 'em, (addreſſing Ardelia) what buſineſs had you to knock out the eye of this here horſe?"

"It was a mare, Sir."

"Horſe and mare's all one—and ſo, d—n you, Sir, down with your *yellow boys* ——You tell me it was a mare! you d—n'd rogue—by G—d, you ſhall pay for that, if it was no more—and ſo, d—n you, down with your *duſt*."

"But will your worſhip be pleaſed to hear."—

"No, d—n me—I won't hear nothing about it — Knock a poor ma—horſe's *day lights* out! you might as well pink him at once—and ſo, d—n you, down with your forty guineas to poor whip here, and ten ſhillings to my clerk, and then you may go and be d—n'd."

This command was omnipotent, and there was no reſiſting it. They paid down the mulcts therefore, and proceeded to Barnet, ruminating all the way on the preſent ſtate of *juſtice* in England.

As I want to get to the end of this ſtory, I ſhall ſlip over ſeveral anecdotes, and tell my readers, in a few words, that three weeks after this adventure, Ardelia was at an aſſembly in Oxford road, where ſhe met with a young gentleman of birth and fortune, who pleaſed her much, and ſeduced her from Mr. C. She forſook Mr. C. therefore, and ſhe lives now with her new *friend*.

CHA-

CHARACTER *of the* EARL *of* CHATHAM.

(Said to be written by the celebrated Dr. ROBERTSON.)

THE ſecretary ſtood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original, and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His auguſt mind over-awed majeſty, and one of his ſovereigns thought royalty ſo impaired in his preſence, that he conſpired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his ſuperiority. No ſtate chicanery, no narrow ſyſtem of vicious politics, no idle conteſt for miniſterial victories ſunk him, to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, perſuaſive and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he deſtroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France ſunk beneath him. With one hand he ſmote the houſe of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The ſight of his mind was infinite, and his ſchemes were to affect, not England, not the preſent age, only, but Europe and poſterity. Wonderful were the means by which theſe ſchemes were accompliſhed; always ſeaſonable, always adequate, the ſuggeſtions of an underſtanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent, thoſe ſenſations, which ſoften and allure and vulgarize, were unknown to him. No domeſtic difficulties, no domeſtic weakneſs reached him; but aloof from the ſordid occurrences of life, and unſullied by its intercourſe, he came occaſionally into our ſyſtem, to counſel, and to decide.

A character ſo exalted, ſo ſtrenuous, ſo various, ſo authoritative, aſtoniſhed a corrupt age, and the treaſury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all her claſſes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that ſhe had found defects in this ſtateſman, and talked much of the inconſiſtency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories: but the hiſtory of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, anſwered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents. His eloquence was an æra in the ſenate; peculiar and ſpontaneous, familiarly expreſſing gigantic ſentiments and inſtinctive wiſdom; not like the torrent of Demoſthenes, or the ſplendid conflagration of Tully; it reſembled ſometimes the thunder and ſometimes the muſic of the ſpheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the underſtanding thro' the painful ſubtilty of argumentation; nor was he, like Townſhend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the ſubject, and reached the point, by the fluſhings of the mind, which, like thoſe of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man ſomething that could create, ſubvert, or reform; an underſtanding, a ſpirit, and an eloquence to ſummon mankind to ſociety, or to break the bonds of ſlavery aſunder, and to rule the wilderneſs of free minds with unbounded authority. Something that could eſtabliſh, or overwhelm empire, and ſtrike a blow in the world that ſhould reſound through the univerſe.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

To Philo Eccleſiæ & Veritatis *.

YOUR ingenious confeſſion of not having read any of the performances of the vindicators of the preſent mode of ſubſcription, or of the replies made thereto, diſarms my reſentment at your miſrepreſentation, though

* *See our Magazine for November, page* 549.

though I am surprised at your presumption in writing on a question, of which you profess your entire ignorance.

That the church asserts the sufficiency of the S. S. in one article, I will allow; but why stand there the remaining thirty-eight? Truly, to draw back the gilded pill administered in that one!

You charge the petitioners with the guilt of schism. Be it then known to you, Sir, that no man is a schismatic, who can differ from another in opinion *with charity*. The petitioners are the last set of men, therefore, who deserve the opprobrious name. They have generously pleaded the cause of *all* Christians, without distinction of sect or party.

In answer to the observation, that subscription will not keep hypocrites out of the church, you observe, that "it is true, otherwise the petitioners had not gained admission." But this is begging the question in the most dogmatical degree of intolerance. Know you this to be the fact in all cases, or even in one? May they not have changed their sentiments? Or do you think that all the petitioners have read to as little purpose as yourself?

Here, Sir, I shall take my leave of you, assigning you over to the correction of your opponent G. who appears to be well qualified to do you full justice.

Your humble servant,

Dec. 14. A SPECTATOR.

To the EDITOR *of the* LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent *Philo Ecclesiæ & Veritatis* has done me the honour of addressing to me a letter, which he is pleased to call a vindication of his appeal to the petitioners at the Feathers. As I have some reasons for not entering into a personal controversy with that gentleman, you will pardon me for making the following strictures on his curious epistle the object of a letter to you.

He accuses me of loading him with illiberal abuse, and of want of candour, because I said, that his appeal contained nothing new, and therefore was useless: it had been repeatedly made, and repeatedly refuted, and therefore was impertinent; that he appeared, from his letter, to be unacquainted with the writings on either side of the controversy, and this seemed to argue unwarrantable arrogance or unpardonable negligence. All these charges are supported by facts clearly proved, either from a comparison of his appeal with prior publications, or from his own confession. I have then neither been guilty of *illiberal abuse*, nor of want of candour. It is true, my letter was blunt and plain: I am a plain man myself, am apt to give things their proper names, and call a spade a spade. If this hurts your correspondent's delicacy, I cannot help it. But to come to what this gentleman calls his scrutiny, which even in appearance affects but a small part of my letter, and in reality touches not a single article of it.

The charge of a *misnomer* he acquits himself of, by saying what you, Sir, had said before, that he did not give his appeal its title; but that is nothing to the purpose: my attack was levelled against the letter as it appeared in the Magazine, and it is a matter of no importance by whom either the title or the whole of the letter were written: they might be the production of one, two, or twenty different hands.

The petitioners, he still maintains, are innovators, because they want to abolish an innovation; and we must grant him, it seems, that, after an innovation has been made and continued some years, it then ceases to be an innovation, and the revival of the old original mode becomes an innovation. But, supposing we should stretch our complaisance so far as to grant him, that thus all old things may become new, it still remains to be shewn, that all innovations are in themselves wrong, and that we must in no case put off *the old man with his deeds*, for that also is innovation. Whether then the petitioners be innovators, or renovators, the merits of their

their cause are the same, and no prejudice ought to be formed to their disadvantage on that account.

The petitioners ought to thank the gentleman for one concession he has made, by which he gives up the whole cause of modern orthodoxy: *magna est veritas, & prævalebit.* Were not men perverse and obstinate, says he, I believe no other articles [than the S. S.] would be wanted. That is, perverse and obstinate men wilfully misunderstand the S. S. But perverse and obstinate men wilfully misunderstand whatever is laid before them; and if a man will be so perverse and obstinate, as to put upon any book a meaning which he is conscious to himself is not just, at the same time that he solemnly declares he will make it the employment of his life to study that book with candour, impartiality and care, no tie of subscription can possibly bind him; he may, with as good a conscience, subscribe to the articles as to the S. S. and it matters not which are presented to him. That, according to the plan of the petitioners, such men are equally punishable as at present, has been shewn in my former letter, and need not here be repeated.

The argument used in my last for the necessity of the church of England's adhering to the canon of the S. S. as the only rule which she is to prescribe to her members, by which they are to form their faith, and the only test by which she is to try the orthodoxy of her sons, he has endeavoured to evade, and the subterfuge is artful enough. "Every church (says he) is christian and apostolic, which is willing to make the S. S. the standard by which *she shall be judged*, even though she establish another standard, by which she or her governors shall, in all times coming, judge the orthodoxy of her sons." Now this conduct with regard to her members, the petitioners assert to be inconsistent with the character of a christian and apostolic church, which ought not only to make the canon of the S. S. the only rule by which she herself shall be judged, but likewise the only rule by which she shall judge, and require assent to this, and this alone, as the condition of admission into her body, so far as doctrinal matters are concerned. And that for this plain reason, that God has given the S. S. as the rule by which not only every church, but each individual of every church, should regulate his faith, and consequently as a rule by which not only every church, but every individual, shall immediately be judged. But it is absurd in itself to give a man one rule by which to form his faith and practice, and then try him by another. Not to mention that by this means she alone is *immediately* a member of the apostolic church, her sons are only *mediately* so by their connection with her, and in consequence of her right of representation; and it is certainly not apostolic to deprive them of the *personal* right Christ and his apostles designed them, of being immediately members of the church they founded, and making them only mediately so by representation.

I will not presume to ask who or what this church of England is, which *Philo Ecclesiæ & Veritatis* so subtilly distinguishes from her members, whether it be something that has a real existence independently of its members, or if by the word *church* be only meant the collective body of those members. If the last be the case, his argument will be lame indeed; for it is only saying, that the opinions of all the individuals are to be tried only by the canon of the S. S. but the opinions of each of the individuals are to be tried by another canon. I will not even pretend to guess what the gentleman means by saying, that the articles, considered as human compositions, are liable to error; as copies of the doctrine of the S. S. they are, if those copies be faithful, infallible. It appears to me only saying, that they may be wrong; but, if they be right, they cannot be wrong, which is something like the pithy saying of the Hermit quoted in Shakespeare, "Whatever is is."

I do not believe that any man *can* sincerely put an arbitrary meaning upon any passage of scripture; but I sincerely believe, that every man is justified in putting upon every passage of S. S. that meaning which he is convinced, after mature and candid examination, to be the true one.

The cry of schism without just ground is in itself groundless, because it

it is plain the petitioners have made no attempts to create a ſchiſm; beſides, it is a *petitio principii*. This, however, is no objection with *Philo Eccleſiæ & Veritatis*; for he modeſtly inſiſts, that, though he beg his principles, the petitioners ought in duty to grant them.

I ſay nothing to his calling the petitioners hypocrites in one place, and poor deluded men in another; only ſome people ought to have good memories, or they will contradict themſelves.

The expoſition I gave of his prayer, he ſays, is not true. God knows his heart: if he prayed for one thing and meant another, it is not my fault. To ſhew my candour ſuperior even to this, I now take my laſt leave of him, with declaring that I have the charity to look upon him as *a poor deluded man*, and not as a *hypocrite*. I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant, G.

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST *of the moſt eminent*

GREEK, ROMAN, AND BRITISH WRITERS,

From HOMER *to the preſent Time.*

(Taken from the laſt Edition of GUTHRIE's GEOGRAPHICAL GRAMMAR.)

Concluded from our laſt.

THE invention of printing contributed to the revival of learning in the ſixteenth century, from which memorable æra a race of men have ſprung up in a new ſoil, France, Germany, and Britain; who, if they do not exceed, at leaſt equal the greateſt geniuſes of antiquity. Of theſe our own countrymen have the reputation of the firſt rank, with whoſe names we ſhall finiſh our liſt.

A. C.

735 Bede, a prieſt of Northumberland; Hiſtory of the Saxons, Scots, &c.

901 King Alfred; hiſtory, philoſophy, and poetry.

1259 Matthew Paris, monk of St. Albans; Hiſtory of England.

1292 Roger Bacon, Somerſetſhire; natural philoſophy.

1308 John Fordun, a prieſt of Mearns-ſhire; Hiſtory of Scotland.

1400 Geoffry Chaucer, London; the father of Engliſh poetry.

1402 Sir John Gower, Wales; the poet.

1552 John Leland, London; lives and antiquities.

1572 Rev. John Knox, the Scotch reformer; Hiſtory of the Church of Scotland.

1582 George Buchanan, Dumbartonſhire; Hiſtory of Scotland, Pſalms of David.

1598 Edmund Spenſer, London; Fairy Queen, and other poems.

1615 Beaumont and Fletcher; 53 dramatic pieces.

1616 William Shakeſpeare, Stratford; 42 tragedies and comedies.

1622 John Napier, of Marchiſton, Scotland; diſcoverer of logarithms.

1626 Lord Chan. Bacon, London; natural philoſophy and literature in general.

1634 Lord Chief Juſtice Coke, Norfolk; laws of England.

1638 Ben Johnſon, London; 53 dramatic pieces.

1654 John Selden, Suſſex; antiquities and laws.

1657 Dr. William Harvey, Kent; diſcovered the circulation of the blood.

1667 Abraham Cowley, London; miſcellaneous poetry.

1674 John Milton, London; Paradiſe Loſt, Regained, and other poems.

Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Wiltſhire; Hiſtory of the Civil Wars in England.

1675 James Gregory, Aberdeen; mathematics, geometry, and optics.

1677 Rev. Iſaac Barrow, London; natural philoſophy, mathem. and ſermons.

1680 Samuel Butler, Worceſterſhire; Hudibras, a burleſque poem.

1685 Thomas Otway, London; ten tragedies and comedies, with other poems.

1687 Edmund Waller, Bucks; poems, ſpeeches, letters, &c.

1689 Dr. Thomas Sydenham, Dorſetſhire; Hiſtory of Phyſic.

1690 Nathaniel Lee, London; eleven tragedies,

Robert Barclay, Edinburgh; Apology for the Quakers.

1691 Hon. Robert Boyle; natural and experimental philoſophy.

Sir George M'Kenzie, Dundee; Antiquities and Laws of Scotland.

1694 John Tillotſon, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, Halifax; 254 ſermons.

1701 John Dryden, Northamptonſhire; 27 tragedies and comedies, ſatiric poems, Virgil.

1704 John Locke, Briſtol; philoſ. government, comment on the ſcrip.
1707 Geo. Farquhar, Londonderry; 8 com.
1713 Ant. Aſh. Cooper, Earl of Shafteſbury; Characteriſtics.
1714 Gilbert Burnet, Edinburgh, Biſhop of Saliſbury; 39 artieles, hiſtory, &c.
1718 Nicholas Rowe, Devonſhire; ſeven trag. tranſl. Lucan's Pharſalia.
1719 Rev. John Flamſted, Derbyſhire; mathematics and aſtronomy.
Joſeph Addiſon, Wiltſhire; Spectators, Guardians, poems, politics.
John Keil, Edinburgh; mathematics and aſtronomy.
1721 Matt. Prior, London; poems and politics.
1727 Sir Iſaac Newton, Lincolnſhire; math. geometry, aſtronomy, optics.
1729 Rev. Samuel Clarke, Norwich; math. ſermons, par. on the evangeliſts.
Sir Richard Steele, Dublin; four comedies, papers in Tatlers, &c.
William Congreve, Staffordſhire; ſeven dramatic pieces.
1732 John Gay, Exeter; poems, fables, and eleven dramatic pieces.
1734 Dr. John Arbuthnot, Mearns-ſhire; medicine, coins, politics.
1742 Edmund Halley, natural philoſophy, aſtronomy, navigation.
1744 Alexander Pope, London; poems, letters, tranſlation of Homer.
1745 Rev. Jonathan Swift, Dublin; poems, politics, and letters.
1746 Colin M'Laurin, Argyleſhire; algebra, View of Newton's Philoſophy.
1748 James Thomſon, Roxburghſhire; Seaſons, and other poems, five tragedies.
Rev. Iſaac Watts, Southamp. pſalms, hymns, ſermons, &c.
Francis Hutcheſon, Airſhire; Syſtem of Moral Philoſophy.
1750 Rev. Conyers Middleton, Yorkſhire; Life of Cicero, &c.
1751 Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, Surry; philoſophy, metaphyſics, and politics.
Dr. Alexander Monroe, Edinburgh; Anatomy of the Human Body.
1754 Dr. Richard Mead, London; on poiſons, plague, ſmall-pox, med. precepts.
1757 Colley Cibber, London; 25 tragedies and comedies.
1761 Thomas Sherlock, Biſhop of London, 69 ſermons, &c.
Ben. Hoadley, Biſhop of Wincheſter; ſermons and controverſy.
Samuel Richardſon, London; Grandiſon, Clariſſa, Pamela.
Rev. John Leland, Lancaſhire; Anſwer to Deiſtical Writers.
1765 Rev. Edw. Young; Night Thoughts, and other poems, three tragedies.
Robert Simpſon, Glaſgow; conic ſections, Euclid, Apollonius.
1768 Rev. Lawrence Sterne; 45 ſermons, Sentimental Journey, Triſtr. Shandy.
1769 Robert Smith, Lincolnſhire; harmonics and optics.
1770 Rev. Dr. Jortin; Life of Eraſmus, and ſermons.
Tobias Smollett, Dumbartonſhire; Hiſtory of England, novels, and tranſl.

To the EDITOR *of the* LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Lancaſter, December 16, 1773.

AT a time when the planets Venus and Jupiter make ſo conſpicuous an appearance in the heavens, I preſume it may not be unacceptable, at leaſt to ſome of your aſtronomical correſpondents, to receive a few remarks thereon.

And firſt, Venus is moving at a conſiderable rate towards Jupiter, and will do ſo until the 13th of February next, when ſhe will be at the neareſt approach to him. The viſible diſtance of the centers will then be 6 D. 1 M. 41 S. It would be more curious than uſeful to enquire into the preciſe moment of time of the neareſt approach, ſince there will ſcarcely be two ſeconds difference of viſible diſtance in two hours time. On the 14th of February at noon the viſible diſtance of the centers will be leſs than the geocentric diſtance by 25 ſeconds, for now a vertical circle paſſing through the center of Venus will fall upon the ecliptic almoſt at right angles; but on the ſame day at ſix hours, the geocentric diſtance and the viſible diſtance will ſcarcely differ at all, though the parallax in altitude of Venus will then be 27 one half ſeconds. Venus will increaſe in luſtre yet a conſiderable time, for her approaches to this earth are at the daily rate of above 400,000 Engliſh miles. I have formerly obſerved that ſhe has been ſo brilliant as to caſt a ſhadow, under circumſtances not much different from the preſent. When the angle of commutation is above five ſigns, the illuminated part of her diſc will daily decreaſe much until ſhe comes to her conjunction with

with the ſun, and yet her brightneſs to obſervers here will be fully compenſated, I ſuppoſe, by the daily great diminution of her diſtance from us, and the daily increaſe of her apparent diameter. I have underneath ſent the reſult of a calculation of the viſible diſtance of the centers, of the apparent diameter and horizontal parallax of Venus, her diſtance from this earth, and her daily approach towards it, for two days before and after the neareſt approach of the centers. If aſtronomers can find out a method of obſerving accurate enough, I do not doubt but they will find the diſtances, &c. to agree very nearly with the ſaid calculation. There is a favourable circumſtance concerning refraction, which is, that the altitude of the planets at any of the times mentioned will not be leſs than 25 D. 28 M. and the difference of altitude never more than 1 D. 21 M. It will be very pleaſant to compare her cuſps with the moon's about the times of the conjunctions in January, February and March. Perhaps it may be expected that ſome reaſon ſhould be given why I differ ſo greatly from the concluſions in the Philoſoph. Tranſactions concerning the quantity of the ſun's mean horizontal parallax; but that muſt be the ſuject of a particular diſcourſe: the time is not very diſtant when the circumſtances of the late tranſits of Venus ſhall be croſs examined, and other remarkable celeſtial phænomena be beforehand appealed to as *deciſive witneſſes* in this important affair.

The Earth conſidered as a ſphere. { At Greenwich 6 hours apparent time each day. Sun's mean horizontal parallax, 13 ſeconds 3-10ths.

1774.	Viſible diſtance of the centers of Jupiter & Venus. D. M. S.	Apparent diam. & horizontal parallax of Venus. Diam.	Par.	Diſt. of Venus from this earth in Eng. miles.	Daily approach of Venus to this earth.
Feb. 12,	6 5 25	37,53	30,0	27399200	
13	6 2 37	38,17	30,47	26979333	419867
14	6 2 14	38,78	30,95	26561752	417581
15	6 3 47	39,39	31,4	26148285	413467
16	6 7 6	40,01	31,9	25740418	407867

SAMUEL SMITHURST.

Singular Conteſt between two French *Ladies.*

THE lady of the Auditor of Accounts, and that of the Treaſurer of France, meeting in their coaches in a narrow ſtreet in Paris, with a deſign to go through it, and there not being room to paſs each other, there was a neceſſity for one to put back, to give the other way, which neither would be perſuaded to do, ſo they remained firm in the ſame place from ſix o'clock in the morning till noon, when they ſent their ſervants for hay and corn for their horſes, and ordered their dinners to be brought into their coaches. The novelty drew a number of gazers, every one being curious to ſee what would be the iſſue of ſuch punctilios: at length a cart load of wine coming to a merchant who lived in that ſtreet, and finding it could not, for their obſtruction, get to his houſe, either one way or other, about four o'clock in the afternoon went to the commiſſary of the quarter, (like our juſtice of the peace) to deſire him to remedy the diſorder. The commiſſary obſerving the ladies obſtinately reſolved neither of them to give way, and not being willing to affront them, out of reſpect to their huſbands, found out an expedient to ſettle the affair without diſobliging either, which was to make both coaches put back at the ſame time, ſo that neither of them ſhould drive into the ſame ſtreet again. This accommodation was accepted, and performed to the extremity of niceneſs: the ladies, being weary of the trouble they had run themſelves into by ſtanding on their punctilios, quietly retired, each with the ſatisfaction that ſhe had preſerved her honour.

ON

ON THE INCONSISTENCY OF OUR DESIRES.

BY MISS AIKIN.

As most of the unhappiness in the world arises rather from disappointed desires than from positive evil, it is of the utmost consequence to attain just notions of the laws and order of the universe, that we may not vex ourselves with fruitless wishes, or give way to groundless and unreasonable discontent. The laws of natural philosophy, indeed, are tolerably understood and attended to; and though we may suffer inconveniences, we are seldom disappointed in consequence of them. No man expects to preserve oranges through an English winter, or when he has planted an acorn, to see it become a large oak in a few months. The mind of man naturally yields to necessity; and our wishes soon subside, when we see the impossibility of their being gratified. Now, upon an accurate inspection, we shall find in the moral government of the world, and the order of the intellectual system, laws as determinate, fixed, and invariable, as any in Newton's Principia. The progress of vegetation is not more certain than the growth of habit; nor is the power of attraction more clearly proved, than the force of affection or the influence of example. The man, therefore, who has well studied the operations of nature in mind as well as matter, will acquire a certain moderation and equity in his claims upon Providence. He never will be disappointed either in himself or others. He will act with precision, and expect that effect, and that alone, from his efforts, which they are naturally adapted to produce. For want of this, men of merit and integrity often censure the dispositions of Providence for suffering characters they despise to run away with advantages which, they yet know, are purchased by such means as a high and noble spirit could never submit to. If you refuse to pay the price, why expect the purchase? We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where Fortune exposes to our view various commodities, riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, chuse, reject; but stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE RAVISHERS PUNISHED.

Translated from the French.

AMONG the many interesting passages we meet with in the annals of the ancients, none have been so repeatedly read and admired by the fair sex as the conduct of Lucretia; but the following piece of modern history will perhaps place the heroine of it in as high a degree of eminence as that of Lucretia.

In the army of the duke of Anjou, while he was marching to the assistance of the confederates against the Spaniards, was one Capt. Pont. This officer was quartered in the village of Becourt, at the house of a rich farmer, who had three beautiful daughters. The eldest, who had the management of the house, endeavoured to provide for her guest in a manner suitable to his rank. After a few days, the officer found himself smitten with her charms, which he resolved speedily to possess, and for this purpose invited her and her father to sup with him.

In the midst of the repast, with an air of pleasantry, the officer demanded of the father his daughter in marriage. The countryman, who was a person of sense, knew very well what

what was meant, and therefore apologiſed for his refuſal, by reminding the captain of the difference of fortune between him and his daughter. Pont immediately flew into a rage, turned the father out of the hall, and, after having forced his daughter, delivered her up to the further brutality of ſome ſubalterns, who came to ſecond his infamous deſigns. After this, they forced her to ſit down at the table with them.

This unfortunate girl, though but ſixteen years of age, had ſenſe and reſolution above the generality of the more aged part of her ſex. Tears ſhe now conſidered as uſeleſs, and therefore turned all her thoughts on revenge. She affected an air of gaiety and chearfulneſs, and ſeemed to liſten with a kind of ſatisfaction to their infamous diſcourſe. It was not long before the captain turned to one of his comrades, to whiſper him in the ear: ſhe ſeized this favourable moment, and ſnatching up one of the table knives, fixed it in his heart: then overturning the table, while every one was crowding around the officer, ſhe got away to her father, to whom ſhe related what had paſſed, and intreated him immediately to eſcape with her two ſiſters.

As for herſelf, ſhe was now become ſo great a burthen, that ſhe deſpiſed the favourable opportunity of eſcaping from the puniſhments which threatened her. She calmly waited the approach of her raviſhers, who ſoon bound her to a tree, and there killed her by repeated diſcharges from their fuſees. Before ſhe expired, ſhe thus ſpoke to them: "Proceed, barbarians! after the violence I have received from your brutality, which renders me unworthy of life, I receive from your hands as a preſent the death you now give me. Heaven, who has juſt now revenged my injuries by the death of your chief, will not ſuffer this laſt ſcene of horror to paſs with impunity."

The event juſtified her prediction; for her father, who was worthy of ſuch a daughter, animated by his reſentment all the neighbouring peaſants. Every one took up arms; they exterminated the aſſaſſins, and (as is common where reſentment overcomes juſtice) not a Frenchman was left alive in the village.

THE BROTHERS;

Or, The USE *and* ABUSE *of* TRADE.

IN the town of North Berwick, in Scotland, lived an eminent merchant, who had acquired a conſiderable fortune in trading to Holland and the Baltick; and as he had only two ſons, he reſolved to give them an education that would enable them to make a proper uſe of what fortune he intended to bequeath them.

Accordingly, they were both ſent to the ſame ſchool, and the progreſs they made in learning was nearly equal. They ſeemed both qualified with ſuch natural talents as were fit for trade; for neither of them took any great pleaſure in reading. Nor did they diſcover any remarkable attachment to the reigning follies.

John, the eldeſt, was kept as a clerk in his father's compting-houſe; and Thomas, the youngeſt, was ſent up to London, and bound apprentice to an eminent grocer in the Strand. Soon after the expiration of Thomas's apprenticeſhip, the father died: and his fortune was equally divided between his two ſons, whoſe behaviour had given him the utmoſt ſatisfaction. Thomas opened a ſhop in London; and John, not chuſing to remain any longer in Scotland, packed up all he had, and ſet out for London; where he was kindly received by his brother; and, by his intereſt, was taken into partnerſhip by an eminent merchant near Tower-Hill.

It was not long, however, before ſome difference aroſe between him and his partner, and they mutually agreed to diſſolve the partnerſhip. John then opened an office to tranſact buſineſs on his own account; and married the daughter of a merchant, with whom he got a conſiderable fortune. In

In the mean time, Thomas, the youngeſt, went on in his buſineſs with ſucceſs; and married the daughter of an honeſt, induſtrious tradeſman; who, inſtead of bringing her up a fine lady, had inſtructed her in all the duties of domeſtick life. She had been taught to believe that a ſtuff gown, a plain head-dreſs, and a few guineas in her pocket, were of much greater value than a ſilk gown of the neweſt pattern, a head-dreſs in the faſhion, or a pretenſion to credit, while a perſon is owing pounds in debt. She had as much pride as kept her above contempt, and procured her the reſpect of thoſe of her own ſtation.

On the other hand, the wife of John, who had been brought up in the country, began gradually to diſcover the ruling paſſion of his mind. The pleaſures at the places of public diverſion appeared to him of much more importance than a regular attendance on his buſineſs; and his ſpouſe told him, that none but vulgar, low-minded fellows would ſpend their evenings in the city. "Leave buſineſs to be minded by your clerks," ſaid ſhe; "for unleſs you appear like a man of faſhion I will never own you as a huſband. I was brought up as a lady, and I will live as ſuch."

John was one who had no need of being put in mind of theſe things; his attention had been already detached from buſineſs, and he was as pliant as his ſpouſe could wiſh. His brother often remonſtrated to him on the impropriety of his conduct; but he was too much attached to pleaſure, and too obſequious to his wife, to pay any regard to the advice of the beſt friend he had in the world.

A carriage was ſet up; a country houſe was taken, and furniſhed in the moſt elegant taſte; and nine livery ſervants were kept, in order to grace the ſolemn farce. But this was too gay a life to laſt long; for when John and his lady were at the opera, the play, the pantheon, and the maſquerade, his buſineſs was neglected, and his bills were protested.

His mornings were ſpent in coffee-houſes, haranguing upon the miſconduct of the miniſtry, without thinking of his own. He looked upon it as diſhonourable to be ſeen on 'Change. An elegant dinner was ſerved up about four o'clock; his lady did the honours of the table; and the court-end of the town concluded the evening, or rather began the morning. When they came home in the morning, (for they ſeldom arrived ſooner) the ſervants were ſcolded for not giving proper attendance, becauſe they had been over-powered by ſleep: and the firſt news the clerks generally communicated to their maſters was, that many different perſons had been there with bills.

"Let them come again," ſaid John, "I have no time to mind ſuch low, mean affairs." "I am ſurpriſed, Sir," ſaid the lady, "that people ſhould be ſo preſſing for money; I wiſh, my dear, you would give over buſineſs, and take a houſe in Soho Square. Then, my dear, you would not be plagued with theſe mean wretches coming after you in this manner; and you know we ſhould then be near Carliſle Houſe."

Things went on in this manner for ſome time; but even the moſt pleaſant life will not laſt for ever; and at laſt John ſaw his name in the Gazette. He knew that he was not able to give his creditors a ſatisfactory account in what manner he had diſpoſed of his fortune, or rather of theirs; and, taking leave of his lady, he ſet out for Dunkirk.

Thomas beheld his brother's misfortunes with great concern; but, as it was what he had long expected, it did not ſo much affect him as it would otherwiſe have done. Thomas was a man of humanity; he conſidered himſelf as connected with his brother by the ties of nature; and, when he found that he had forfeited his life to the laws of his country, he ſet him up in a ſhop in Dunkirk. He mixed with the moſt vulgar company; he contracted a fatal diſeaſe, and died. His wife, who could not bear the thoughts of ſuffering the reproaches that were thrown out againſt her, on account of poverty, muſtered up all the money ſhe could, with which ſhe bought ſome paltry clothes, and was taken into keeping by an eminent banker; who ſoon after died, and left her to range at large on the town. She ſunk from one ſtate to another

another, till at laſt ſhe became ſo miſerable, that ſhe ſtole ſomething to ſatisfy the immediate calls of nature; and, having received ſentence of tranſportation, died in her paſſage to America.

Thomas lived in the world in the moſt induſtrious manner; and he died crowned with honour. His actions were juſt, his life reputable, and his death lamented.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE HAPPINESS ANNEXED TO VIRTUE.

(From the Theory of Agreeable Senſations, lately publiſhed.)

SEXTUS Empiricus gives us an extract from a work of Crantor, which treats of the pre-eminence due to the different kinds of happineſs. This celebrated philoſopher feigns, that in imitation of the three goddeſſes, who ſubmitted their beauty to the judgment of Paris, the ſeveral deities who preſide over riches, pleaſure, health, and virtue, preſented themſelves before the Greeks, when aſſembled at the Olympic games, and deſired they would aſſign them their reſpective ranks, according to the degree of influence they had over the happineſs of men.

The magnificence and ſplendour of Riches were diſplayed, and began to dazzle the eyes of the judges, when Pleaſure repreſented that the ſole merit of Riches was to procure pleaſure. She was near obtaining the pre-eminence. But Health hereupon advanced her plea, and alledged, that without her, joy would ſoon be converted into ſorrow. At laſt Virtue put an end to the diſpute, with the concurrent ſuffrages of all the Greeks, and affirmed, that were Riches, Pleaſure, and Health to beſtow their choiceſt bleſſings upon men, theſe would not avail againſt their enemies, without the help of Prudence and Valour. The firſt rank was therefore adjudged to Virtue, the ſecond to Health, the third to Pleaſure, and the fourth to Riches.

But in my opinion, it is degrading Virtue, to make her chief buſineſs conſiſt in being a guard to her rivals, ſince her pre-eminence is founded upon a much nobler title.

Riches, pleaſure, and health become evils to thoſe who know not how to uſe them. Wiſdom alone, properly ſpeaking, deſerves to be called a bleſſing, ſince it is ſhe only who can never become an evil by an improper uſe. She removes from us all painful ſenſations, and excites in us all thoſe which are the moſt agreeable. Regret for the paſt, ſorrow for the preſent, and anxious concern for the future, are the ſcourges that afflict moſt ſenſibly the human race. Virtue defends us from their ſting, by confining our deſires within our proper ſphere, by conforming them to reaſon, and ſubjecting them to the immutable laws of the omnipotent Creator. Diſcontent and anxiety ſpread their infection even to the throne. But Wiſdom is beyond the reach of their contagion, and fills up the courſe of life with a ſucceſſion of virtuous employments, forming thereby a ſeries of agreeable ſenſations. She even keeps at a diſtance pain and diſeaſe, which are often the fruits of intemperance, nor does ſhe debar us of the moſt lively pleaſures of the ſenſes, which are generally porportionate to our real want of them. The pleaſures of the mind follow in her train, and accompany her even in ſolitude, as well as in adverſity. She ſecures us as much as poſſible from the caprice of others, and from the tyranny of Fortune, teaching us to place our happineſs not in the uncertain poſſeſſion of tranſitory objects, but in ſuch an exerciſe of our faculties as is ſuited to our preſent ſtate and condition.

To whatever object the virtuous man directs his thoughts, towards God, or mankind in general, to his friends and acquaintance in particular, he perceives motives of inward ſatisfaction. He conforms himſelf to the

design of his Creator, lives worthy of the attachment of his friends, and of all men. And were all intelligent beings to look into his soul, they would equally love and esteem him. His heart, free from the perturbation of fear and of hatred, exists in an uninterrupted exercise of benevolence, that is, in the continual enjoyment of the most agreeable sensations. In short, the satisfaction that accompanies wisdom and virtue, is to the mind, according to Solomon's expression, a perpetual feast. And thus it is, that all the different kinds of agreeable sensations become united in favour of the virtuous man, and being combined together in proportions regulated by their degrees of strength and vivacity, by their duration and congruity, form the most pleasing of all harmony.

Perhaps this picture may be only ideal, and the original exists not in nature. But we shall certainly be more happy the more we resemble the portrait.

But the greatest blessing which it is possible for the virtuous man to enjoy here below, is a consciousness that death, which involves so many in despair, will to him be a passage into a state of perfect bliss.

The wicked and unjust man looks upon Death as a hideous spectre, which every moment is advancing a step nearer towards him. This imbitters all his pleasures, aggravates his afflictions, and threatens to deliver him up to the wrath of God, who is the avenger of injured innocence. The most flattering notion that he can form in the prospect of death, is that he may be utterly annihilated. — But it is impossible he should long entertain so miserable an hope: the authority of revelation denies it: the internal consciousness of his own identity confutes it; and the awful idea of a just omnipotent Deity must infallibly destroy it.

It is not so with the virtuous man. In the prospect of death he beholds the presence of a beneficent and intelligent Being, whose laws he has always revered, and whose goodness and bounty he has never failed to acknowledge.

If it is true that hope is in itself an agreeable sensation, and that it is so in proportion to the happiness which it has for its object, there cannot be upon earth a more delightful situation, than that of a man, who, feeling within himself a present bliss, in the uniform practice of every virtue, has, in death, the expectation of perfect felicity.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

ON FEMALE DRESS.

As the best finished portraits receive an additional advantage from proper drapery, so does beauty from a well chosen dress. It is in dress as in architecture, every thing should be uniform, easy, simple, and yet graceful.

Young ladies are generally of opinion, that nature is to be assisted by art, and that the latter always bestows an additional lustre on their charms. However true this may be, let the fair one remember, if nature has given her the figure of a Diana, and the face of a Venus, that too many jewels, laces, brocades, and brilliant pompoons, may act the part of a rival, and draw the attention of the beholder, from an admiration of her charms, to contemplate the trifles in which they are lost. The Spanish ladies are so sensible of this truth, that they generally dress in black, which shews a fine face, as well as their jewels, to the greatest advantage. Dress should only assist beauty, and not eclipse it. The choice, and not the heap of ornaments, should be the only point of consideration.

In the choice of dress there is little more to be studied than *nature* and *convenience*; but surely both these are forgotten, or at least disregarded by those ladies, who wear their sacques or gowns of such an unreasonable length, that the richest silks are often seen dragging on the ground, and accumulating in their passage up

and down the public walks, all the dead leaves and twigs that fall from the trees. Let not the ladies imagine, that I mean to deprive them of their rich and grand dreſſes when they appear in the drawing room, at balls and aſſemblies. In theſe places it is neceſſary to ſupport the appearance of grandeur and magnificence, but in common, nature and convenience only ſhould be conſidered.

It is much to be lamented, that a reformation is not made in the preſent mode of their head-dreſſes. This, indeed, is a part of their ornaments, which ſeems at preſent to lie neareſt their hearts, and conſequently in which it will be moſt difficult to effect a reformation.

The head is undoubtedly the principal part of the human frame, and the ladies, who are perfectly ſenſible of this, have exhauſted all their art to grace it with additional charms. In this they have not very happily ſucceeded; for thoſe methods that have been put in practice with a view to adorn it, have only tended to diſfigure it. The head ſurely never was intended to ſupport that load of falſe hair, wool, powder, and pomatum, with which the preſent mode burthens it. Good natural hair is one of the greateſt ornaments with which nature has graced the head; and it is not a little amazing, that a lady ſhould contentedly ſit whole hours under the hands of a hair-dreſſer to have that ornament ſpoiled. Theſe men ſeldom conſider, either the complexion, features, or ſtature of the ladies, whoſe heads they are dreſſing, but treat all alike; and provided the pyramid has a proper height, the curls large and many, and the whole made durable, the ladies expectations are anſwered.

Some gentlemen, who are too fond of converſing the ladies, without ſhewing any deſire to think of a reformation in themſelves, have made many and heavy complaints againſt the inconveniencies ariſing from approaching too near a lady's head, that had been long dreſſed. Nay, ſome gentlemen have gone ſo far as to fancy, that with the aſſiſtance of their glaſſes, they have diſcovered the embryo of thoſe little animals, which are peculiar only to the miſerable and wretched. I will, however, paſs over theſe ſuppoſitions, and haſten to a point, which ſeems to command the moſt ſerious attention of the ladies.

Who can but envy the ſituation of thoſe hair-dreſſing gentry, who are introduced to the moſt private apartments of the ladies, at a time when they are ſeldom above half dreſſed, and there ſuffered to dance round them for whole hours together? I might enlarge on this folly, but charity and decency forbid it: let me, however, adviſe thoſe ladies, who wiſh to preſerve a character free from ſuſpicion, to make hair-dreſſers of their own ſex, to whom they at preſent give ſuch little encouragement. Surely no one will pretend to ſay, that women cannot be taught that, which ſeems to be their natural province! The legiſlature has in vain attempted to reduce the number of thoſe unhappy girls, who ſacrifice health and virtue to the means of procuring a wretched ſubſiſtence, to which they are firſt driven through the little encouragement given them by their own ſex, in whoſe ſervice they can procure only an old age of poverty; but were the ladies to beſtow half thoſe favours on their maids which they do on the hair-dreſſing gentlemen, it is probable the ſcene would be much changed. Such Engliſhmen, as now follow this effeminate employment, and who may be conſidered at preſent as uſeleſs members of the community, might then be employed in ſome branch of our manufactures, or in the fields of agriculture. As to thoſe foreigners, who reduced in their own country through indolence to want, and who flock here to acquire large fortunes by the folly and luxury of the Britiſh ladies, let them return home, and there purſue their different occupations.

The preſent inconſiderate method of dreſſing the hair is little leſs fatal than the uſe of paints. The former leſſens the ſenſitive faculties, overheats the brain, and is frequently productive of the moſt violent head-achs, vapours, and lowneſs of ſpirits; but paints abſolutely poiſon the ſkin, and always ſhorten the lives of thoſe that uſe them.

Since beauty ſeems to be conſidered by the fair ſex as the firſt of all human perfections, it is very amazing

they should seem perpetually solicitous to conceal it; but surely this can be only affectation! The French night-cap is drawn forward in such a manner as to conceal almost the whole of the face, hardly leaving room for the organs of sight, smell, and speech, to perform their proper operations.

The ladies, I hope, will forgive this fully against the abuses of the toilet! but who can keep their temper, when they see them take so much pains to lessen their natural charms? Women should trust more to their own perfections, and less to the devices of art. All the graces practised at the looking glass will never come up to those, which nature has so plenteously bestowed upon them; for all those ornaments, in which they are so fondly nice, do not supply the want of natural charms, and often are a detriment to them.

After thus censuring the modern dress of the ladies, it may be perhaps asked me, What mode I would propose? I have already told them to follow *nature* and *convenience*; and if their own good taste will not direct them to find out wherein they consist, all the rules in the world would be useless. The wind is not more variable than our ideas of dress, and the force of custom is too powerful with the wise.

If the ladies, in point of fashions, are as changeable and fickle as the inconstant moon, the gentlemen are no less so. the skirts of their coats one month reaching down to their heels, and the next cut ridiculously short. As to the fashion of their shoes, it is infinitely more changeable than that of the ladies: every one must have observed that they have been one month almost half-boots, the next hardly slippers; this week round toed, the next terminating in a point; to day high heels, to-morrow none at all. But there is one part of the gentlemens dress, which I cannot even mention without being guilty of indelicacy. Let me, however, tell them, that whatever fashion they may borrow from rakish and abandoned libertines, if it raises the colour of the blushing rose on the cheeks of innocence and virtue, it will always meet with the silent contempt of every prudent woman, and ought to be exposed by the censures of mankind in general. Let me, however, quit these macaroni gentlemen, and return to the ladies.

Let them remember, that beauty stands in no need of cultivation, like the *mind* and the *heart*; this is what demands their care; but unhappily with some, it is the weak side. A cultivated mind is the most solid distinction between persons of high rank and the vulgar. The magnificence now in vogue confounds both under a like dress; but behaviour, discourse and sentiments will ever establish real and permanent distinction.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

IMITATION *des* METAMORPHOSES D'OVIDE.

In verse; heroique; & burlesque.

(Continued from our last.)

Octavit ara dæmon, &c. V. 240.

C'EST une maison ruinée;
Mais bien d'autres auront la même destinée!
La cruelle Erynnis regne dans tous les lieux;
Tous les mortels ingrats, insensés, furieux,
Se plongent à l'envi d'abimes en abimes,
Et ne prennent plaisir qu'à commettre des crimes.
Non, que ce ne soit plus avec impunité,
Qu'ils soient traités enfin, comme ils l'ont mérité;
Ils n'ont que trop long temps lassé ma patience;
Ils periront: voila leur derniere sentence.

SUITE DU CONSEIL TENU PAR JUPITER.

QUAND Jupiter eut fini son recit,
Chacun des dieux approuve ce qu'il dit,
Les uns des cris, d'autres par signe,
Et de poeson tr. vant le monde indigne;
Au lieu de le rendre plus doux,
Ils ne firent enfin qu'exciter son courroux:
Ils semblent pourtant un peu plaindre
La genre humain prêt à s'eteindre:
La terre, disent-ils, sans aucun habitant,
N'offrira désormais qu'un spectacle touchant,

Sans

Sans fruits, ſans fleurs, et ſans culture,
Elle fera triſte figure!
Et puis, ſi Jupiter detruit tous les mortels,
Qui pourra, dans la ſuite, encenſer nos autels?
Sur des etres doues d'eſprit, d'intelligence,
Veut-il aux animaux donner la preference;
Mais Jupin, pour les raſſurer,
Les pria de conſiderer,
Qu'il leveroit tous ces obſtacles;
Que, par un des plus grands miracles,
Il ſçauroit reproduire un peuple tout entier,
Et bien meilleur que le premier;
Enfin ne pouvant plus reprimer ſa colere,
Il etoit prêt à lancer ſon tonnerre;
Déjà la foudre alloit tomber,
Déjà le monde alloit flamber;
Mais il craignit que la vaute etheree
Ne fût par le feu devorée;
Se rappellant qu'au livre du deſtin,
Il eſt écrit, et qu'il eſt bien certain,
Que la terre, la mer, et le palais céleſte,
Subiront quelque jour cet accident funeſte.
Alors il changea de deſſein,
Et depoſant la foudre, il reſolut enfin
De noyer tout le genre humain.

NIVET DESBRIERES,
Bachelier en droit de l'Univerſité d'Orléans.

☞ *La Deſcription du Deluge pour le mois prochain.*

PROLOGUE.

To the New Comedy of the School for Wives.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

NO coward he, who in this critic age,
Dares ſet his foot upon the dang'rous ſtage;
Theſe boards, *like ice, your footing will betray,*
Who can tread ſure upon a ſlipp'ry way?
Yet ſome thro' five acts ſlide with wond'rous ſkill,
Skim ſwift along, turn, ſtop, or wind at will!
Some tumble, and get up; ſome riſe no more;
While cruel critics watch them on the ſhore,
And at each ſtumble make a helliſh roar!
A wiſe philoſopher hath truly noted,
(His name I have forgot, tho' often quoted)
That fine-ſpun ſpirits, from the ſlighteſt cauſe,
Draw to themſelves affliction, or applauſe:
So fares it with our bard.—Laſt week he meets
Some hawkers, roaring up and down the ſtreets,
Lives, characters, behaviour, parentage,
Of ſome who lately left the *mortal* ſtage!
His ears ſo caught the ſound, and work'd his mind,
He thought his own name floated in the wind;
As thus—"Here is a faithful, true relation
Of the birth, parentage, and education,
Laſt dying ſpeech, confeſſion, character,
Of the unhappy malefacterer,
And comic poet, *Thomas Addle Brain*!
Who ſuffer'd *Monday* laſt at Drury-Lane;
All for the price of halfpenny a-piece;"
Still in his ears those horrid sounds encreas'd,
Try'd and condemn'd, half executed too,
There ſtands the culprit—ſtill repriev'd by you.

Enter Miſs YOUNGE.

Miſs YOUNGE.
Pray give me leave—I've ſomething now to ſay.

Mr. KING.
Is't at the *School for Wives* you're taught this way?
The *School for Huſbands* teaches to obey.

Exit.

Miſs YOUNGE.
It is a ſhame, good ſirs, that brother *King*
To joke and laughter ſhould turn every thing.
Our frighted poet would have no denial,
But begs me to ſay ſomething on his trial.
The School for Wives, as it to us belongs,
Should for our uſe be guarded with our tongues.
Ladies prepare, arm well your brows and eyes,
From thoſe your thunder, theſe your lightning flies.
Should ſtorms be riſing in the pit—look down
And ſtill the waves thus, fair ones, with a frown:
Or ſhould the galleries for war declare;
Look up—your eyes will carry twice as far.
Our bard to noble triumphs points your way,
Bids you in moral principles be gay;
Something he'd alter in your education,
Something which hurting *you*, would hurt a *nation*.
Ingenuous natures with you to reclaim?
By ſmiling virtue you'll inſure your aim:
That gilds with bliſs the matrimonial hours,
And blends her laurels with the ſweeteſt flowers.
Ye married fair! deign to attend our ſchool,
And without *Uſurpation* learn to rule.
Soon will he ceaſe mean objects to purſue,
In conſcience wretched till he lives to you;
Your charms will reformation's pain beguile,
And *vice* receive a ſtab from every *ſmile*.

EPILOGUE

To the new Comedy of the School for Wives.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

CAN it be thought, ye wives, this ſcribbling fool
Will draw you here by calling you to *ſchool*?
Does he not know, poor ſoul! to be directed,
Is what you hate, and more to be corrected!
Long have theſe walls to public fame been known
An ancient college to inſtruct the town:
We've Schools for Rakes, for Fathers, Lovers, Wives,
For naughty girls and boys to mend their lives;
Where ſome to yawn, ſome round about to look,
Some to be ſeen, few come to mind their books.
Some with high wit and humour hither run:
To ſweat the maſters—and they call it fun.
Some modiſh ſparks, true ſtoics, and high bred,
Come,

* *The concluſion of the Prologue from this line is by another hand.*

Come, but ne'er know what's done, or sung, or said.
Should the whole herd of critics round them roar,
And with one voice cry out, *encore! encore!*
Or louder yet, *Off! Off! no more! no more!*
Should pit, box, gallery, with convulsions shake,
Still are they half asleep, nor t'other half awake:
O, ladies fair! are these fit men to wed?
Such husbands, *half*, had better be *quite* dead.
But to return—vain men, throughout the nation,
Boast they alone have college education:
Are not we qualified to take degrees?
We've caps, and gowns, nay bands too, if you please,
Cornelly's, and *Almacks*, our *Universities!*
Young female students rise, if girls of parts,
From under-graduates—*Mistresses of arts!*
The bashful spinsters turn important spouses,
Strive to be *wasters* and the *heads of houses!*
Will any of you here, blest with a wife,
Dispute the fact—you dare not for your life.
Pray tell me truly, criticks, and be free,
Do you this night prefer the *farce* to *me?*
Shall Mrs. *Belville* give the play a name?
What are her merits? a cold, smiling dame,
While I, a salamander, liv'd in flame;
Press'd by three lovers, 'twas indeed provoking!
Ladies upon my honour, it was no joking.
Can you from mortal woman more require,
Than save her fingers, and yet play with fire?
The risks I run the partial hate upbraids;
Wives won't be taught—be it the *School for Maids.*

PROLOGUE

To the new Dramatic Entertainment of

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

Music plays, and enter several Persons with different kinds of DISHES.

Enter Mr. Palmer, *in the Character of* CHRISTMAS.

GO on—prepare my bounty for my friends,
And see that mirth with all her crew attends.

To the AUDIENCE.

Behold a personage well known to fame;
Once lov'd and honour'd—*Christmas* is my name!
My officers of state my taste display;
Cooks, scullions, pastry books, prepare my way:
Holly, and ivy, round me honours spread,
And my returns cheer, I'm not ill-fed;
Mince'd pies, by way of bolt, my breast divide,
And a large carving-knife adorns my side;
'Tis no fop's weapon, 'twill be often drawn;
This turban for my head is collar'd brawn!
Tho' old, and white my locks, my cheeks are cheery,
Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always merry:
With carrol, fiddle, dance, and pleasant tale,
Jest, gibe, prank, gambol, mummery and ale,
I English hearts rejoic'd in days of yore;
For new strange modes, imported by the score,
You will not sure turn *Christmas* out of door!
Suppose yourselves well seated by a fire,
(Stuck close, you seem more warm than you desire)
Old father *Christmas* now in all his glory,
Begs with kind hearts, you'll listen to his story:
Clear well your minds from politicks and spleen,
Hear my *Tale* out—see *all* that's to be seen!
Take care, my children, that you well behave,
You, Sir, in blue, and red cape—not quite so grave:
That critick there in black—so stern and thin,
Before you frown, pray let the Tale begin—
You in the crimson capuchin, I fear you,
Why, madam, at this time, so cross appear you?
Excuse me, pray—I did not see your husband near you,
Don't think, fair ladies, I expect that you
Should hear my Tale—you've something else to do!
Nor will our beaux old English fare encourage;
No foreign taste could e'er digest plumb porridge.
I have no sauce to quicken lifeless sinners,
My food is meant for * *honest hearty grinners!*
For you—your spirits with good stomachs bring,
O make the neighb'ring roof with rapture ring;
Open your mouths, pray swallow every thing!
Criticks beware, how you our pranks despise;
Hear well my Tale, or you shan't touch my pies;
The proverb change—be merry, but not wise.

FAVOURITE AIRS

IN THE ABOVE ENTERTAINMENT.

AIR I.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

MY eyes may speak pleasure,
Tongue flow without measure,
Yet my heart in my bosom lie still;
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill clapper going,
But the miller's a sleep in his mill.

Though lovers surround me,
With speeches confound me,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still;
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill clapper going,
But the miller's asleep in his mill.

The little god eyes me,
And means to surprise me,
But my heart is awake in my breast;
Thus boys slily creeping,
To catch a bird sleeping,
But the linnet's awake in his nest.

AIR

* *To the Upper Gallery.*

AIR IV.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

'Tis *beauty* commands me, my heart must obey;
'Tis *honour* that calls me, and *fame* leads the way.
From the soft silken fetters of *pleasure* I fly,
With my love I must live, or with honour will die.
I wake from my trance,
Bring the sword, shield, and lance,
My name shall be famous in story;
Now danger has charms,
For love sounds to arms,
And love is my passion and glory!

AIR V.

Sung by Mrs. Smith.

O take this wreath my hand has wove,
The pledge and emblem of my love;
These flow'rs will keep their brightest hue,
Whilst you are constant, kind, and true.
But should you, false to love and me,
Wish from my fondness to be free,
Foreboding that my fate is nigh,
Each grateful flow'r will droop and die!

AIR VII.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

Tho' strong your nerves to poise the spear,
Or raise the massy shield;
Tho' swift as light'ning through the air,
The sword of death you wield;
'Tis from the heart, the pow'r must flow,
To conquer and forgive the foe.
Tho' edg'd by spells, and magic charms,
Your sword may reap renown,
'Tis honour consecrates your arms,
And gives the laurel crown!
'Tis from the heart, the pow'r must flow,
To conquer and forgive the foe.

FAVOURITE AIRS IN THE OPERA *of* ACHILLES *in* PETTICOATS.

AIR I.

Dissembling words, too cruel maid,
Or love or hate may feign;
By looks the passions are betray'd,
For eyes the heart explain.
Whene'er my soul has breath'd desire,
I sigh'd, I gaz'd in vain;
No glance confest her secret fire;
And eyes the heart explain.

AIR II.

Observe the wanton kitten's play,
Whene'er a mouse appears;
You there the true coquette survey
In all her flirting airs:
Now pawing,
Now clawing,
Now fondly embute;
'Till midst her freaks,
He from her breaks,
Steals off, and bilks the chase.

AIR V.

Let jealousy no longer
A fruitless search pursue;
You make his flame the stronger,
And wake resentment too.
This self-tormenting care give o'er;
For all you can obtain,
Is what was only doubt before,
To change for real pain.

AIR VIII.

No more be coy,
Give a loose to joy,
And let love for thy pardon sue:
A glance cou'd all my rage destroy,
And light up my flame anew:
For though a man can stand at bay
Against a woman's will;
And keep amidst the loudest fray,
His resolution still;
Yet when consenting smiles accost,
The man in her arms is lost.

AIR XVIII.

Soldier, think before you marry,
If your wife the camp attends,
You but a convenience carry,
For (perhaps) a hundred friends.
If at home she's left in sorrow,
Absence is convenient too;
Neighbours now and then may borrow,
What is of no use to you.

AIR XX.

In war, tho' wounds and death we fear,
How gracious those events
Compar'd to what the wretch must bear,
Who marries and repents!
Tho' foes surround in numbers brave,
Soon ends the martial strife;
But once by wedlock's chain a slave,
The conteſt lasts for life.

An IDYLLIUM *from* BION *imitated.*

A Youth, whose sole delight and pride
It was t' ensnare the feather'd tribe,
In quest of game was gone to rove
Far in a thick embow'ring grove:
Perch'd on a branch's lofty height,
Sly Cupid struck the sportsman's sight,
Who with delight and wonder spies
This Bird of more than common size;
And now, with nice observant care,
First here, then there, he sets his snare;
Watching, impatient of delay,
Cupid, who hopp'd from spray to spray;
At length, enrag'd that nought avail'd,
That all his little projects fail'd,
The husbandman in haste he sought,
By whom he had his art been taught;

Told

Told him the whole affair, and shew'd
The Bird that could his skill elude:
Th' experienc'd sage, who archly smil'd,
And shook his head, bespoke the child;
(For he full well the Urchin knew:)
"Fly hence! no more such game pursue!
Thou'rt best without it, on my word;
As yet there's danger in the Bird;
But when thou'rt older grown, my boy,
Yon thing, that now appears so coy,
That skips about, and with disdain
Mocks all those toils you lay in vain,
Shall, when you least expect it, spread
His flutt'ring pinions o'er your head."

GAY BACCHUS.

A NEW SONG.

GAY Bacchus one evening inviting his friends
To partake of a generous flask,
To each social being a message he sends,
To meet at the head of his cask;
The guests all appear'd at his place of address,
The witty, the grave, and the bold;
Our circle surpass'd all that fancy can guess
Of Arthur's round table of old.

In the midst of our merriment, who do you think,
Unsuspected, had seated him there,
But one Care, in disguise—who tipp'd us the wink,
And warn'd us of Time to beware!
Who, in spite of his age, or the weight of his years,
We should find but a slippery blade;
Is known by the lock on his forehead he wears,
And carries the signs of his trade.

We gratefully ply'd him with bottle and pot,
Which fill'd up his wrinkles apace;
The cynic grew blithe, and his precepts forgot,
And soon fell asleep in his place.
Regardless of Time, then, we threw off restraint,
Nor fear'd we to wake the old spark;
Our songs were select, and our stories were quaint,
And each was as gay as a lark.

When all on a sudden, so awful and tall,
One appear'd, who spoil'd a good song;
Father Time, moving round by the side of the wall,
Behind us—slow stealing along;
We rose to his reverence, and offer'd a chair;
He said for no man he would stay;
Then Bacchus up started, and catch'd at his hair,
And swore all the score he should pay.

But Time, well aware of the god of the grape,
Evaded his efforts, and flew;
We seiz'd on his glass, ere he made his escape,
And instantly broke it in two.

Then we fill'd each with wine, instead of his sand,
And drank double toasts to the fair;
Each member in turn, with a glass in each hand,
Then parted, and went home—with Care.

The SHEPHERD and the VISION:

A FABLE.

AS Colin one morn went a-maying,
Thro' bow'ry retreats of the grove,
The wood-lark such fancies was playing
As Philomel could not improve.

While he to the syren's sweet lays
His eager attention devotes,
Through music's meander she strays,
Now sinking, now swelling the notes.

At length, he in ecstasy cry'd,
"Ah! where could this science be found!
For whom is this minstrelsy ply'd!
For whom is this banquet of sound!"

Said a Vision, "'Tis meet that you know,
The minstrel addresses each note
To him from whom bounty but flows,
Who taught every grace to her throat;

Who now in beneficence gives
Parental delights to her breast,
From whose open hand she receives
Support for the young in her nest.

Deem not that the notes from the spray
E'er prove as a waste of sweet sound,
For heard and approv'd is each lay,—
Each lay the God's praise doth resound.

Deem not that the flow'rets that blow,
And breathe in the lonely retreat,
Their sweets to the wilds but bestow;
As incense they offer each sweet.

Ten thousand pure beings still rove
Unseen by corruption's gross eye,
To join in each song of the grove,
Each off'ring to waft to the sky.

Though man never waken'd sweet praise,
Though thankless his bosom were found,
Chaste anthems the woodlands would raise,
Hallelujahs the valleys resound.

Why were his vast faculties giv'n
To light him, why reason's blest beam,
If he leads not the chorus to heav'n,
If his gratitude proves not supreme?

O youth! this thy duty observe,
So ne'er shall thy pleasures decay;
'Twill prove the best honour to serve,
The glory, 'twill prove to obey.

Each morning to songs of pure praise,
Lyre-like whilst thou tunest thy heart,
Immortals shall list to thy lays,
As thou to your woods poets art."

ODE TO THE FAIR SEX.

WOULD heav'n to me on earth but send
Some kind, some faithful, female friend,
I'd learn to love the maid.
For beauty great I do not ask,——
Nor yet superfluous genius task,
To bring its useless aid.

Decent and fair, with graceful mien,
Good-humour'd, modest, and serene,
Well train'd in virtue's school.
To dress no bigot, free from pride,
Let reason all her actions guide,
Make constancy her rule.

Of disposition mild, and fair,
To make the nuptial tie her care,
With sense and softness join'd;
Coquettish, prudish arts disclaim,
Sincerity be all her aim,
Her love and beauty bind.

To fortune great I am no slave,
But yet sufficiency would have;
To ease the toils of life.
Then wealth and pomp I'll not require,
Let Hymen, Love, and her conspire,
And be what should a wife.

Assist me, Cupid, from above,
Direct me to the maid I love,
I'll seek the happy shore.
Proportion's all I wish to find,
Equal the body and the mind;
Ye Gods, I ask no more.

The WITHERED ROSE: *The last Composition of the Late Mr.* Cunningham, *written by him a few Weeks before his Death, and intended, as he expressed himself to a Friend to whom he presented it, as a true Image of himself, being then in a very poor State of Health.*

I.

SWEET object of the zephyr's kiss,
Come, rose, come courted to my bower;
Queen of the banks! the garden's bliss!
Come and abash yon' tawdry flower.

II.

Why call us to revokeless doom?
With grief the opening buds reply;
Not suffered to extend our bloom,
Scarce born, alas! before we die.

III.

Man having pass'd appointed years,
Ours are but days—the scene must close;
And when fate's messenger appears,
What is he but a WITHERED ROSE?

ODE to SLEEP.

HAIL, gentle god, that lov'st the night,
And spurn'st the glaring rays of light;
Come hither, lead thy pleasing train,
And bring to view what poets feign;
Parent of dreams! in fancy's magic skill'd,
With thee be all my weary moments fill'd.

My soul, when wrapt in rest, inspire
With ev'ry pleasing, fond desire;
Let soft ideas, uncontroul'd,
My vague and wand'ring fancy hold.
That then, at least, when I supinely rest,
May, be supremely great, supremely blest.

Diffuse thro' ev'ry latent part,
Each thought that charms the youthful heart;
Bear some glad image to my view,
Will please the mind and fancy too;
And, if to thee indifferent be th' affair,
Be Delia, charming Delia, then your care.

Let now in all her beauty shine,
Where ev'ry grace and charm combine
To form complete the lovely frame,
And give to her fair beauty's name:
Let her that soft and wonted kindness show,
Which makes my soul in such high transports flow!

Then grateful thanks to thee I'll give,
While in this mortal frame I live,
And on thy goodness blessing pour,
'Till hoary time shall be no more!
For oh! what fancy'd gift can equal thine,
That shews me all that's fair, all that's divine?

SOCIAL CONVERSE,

A new Song. By T. S.

Set by Mr. Hawkins.

SONS of social mirth and glee,
Lose no time, but come and see
Where the master spirits sit,
Laughing at laconic wit,
While each pleasing tale or song
Tunes the circling hour along.

Hark! how each melodious throat
Smoothly swells the charming note;
While attention list'ning near,
Takes possession of the ear;
And no care assails the heart,
But to think such friends must part.

Let the bowl as copious be
As the Hebrew molten sea;
In that sea each manly lip,
Like a cloud shall freely dip,
Freely draw the ocean clear;
Bacchus is the Neptune here.

Here's no storms but gales of joy,
Which will nought but care destroy;
Nor a billow's seen to roll,
But what waves to cheer the soul.
Push the mimic sea about,
Till the liquid joys are out.

And when out, we'll fill it up,
Only for a parting cup;
Like a planet let it rove
Round the orrery of love,
While harmoniously it steers
To the music of the spheres.

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